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OCTOBER 1976 $1.50

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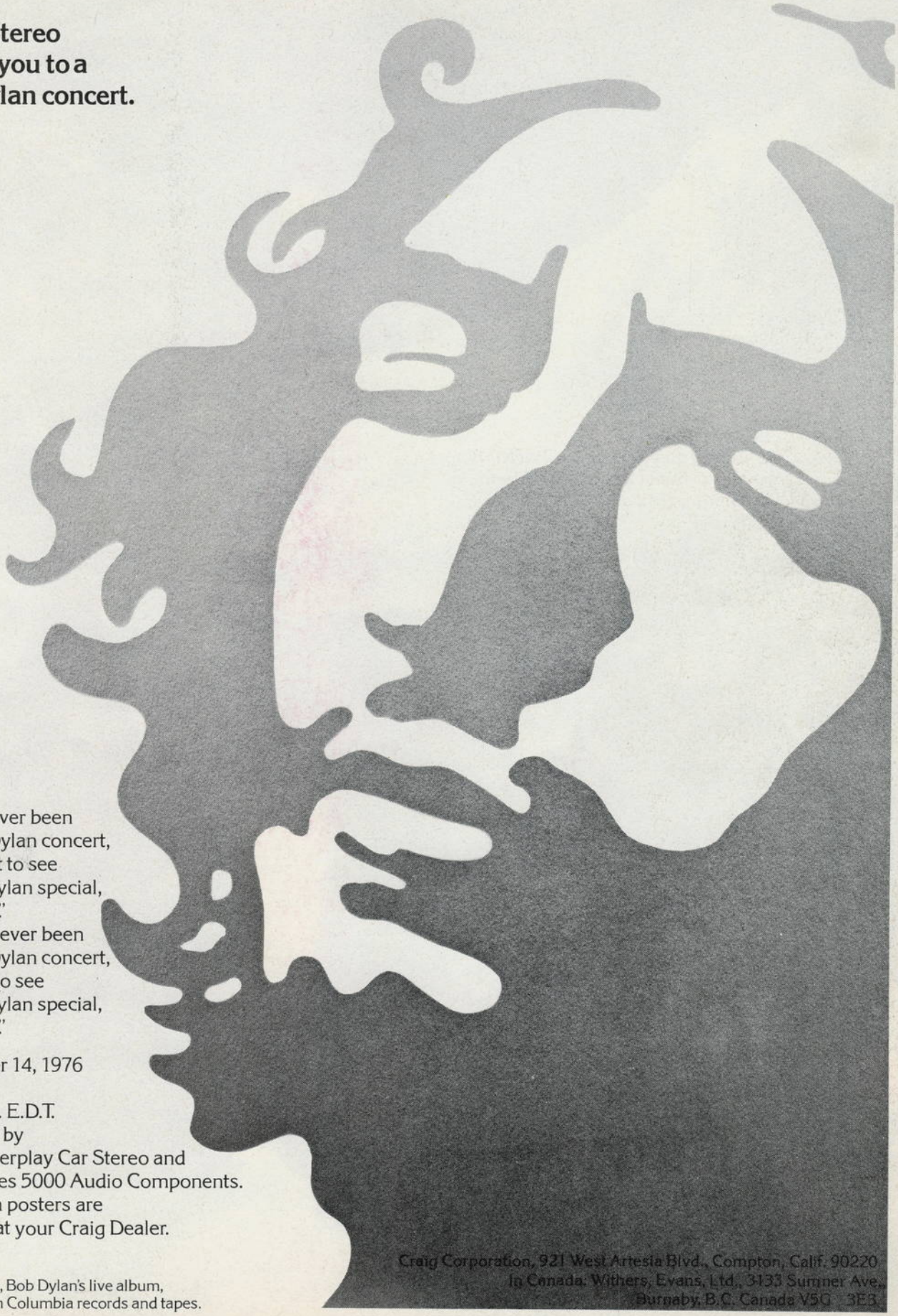

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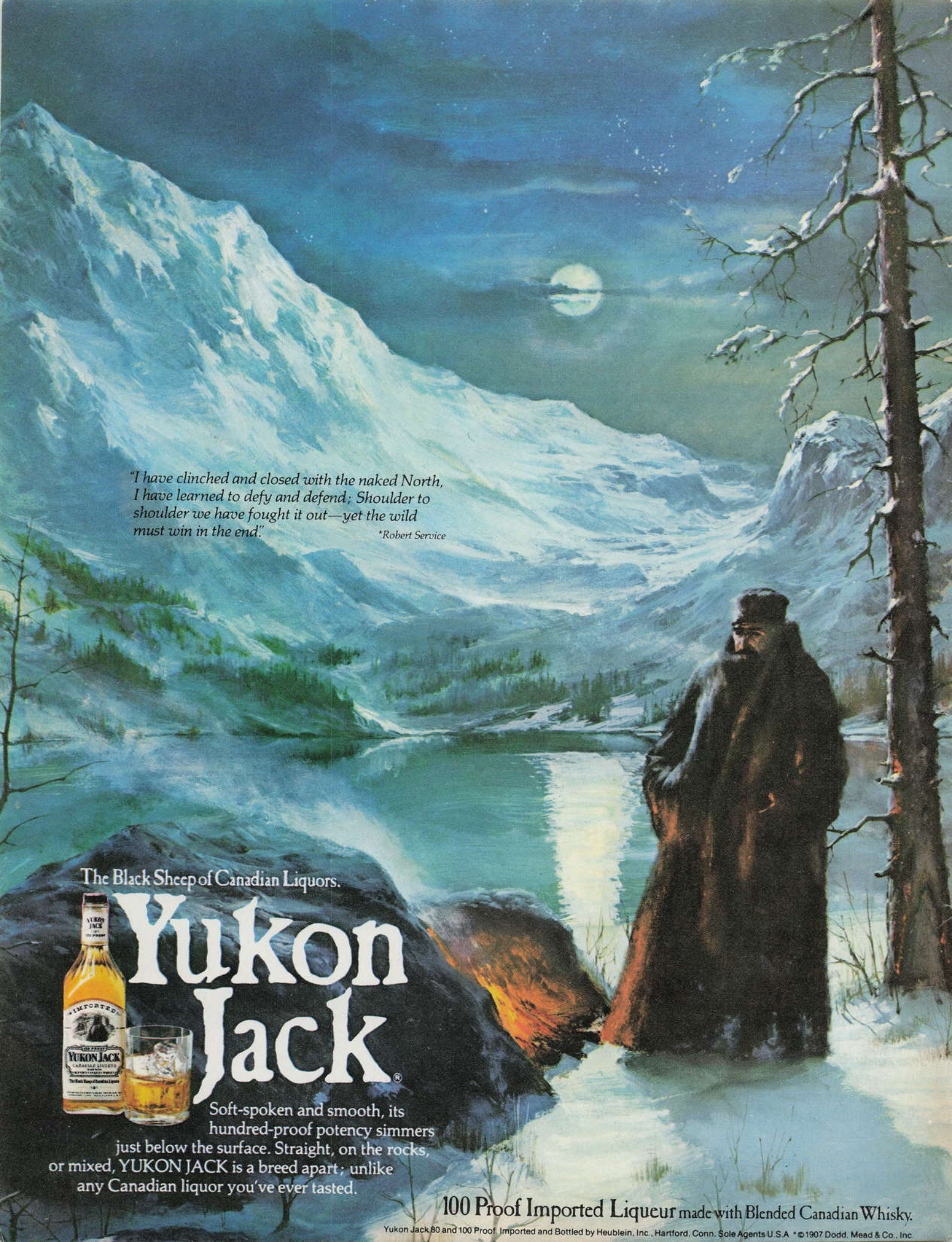
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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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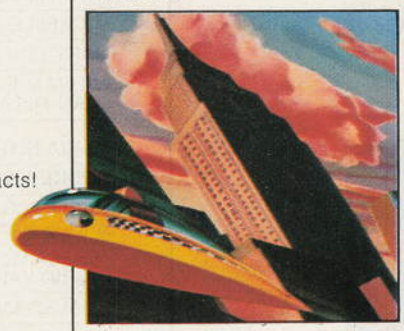

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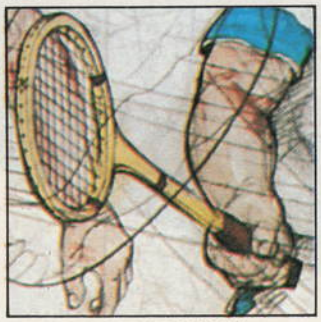

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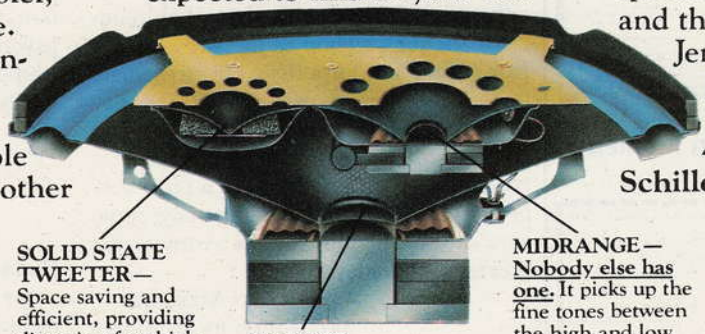

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MAIL

Hook or go crook

I don't doubt the veracity of Bob Greene's *Weekend Warriors* story (July) for a second. Let's be honest. Would any woman turn down such an adventure if she could be sure of a payoff similar to that which Greene's two amateur hookers experienced in Las Vegas?

I don't see anything wrong with what Greene's girls did. I'm sure that the couple of grand they made didn't even put a nick in the vast resources of those who pay to play at Vegas.

I'm rather impressed with the simplicity of the girls' strategy; it worked so well once, I just wonder if they'll try it a second time. Tell me, has Greene said whether the weekend warriors plan to visit any other town? Like Lawrence, Kansas, for instance?

QUENTIN J. PETERSON
Lawrence, Kansas

Intrepid reporter Greene reports that he and the two girls plan to bring their traveling road show to a Lawrence, Kansas, motel on October 15th.

Bob Greene sure takes a holier-than-thou attitude in his piece on weekend hookers. As the girls came into the hotel room waving hundred-dollar bills, Greene probably sat there wishing he could go out and hustle some greenbacks for himself. But then, that's just what he did by writing the article, isn't it?

ERNIE NELSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

In the pink

Congratulations to Gale Wiley for honoring the *Four Brave Soldiers Who Made the Army Mad* (July). It takes a lot of intestinal fortitude to try and shake America's most conservative institution, but these men and women did it. The only gripe I have with the article concerns the pink ribbon in the gay activist's hair. Come on, guys, let's not perpetuate myths and stereotypes. Of all the gay soldiers I know in the U. S. Army—and *Army Times*' guess of ten percent is conservative—not one wears a pink bow in his hair. I realize that this may come as a shock, but most of the Army wears green on Thursday, too!

NAME AND ADDRESS
WITHHELD BY REQUEST

It is unfortunate that Wiley was able to express the frustrations of only four soldiers. I wish that he had shed some light on the mentality that controls every aspect of the lives of thousands of soldiers. I would particularly like to call attention to the Peyton episode, because the misuse of psychiatrists in the military is the rule rather than the exception.

In April of this year, I wrote a letter to Major General Dr. Marshall McCabe, asking his assistance in changing some training practices now operational in Europe. In particular, I requested that he urge the Commander in Chief of European forces to terminate the practice of using unsheathed bayonets during training exercises. My request came as a result of my having to pronounce a soldier dead after he incurred a bayonet wound to the heart. Neither I nor two other physicians could save this man's life.

After writing the letter, I was summoned by my commanding officer (a physician and commander of the 97th General Hospital) and ordered to appear for a psychiatric evaluation. It is of interest that he had seen me on only two occasions and for a total time of less than 30 minutes (both occurring at least six months earlier). Needless to say, the psychiatric-exam order was a shock to me, my family and my peers.

During evaluation, I was told that I was referred for (1) having written to high-ranking military officials and Congressmen; (2) addressing General McCabe as Dr. McCabe [although he *is* an M.D.]; and (3) interfering with nonmedical military matters. I was further told by the psychiatrist that my first obligation as an officer was to the Army, and that my patients were to have secondary priority.

Fortunately no psychiatric disease was found and my Congressman has become interested in this issue. Even more fortunate is the fact that six Senators are investigating the causes of the soldier's death. It is tragic that military dedication has reached such an extreme that psychiatric care is meted out as a punishment.

These are my opinions and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Department of Defense.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL D. COX, M.D.
APO New York

Buss and blab

Of the two White House kiss-and-tell memoirs in the July issue, Pietro di Donato's *My Afternoon with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson* is light-years better than *Joan Hitchcock's Evenings with J.F.K.* by Maitland Zane. It is quite clever how the two stories are intertwined, what with J.F.K. urging Pietro

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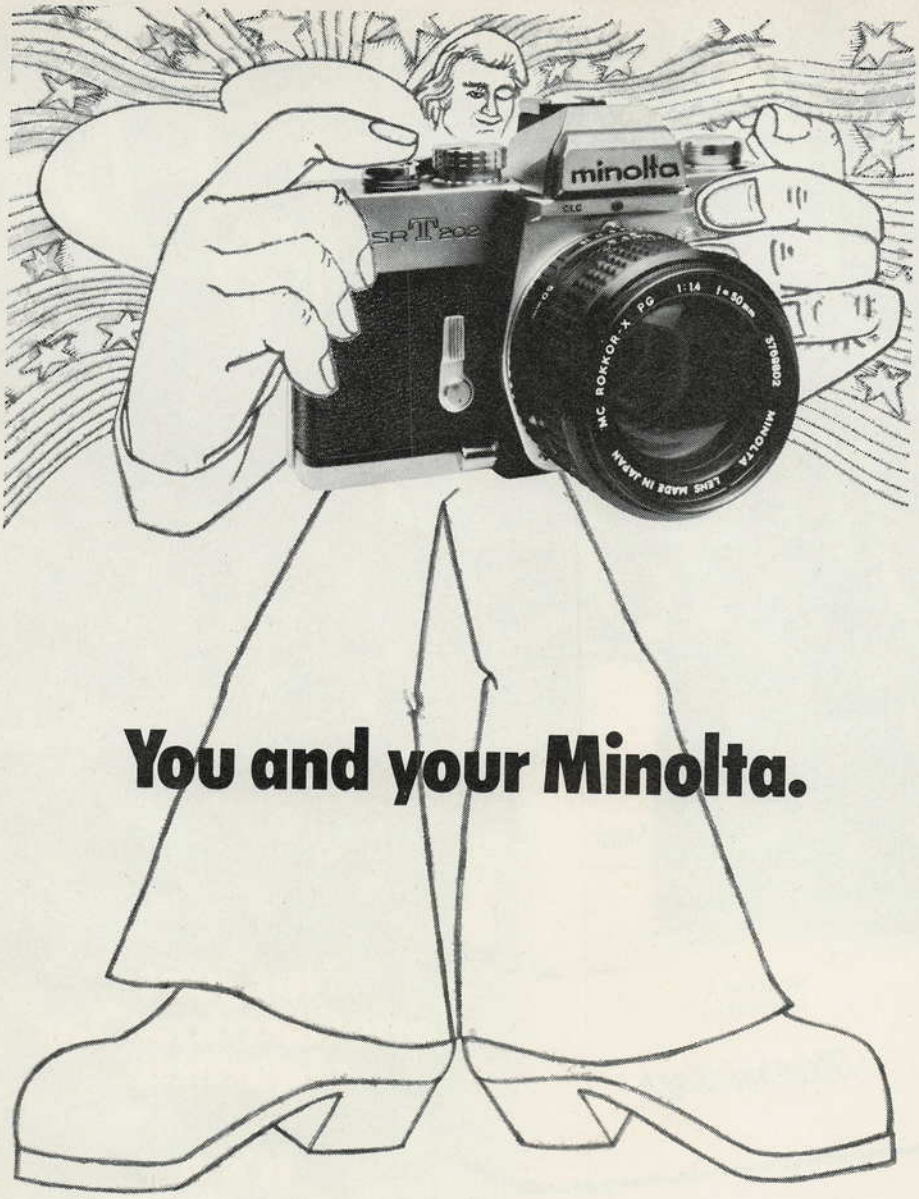

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some 16 years ago to write down his story about the widow Wilson. "Why don't you write it?" Kennedy said. "We're not in Russia—this is a free country!" I just wonder if he would feel the same way today after all the press given to the Joan Hitchcocks and Judith Exners, not to mention the new crew of Elizabeth Rays. What a sorry end to Camelot.

JOE BERENATO
Atlanta, Georgia

Pietro di Donato is a marvelous writer. He takes the crassest subject matter around—fucking a former President's widow—and turns it into a whimsical, delightful story. I don't know if it's true, nor do I care; if it's not true, it should be.

JEAN DANSEREAU
Montreal, Quebec

R.F.K. revisited

As special counsel and deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County, I've just completed an intensive eight-month investigation into the death of Senator Robert Kennedy. As a result of my work on the case, I feel qualified to point out several inaccuracies in Allard Lowenstein's article *Who Killed Bobby?* which appeared in the May OUI.

Lowenstein misleads the reader when he states that although the bullets were fired at point-blank range, no eyewitnesses placed Sirhan's gun in a position to fire these shots. Both the trial testimony and the grand-jury transcripts show this assertion to be false.

As for the Associated Press photo that purportedly showed the bullet still in the wood—which might be evidence of another gunman—Lowenstein neglects to mention that subsequent investigation has proved that the A.P. caption was based not on factual information but on the supposition by the A.P. writer (who was not at the scene of the crime) that a picture of a policeman looking into a hole suggested the presence of a bullet.

Finally Lowenstein glosses over the conclusions of the seven independent ballistics experts who found that there was no demonstrable evidence to indicate that more than one gun was used to fire the bullets examined. In fact, contrary to what Lowenstein suggests, no eyewitnesses have ever stated that they saw a second gun fired that night.

I do not mean to suggest that there were not many mistakes and unexplained actions by authorities, particularly on the part of the Los Angeles Police Department, in the past eight years. Although no materials or legal evidence presented before the trial court or before the grand jury were ever destroyed, there has been unexplained *(Continued on page 12)*

Hoffman to Leary: *Brainwashing* is gobbledygook

Timothy Leary's article, *Brainwashing* (June), is stuffed with gobbledygook philosophy—a philosophy more centered on Leary's own cock needs and desire to once again tour the Swiss Alps in his $15,000 Porsche than on any real insight into "brainwashing" or the truth about Patty Hearst. Leary has been proved on several occasions a practitioner of hokum—a slick salesman for dumb ideas. But his ideas, when examined in the light of reason rather than surrounded by a bunch of beaver shots, fall apart.

Brainwashing has long been considered, by serious psychologists, a hoax perpetrated on a public set up by soap-opera television to accept simple catchy phrases for complicated mental processes. One would be hard-pressed to find a serious journal of psychology willing to concur with Leary or F. Lee Barnum & Bailey's contention that such a process, in fact, exists. Oh, there is the possibility, just as there is the possibility of a Devil's triangle off the coast of Florida. But anyone who cancels a Caribbean vacation on the evidence supporting the Bermuda Triangle theory probably also will fall for the nonsense of brainwashing. It's a certain type of person, you know. One whose first question to a stranger is generally "What sign are you?" I suggest this person sit down, look at the evidence, rebook their* flight plan and take their head out of the laundromat of media bullshit for a moment.

As a student of psychology at Brandeis and the University of California, I was privileged to study with some of the most brilliant minds of our time—Richard Jones, Kurt Goldstein, David Krech and Richard Crutchfield, Theodore Sarbin (one of the leading experts on hypnosis), and most importantly, Abraham Maslow, a person not only I, but many straight psychologists, consider the most important clinical psychologist since Freud. I studied hypnosis for two years, and in a forthcoming book in which I collaborate with my teenage son Andrew (*Son of Steal This Book*), we present a chapter on how to teach yourself autohypnosis in a few easy steps, without paying anything. I mention this to save hundreds of thousands of neurotics millions of dollars on "mind control" books. Almost since the beginning of hypnosis, even before Freud and the early French pioneers, the almost complete consensus has been that people cannot be induced to perform acts contrary to their prescribed code of ethics. Thus, attempts to induce a person in a trance state to perform, say, sexual intercourse or murder generally produce the following reactions: The subject exhibits anxiety symptoms, massive resistance to the suggestions (commands) and, more often than not, wakes up startled. Not exactly your popular conception. Many, many psychological experiments over the past 50 years have confirmed this evidence. See, for example, any book by Leslie LeCron and Jean Bordeaux, who in my opinion have consistently written and explored the area of hypnosis more thoroughly than any investigator currently on the scene.

It's a nice male fantasy, but you're better off using some grass, a nice meal and soft music to seduce a young damsel than the technique of hypnosis. Save your money on the three-week course in How to Control the Human Mind and try a bottle of good wine and some tender affection instead.

The same applies to acts of violence. Leary and F. Lee Bailey, whose minds work the way they dress, want to encourage the popular and rather primitive superstition that all you have to do to get some nice innocent housewife from Ohio to become a crazy murderess is make a few hocus-pocus hand passes, speak in a deep, authoritative voice, or mouth Marxist rhetoric for hours coupled with threats of violence or a few fucks (none of this, anyone, including the jury, believed), and the helpless victim is yours to command. All that remains is to hand the zombie a loaded revolver while repeating "Kill! Kill! Kill, servant of my desires!" or other similar incantations scribbled on the back of a popcorn box while watching studies of the mind at suburban drive-in theaters. I refer to such clinical classics as *I Killed for Peace*, *Murder by Remote Control* and *The Terror of San Clemente*. "I kill, Master," mumbles the previously innocent gas-station attendant.

I wouldn't mind these popular swill buckets if the victims of zombie brains turned out to be folks like the top people at U. S. Steel and the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, which soft sells soap and the Chilean junta to the American public with brainwashing techniques and with remarkable success. But no, instead we find the victim "wandering the streets at night after working a hard day as a waitress." Or going home from high school as the wind lifts her thin summer skirt, triggering the crazed thought-controlled gas-station attendant now turned *monster!* Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein* is more clinically accurate than all these potboilers and the theories of Leary and Bailey concerning the human mind and its functioning.

Now, this is not to say that hypnotic techniques, whether practiced on others or on oneself (I use them), are not real phenomena. To the contrary, they are extremely beneficial. Good for many things—relaxation, stopping smoking, an anesthesia for surgery, the symptomatic removal of phobias (under careful supervision) and in a hundred other useful ways that can help a willing subject gain control over their daily and nightly actions. Willing, however, is the key word, and it is yet to be proved to anyone's satisfaction that unwilling subjects, no matter what sort of duress they are under, can be hypnotized or made to consistently perform acts contrary to their own moral code. Sure, there's a gray area between simple suggestion and the command to "rob that bank and bring me the money." If I sit here with this nice Cuban cigar I'm smoking and say, "May I have a light, please?" chances are pretty damn good you'd pull out your Zippo and strike up a *fuego*. Let's not confuse ordinary human interaction with grade-B bullshit, which is so easy to do because of the mass anxiety a capitalist society encourages through the myth that certain people possess power to bend the minds of innocent victims as if they were keys. But modern charlatans don't wear black cloaks and gold medallions around their necks or extol the sayings of Chairman Mao. Generally, they appear during election years, are heavily made-up, travel with a slew of bodyguards and groupie reporters and say, "Elect me President and your problems will be solved."

The place to learn about hypnosis, meditation or "thought control" is quietly in your own home or "spot in the universe," as Don Juan would choose to call it. Dump all the best-selling books in the cellar, to be recycled later into fir trees. Turn off the inner dialog of your mind and clear away the cobwebs of false advertising. Forget about Uri *Gelter* and take a series of real deep breaths. Then just talk things over with yourself. If you're centered enough or willing, you begin a magical journey into the wonders of your own imagination. If you're not, you'll get fidgety and reach for a cigarette or call up a friend. Don't be tough on yourself; just keep trying to plug away on your own time with your own body rhythm. Eventually you'll see it can be done. Demons won't jump out babbling incantations. You won't rise in a trance, arms outstretched, heading for the kitchen knife and the sleeping kiddies upstairs. Don't get sucked into the soap opera that keeps America's hucksters riding the psychological gold-brick road. I love Lenny Bruce's mind-bending evangelist in his comic sketch "Religion, Big Business," explaining to the other hucksters of happiness, "I'm dumb, huh? Yeah, I'm so goddamn dumb, I got three Lincoln Continentals, that's how goddamn dumb I am." What the preacher is confessing is what Leary, Bailey, Werner Erhard and every other mind-boggler is too cagey to admit. Perpetuating superstition is more profitable than debunking it. After all, there's gold in them there ills. So a few smart used-brain dealers decide to make a buck. Remember, we live in America. So what else is new?

ABBIE HOFFMAN
Address Withheld by Request

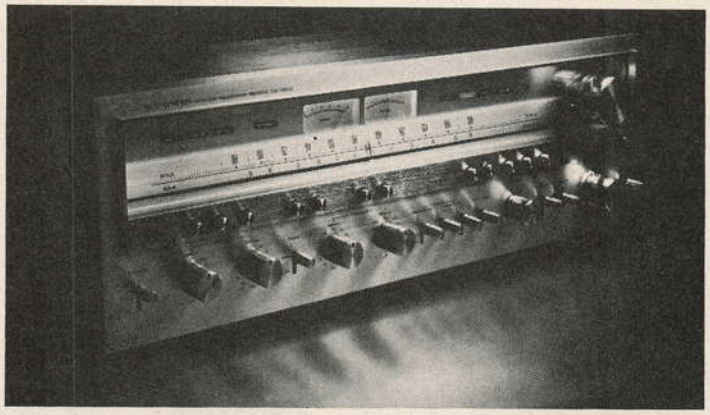
**The author of this letter requested that we retain the genderless their in place of the grammatically correct but sexist his. In deference to the author's strong views, this request was honored despite normal editorial policy.* —*Ed.*

PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250. Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.



As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

To begin with, the SX-1250 is at least 28% more powerful than any other receiver ever made. Its power output is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's, with a large toroidal-core transformer and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors.

But power isn't the only area in which the SX-1250 excels. The preamplifier circuit has an unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV). This means that no magnetic cartridge in the world can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And the equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within ±0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is also special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

FM reception is loud and clear even on weak FM stations because the tuner combines extremely high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

That means you don't just come to Pioneer for the world's best.

You also come to us for the next best.

For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under $900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

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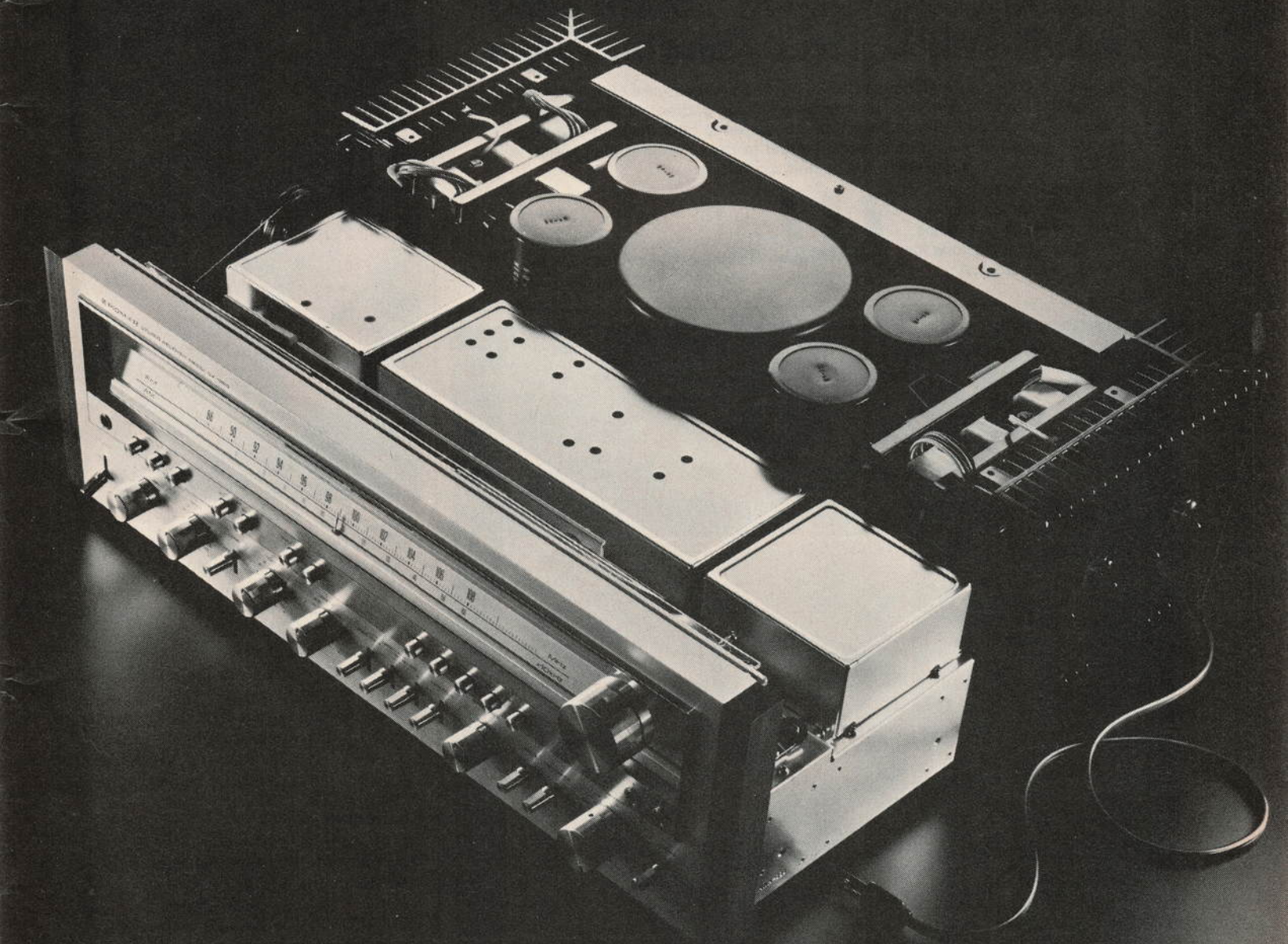
	PIONEER SX-1250	MARANTZ 2325	KENWOOD KR-9400	SANSUI 9090
POWER, MIN. RMS, 20 TO 20,000 HZ	160W+160W	125W+125W	120W+120W	110W+110W
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	0.15%	0.1%	0.2%
PHONO OVER-LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON/DUPL.	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone: Bass-Bass-Treble-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5 μV	1.8μV	1.7μV	1.7μV
SELECTIVITY	83 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB



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(Continued from page 8) destruction of wood paneling and ceiling tiles (never introduced at trial) that could very well have given a fuller insight into the events surrounding the assassination. Despite my own request that the L.A.P.D.'s ten-volume file summary of the Robert Kennedy assassination be released for public inspection, the police department has still refused to honor this request. However, none of the police's mistakes in any way negates the fact that Sirhan is indeed responsible for the death of Senator Kennedy.

THOMAS F. KRANZ
Los Angeles, California

Like father, like son

My wife and I read OUI all the time and we enjoy both the articles and the

photographs. We keep back issues in the bathroom, as we call this our library.

My wife was potty training our two-year-old son, Paul, the other day and she had to leave the room for a minute; when she got back, this is what she found. She thought that Paul looked so cute she had me take a couple of slides of him.

Just thought you'd like to know that people of all ages enjoy OUI magazine!

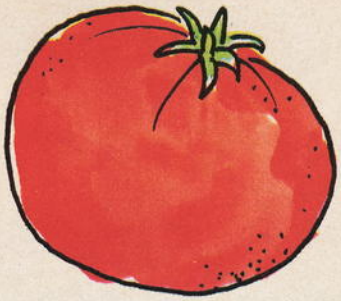
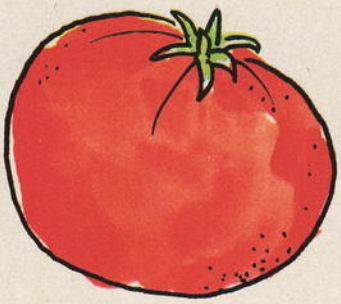
ROBERT C. VERHAAREN
Ambler, Pennsylvania

Patti-cake

The Patti in Scott Cohen's *Patti Smith* (July) has energy, power and the tightest little ass in the world. I love her.

TOM QUINN
Hartford, Connecticut

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

You say  and we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY. WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA? PERHAPS WE CAN HELP. JUST MAKE A BLOODY MARY WITH ALL THE USUAL THINGS. THEN ADD ONE NOT-SO-USUAL THING. JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA.

SHAKE WITH VIM OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH. SERVE OVER ICE. OR UNDER. (IT'S A FREE COUNTRY.)

BLOODY GOOD, ISN'T IT? BLOODY GOOD AD, TOO, IF YOU ASK US.

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"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

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Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

OPENERS

Turtle loves hard rock

The Rolling Stones once opined that you can't always get what you want, but sometimes you can get what you need. Sure, if you make as much as the Rolling Stones do every time they sneeze on vinyl. For the rest of us, the whole process of appeasing Eros is a good deal more complicated. But it certainly isn't as difficult for us as it is for a desperately lonely Galápagos Islands turtle.

You may recall that the Galápagos Islands are 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador. Not much goes on there. Dr. Craig McFarland, director of the Charles Darwin Research Station there, recently visited the United States on a fund-raising tour and told the heart-rending story of the poor turtle who lives in a crater with no little-girl turtles anywhere near him. The turtle, cruelly named Onan by the researchers, has fallen in love with a rock, according to Dr. McFarland. "He regularly and passionately attacks it," he continued.

McFarland's mission is to raise money for the Darwin Foundation as a whole, but we would like to encourage anyone who has a spare and vaguely attractive female Galápagos turtle to give it a one-way ticket to Onan. If you don't know of any turtles who are not presently engaged, how about an inflatable turtle? OK, how about a couple of back issues of OUI?

Yellow fever

OK, Hamburg, top this! Announcing a new low in sleaze: the Toilet, an after-hours scat bar! Illegal to the gills (poppers as well as cock rings are sold over the counter), the Toilet is hidden in the warehouse district of Manhattan. You can check your clothes at the door of the black-light Day-Glo realm, then dance, play pool or meander into the back room, which is the Toilet's toilet—except that there are no urinals or sit-downs here. Just a tub, invariably filled with some leather boy with great expectations.

Yes, Manhattan's gay scene has finally gone round the bend. Shit, piss, even women! Unlike the other local back rooms (tame bars that feature mere torture and public humiliation), this *pissoir-cum-disco* makes ladies feel at home. One free spirit we know strolled through the Toilet's three connecting back rooms, sampled the stenchy sights in the men's room proper, passed into the exhibition room with its leather bed mounted on a platform and its leather principals mounting (and founting) each other and finally elbowed her way into the last chamber, reserved for diehards still fixated on raw sex. It was there that our game redhead proceeded to deliver several limber straights from temptation. When the hot-and-heavy leather lads are packed in there seven men deep, a little squoosh here, a little squash there, and even a Maytag refrigerator would come around.

Further inflaming the "glamor" of the bar is a rumor that a man died there. He was found apparently stone cold at the bottom of an orgy pile with an ethyl chloride rag in his mouth—a most *au courant* way to go, for ethyl chloride is the newest gay rage and makes the popper craze of a year ago look positively matronly. A liquid drug, ethyl chloride must be sprayed on a rag, which you suck until—well, until your heart stops. The two-minute rush is like falling off the Empire State building to a slow-motion smash-crash. And smash is exactly what must have befallen the fellow with the rigor-mortised rag in his mouth. Anywhere else, the evening would have been ruined. But these kids at the

Awright, boys and girls, it's official. The World Health Organization officially decreed that sex exists for pleasure as well as for reproduction. In addition, the organization's report, which was drawn up by 23 experts from 15 countries, branded both the cult of male dominance and the belief that sex is sinful as major barriers to sex education. Thank you, World Health Organization. You there, in the back row, wake up.

This individual is a stunt woman. We would have said stunt *person*, except that when she saw this statue ready to be hoisted in Las Vegas one recent evening, she pulled the kind of stunt that *only* a woman could pull. Are we forgiven?

Only *you* can prevent forest fires, Smokey always told us, and the two fire maidens here mean to underscore that point. Next time you're roasting your weenies in the forest, douse that fire! Help the fire maidens help preserve our firry friends.

Name this star

It is a well-known fact that many Hollywood movie stars are bisexual. There is a famous Hollywood movie star hidden somewhere in this cheesecake photograph. There is also a Redondo Beach cocktail waitress. Identification eluded experts until recently, when a prominent police scientist was called into the case. "No two ears are exactly alike," he commented. "By using earology, we can positively identify any person beyond a shadow of a doubt. We do this kind of work for the CIA, the FBI, Rona . . . and we can do it for you." The process is slow, however, and after three months, all we know is that it's no one between Bud Abbott and Gloria Grahame, but they should be up to the Ls by the time this issue hits the stands. If you know the movie star (or the waitress), all entries should be postmarked no later than Thanksgiving.

Toilet are hard-core partygoers. And so the show went on. And on. And even now, despite the death rumor, the Toilet is still frequented by dudes flashing that ever-popular T-shirt FUCK LUCY. I LOVE ETHYL.

Given the present tempo of New York City, the Toilet has become chic to a point that's almost science fiction. One sees royalty there. One sees Broadway backers. One sees bull dykes. Easily, this Day-Glo watering hole is the hands-down champ in the war of the gay-atrocity bars. Last year everything was the Anvil, which is right down the block from the Toilet. The Anvil was always the first thing the visiting Beautiful People demanded to see. It featured plaster ass casts on the wall and do-anything go-go boys, *au naturel* (but for construction boots) dancing on the bar tops, sidestepping over the drinks and the arms and the Crisco tins. The Crisco tin was a sort of totem of this S/M sex bar that was fabled for its onstage demonstration of Crisco-lubricated fist fucking, right up to the elbow.

But alas, fist fucking was last year's fantasy, gone now like mood rings and Scoop Jackson. This year it's water sports and toilet training. At the Toilet, you see guys dressed like firemen—enormous rubber raincoats, open boots, fire-chief helmets—the new fashion for the golden-showers set.

Aren't you glad that these people have a neighborhood bar to go to? Aren't you glad it isn't in your neighborhood?

—JOHN CALENDO

Soul support

Pity the Beautiful People, those fanatical trend setters who, in their continuing search for true identity, are fast running out of sociocultural frontiers to conquer: Lesbian chic turns out to be very limiting; bisexual chic is quickly passé; transsexual chic is too complicated. So now it's time to turn the other chic, and there's nothing left.

Oh, yes, there is. OUI proudly announces the birth of biracial chic. It began in London when white singer Polly Brown, who already had a successful recording and nightclub career under way, met black singer Tony Jackson at a recording studio. Polly decided she wanted to team up with Tony in the worst way and proceeded to do so. Ms. Brown became black Sara Leone, joined Tony to form Sweet Dreams and cut a single, *Honey, Honey*, which immediately leaped onto the Top 40 charts. A television appearance followed, and Sara/Polly's little white lie was discovered.

Unperturbed, the lady continues to pursue careers both as Polly Brown and as Sara Leone. "A change of color gives me more musical freedom," she says.

Not to mention more money. If the trend catches on and the Beautiful People get into biracial chic, just remember you read it here first.

Feds squash raw material

The members of the Federal Communications Commission—those ever-vigilant commandoes of the airwaves—recently moved against Philadelphia radio station WXPN, charging that the station's Monday evening call-in-and-chat program, *The Vegetable Report*, had broadcast obscene material. As in similar cases, the offensive stuff was then reprinted at Government expense for the public record and can be obtained by

one·point·five

A Paper and a Half

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new **one-point-five,** the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

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writing to the FCC. We wrote in and this is what we got:

MALE ANNOUNCER: It makes your husband horny to hear you say "fuck"?

FEMALE CALLER: . . .(Laughter) . . . It does . . . (Laughter)

MALE ANNOUNCER: You know, there's a lot of guys who really get hot—does your husband like you to talk dirty in bed when you're fucking?

FEMALE CALLER: He tells me he doesn't, but I don't believe him . . . (Laughter)

MALE ANNOUNCER: He's lying through his teeth; he loves it!

And this:

MALE ANNOUNCER: Hello.

CHILD: Hi. Who are you?

MALE ANNOUNCER: I'm David. Who are you?

CHILD: I . . .

FEMALE CALLER: He said, "Who are you?"

CHILD: Johnny.

MALE ANNOUNCER: Johnny. How old are you, Johnny?

CHILD: Three.

MALE ANNOUNCER: Johnny, can you say "fuck"?

FEMALE CALLER: Oh, you son of a gun, you! (Laughter) You should have seen the look on his face!

(Then, later on in the same conversation)

MALE ANNOUNCER: Listen, you should call us more often and you should let your son listen to it; and you should teach your son that for him to beat off at his age is good; for him to say fuck is good; for him to want to go to bed with you is healthy; for him to want to screw you, et cetera, is healthy . . . .

FEMALE CALLER: You know, he—he does want to.

MALE ANNOUNCER: Oh, you should give him all the physical attention you can give him now, so he won't be starved for it and go out raping later.

FEMALE CALLER: Oh, he gets plenty of physical attention. I mean he . . . he . . . .

MALE ANNOUNCER: When was the last time you blew him?

FEMALE CALLER: What?

MALE ANNOUNCER: When was the last time you blew him?

FEMALE CALLER: Blew who?

MALE ANNOUNCER: Your son.

Our sources indicate that *The Vegetable Report* has been pureed.

Our final Bicentennial project: *200 Years of American Aviation*. The book is an anthology of sketches, artists' renderings and photos. Coverage of the first 127 years shows disgruntled executives waiting for the birth of the Wright Brothers.

You probably remember seeing Ester Cordet in a similar position on the Ohio Players' *Honey* album (and on OUI's August 1975 cover). She seems to get herself into sticky situations. So do the Ohio Players. According to a totally unfounded rumor started on the West Coast, Cordet sustained an injury during the cover shooting and sued the Players, who refused to pay; when she subsequently showed up at a recording session, they killed her and recorded her screams on their hit song *Love Rollercoaster*. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but fiction makes for bigger bucks. According to Mercury Records, the single has sold an additional 200,000 copies and the album an additional 100,000 because of the rumor.

Irma la Plastic

According to the *Bangkok Post*, Thai police officials have purchased two inflatable dolls in a Japanese sex shop. The dolls, both nicknamed Irma la Douce after the stage and screen hooker, will be sent to police stations in remote Nan Province.

The police in Nan are apparently hip deep in guerrilla troubles, and little else. The problem, according to Bangkok officials, is that "in addition to the Communist problem, there is a lack of women. We are trying to help a natural problem of healthy young men. They are sacrificing their lives for us and we should do something to help amuse them."

The washable plastic dolls stand five foot, two, and can be used "in three positions." Thrifty Thai officials also explain that these newest pieces of law-enforcement equipment are to be shared by at least ten men at each post. Some concern about police brutality seems to be implied in a Bangkok official's statement that "They [the dolls] should last a long time if the men aren't rough with them."

Just follow your nose

Science magazine—the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—recently published a University of Pennsylvania study titled "Changes in the Intensity and Pleasantness of Human Vaginal Odors During the Menstrual Cycle."

Four women provided odor samples every other day

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through 23 complete cycles. The samples were collected on tampons that were frozen until needed. They were defrosted in a lab where 37 men and 41 women sniffed out the truth about nature's perfume. They were asked to rate each sample for intensity and pleasantness.

The result?

On the average, pleasantness peaked at approximately the same point at which intensity waned. This tended to occur, not surprisingly, during the ovulatory phase—when pregnancy is most likely to be the result of intercourse. However, the dedicated researchers concluded that "man's comparatively undeveloped olfactory system" is not really up to distinguishing between the various menstrual phases.

Well, we may be comparatively undeveloped about the nose, but we know what we like. And we have definite ideas about what direction further studies should take. Taste tests, for instance.

Salem high

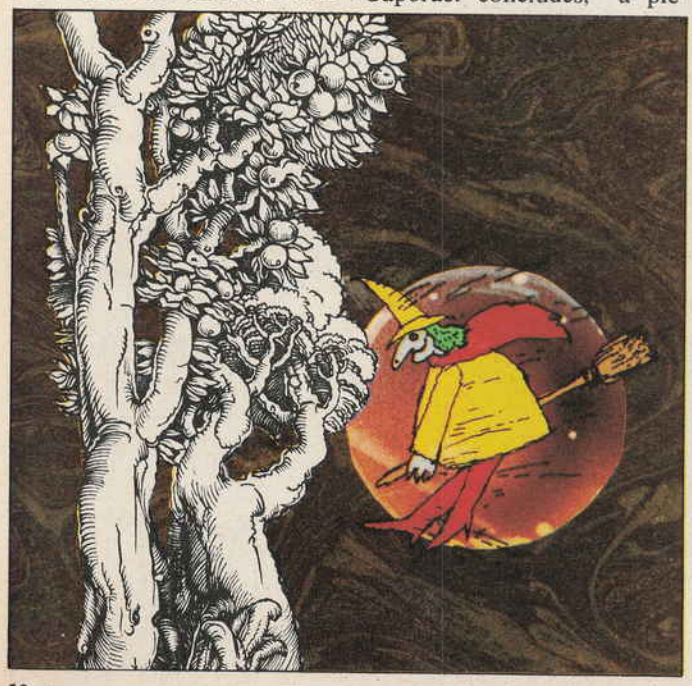
For about 163 men and women in colonial Salem, Massachusetts, getting accused of witchcraft by eight bratty girls was, in short, one hell of a bummer. Now, according to a thorough re-examination of the evidence, it turns out that the matter was every bit a bummer for the girls, too. They were unknowingly tripping their eyeballs out. California psychologist Linda R. Caporael says that drugs, not demons, were responsible for the Salem witchcraft hysteria back in 1692.

Ms. Caporael's suggestion—backed by extensive research into drug symptoms and New England's dietary practices and agriculture—is that the folks of Salem were eating large doses of a hallucinogenic fungus in their bread. This fungus, called ergot, contains lysergic acid diethylamide (also found in morning-glory seeds), a variety of LSD about one tenth as potent as the acid sold by your neighborhood merchant.

The effects of lysergic acid diethylamide include hallucinations, headaches, vertigo, convulsions and painful muscular contractions. "All the symptoms of convulsive ergotism are alluded to in the Salem witchcraft records," says Ms. Caporael. But are the symptoms enough to convict this fungus of causing the Salem witch frenzy? "A jigsaw of details pertinent to fungus-growing conditions, the timing of the events in Salem and symptomatology must fit together to create a reasonable case.

"From these details," Ms. Caporael concludes, "a picture emerges of members of a community stricken with an unrecognized physiological disorder affecting their minds as well as their bodies."

Not to mention permanently affecting some of the witches' bodies. It sounds to us as if this was the first case of "Tune in, turn on and go to hell." —LEE FRANK



The kindest cut of all

It is not all that unusual for a man to undergo a sex-change operation these days, but, as far as we know, Robert Saunders is the first former *Ebony* magazine Bachelor of the Year to become a woman.

Robert changed his name to Artus de Longuiel five years ago, developed breasts with the help of estrogen and this year finally went under the knife to get a vagina and clitoris.

Artus is now a 39-year-old virgin anxious to try out her new equipment. "I've heard from some of the other girls," she says, "that after the operation—and much more so than when you were of male gender—you become, well, horny as hell."

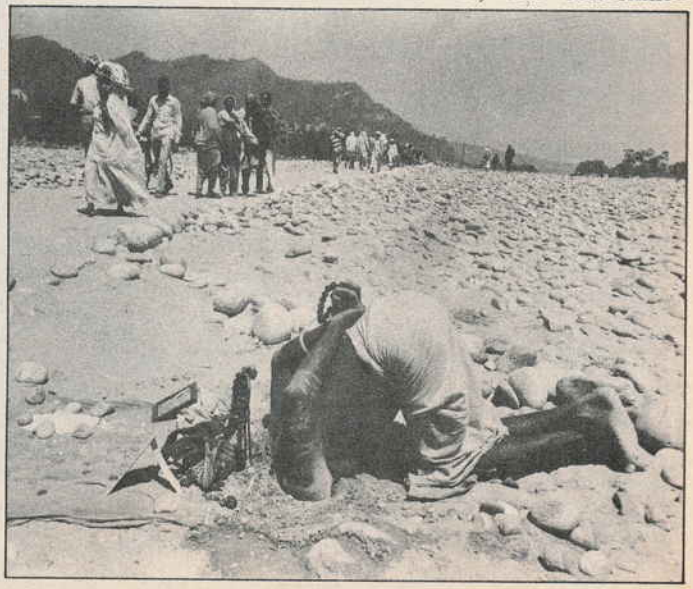
You be the judge

A cloud of controversy swirls about this mysterious picture, which appeared one day on OUI's *Openers* desk under a label: "Kumbh Mela Festival."

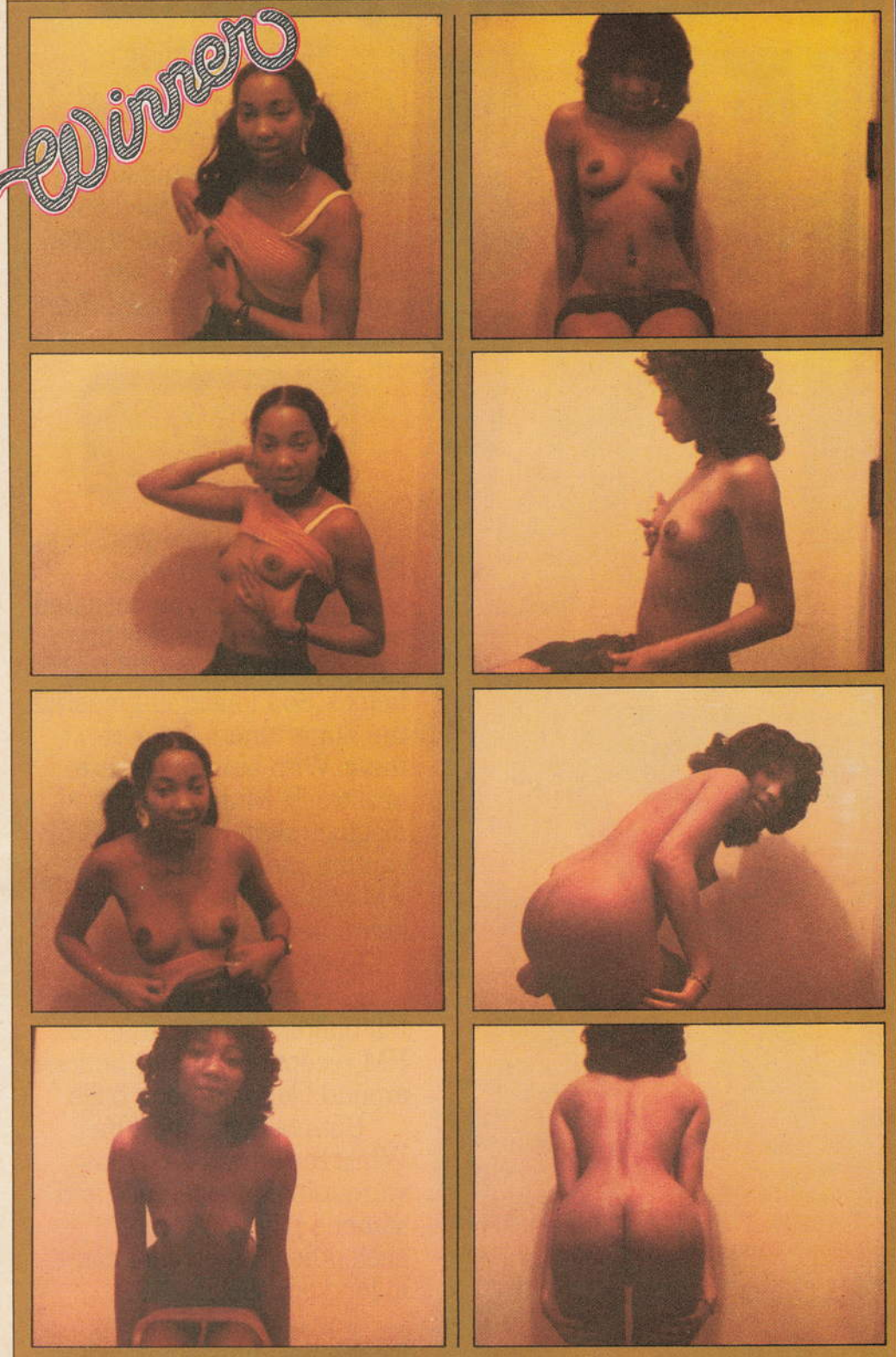
Our Pakistani connection insists that this is a sports photo of the exciting Kumbh Mela Sky Diving Festival. Unlike American sky divers, Pakistanis are too poor to afford parachutes and airplanes, so they jump off cliffs and spread their limbs and head, as it were, for the target. The photo allegedly shows this year's winning jump, less than a foot from the small target. (According to our Pakistani sources, the giant competition was sponsored by the Indian government and the World Population Control organization.)

The Legion of Decency, meanwhile, has condemned

You are looking at a piece of shirt fabric from the fabulous Forties. Notice the girl with an armful of groceries and her panties around her ankles? Don't you wish you could help her? Don't you wish you had lived in the Forties?



Special Show Us Your Skin



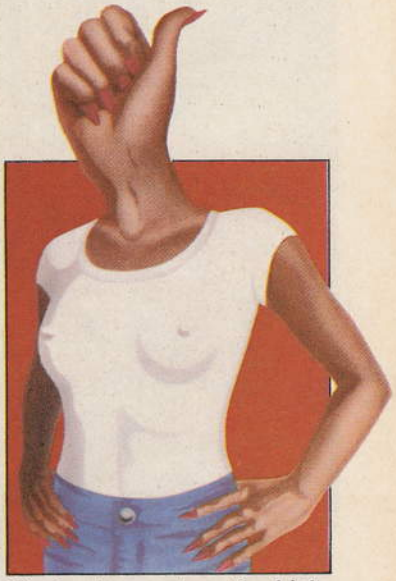
The careful readers among you will know, without our having to tell you, that this issue marks our fourth anniversary in the wonderful world of big-time journalism. Because *Openers* is the only place in the whole issue where this is revealed, we decided to give you a special treat and show you one of our office mates, Mary. She is not at all contrary, contrary to the nursery rhyme. "My garden grows quite well, thank you," she adds without being asked. "I got a lot of silver bells and some of those cockle jobs. And that story about me and the lamb was blown way out of proportion." Mary has been a welcome addition to our staff for nearly a year. It is an added bonus for OUI's visitors that she is the first person they see. Usually, however, she wears more than just this smile.

the photograph as a still from *Suck My Sand, Satan*, an entrant in the Kumbh Mela Snuff Film Festival, and yet another festival source claims the picture is actually from an extremely low-budget Guatemalan remake of *The Great Escape*.

High-fashion photographer Vince Skrebenetti denies taking the picture for a fashion festival, but wishes he had.

"The whole trick in fashion photography is to focus the viewer's attention on the clothes," he says. "This approach is simple, understated, yet effective."

Two for the road



You've been out on the highway all afternoon and no one has stopped. You've got 350 miles to go before the flora will take on a familiar shape. You've smiled, you've cajoled, you've looked desolate, inviting, harmless and downright cherubic. What's wrong?

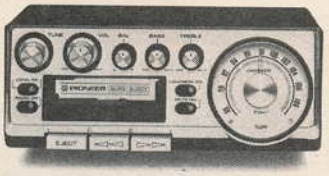
Well, it might just be that you haven't got it where it counts. Or maybe you don't have enough of it. A recent study from the University of Washington has found that the size of a woman's bust is an important factor in whether or not she gets picked up. Dr. Joan Lockard, a professor of neurological surgery and psychology, said that her study showed that women could double the number of rides they get by padding their bustline two inches. Without

"I TESTED OUR NEW FM CAR RADIO IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE."

by Steve Tillack

When I said "Take me down to Wall Street," the cabbie thought I was nuts.

Then when I pulled out an FM car stereo and started testing it, he knew I was bananas. *Until* he heard the terrific music I got.



It all started two years ago. Pioneer wondered what would happen if you designed a car stereo to high fidelity specs. Nobody ever did that before. So Pioneer engineered the Supertuners. Four of them. With built-in cassette or 8-track. Muting. Local/distance switch. And a 1.8 dB capture ratio that pulls in FM stations like you never heard before.

Even on Wall Street.

Everybody knows those tall buildings are murder on FM reception. Signals bounce around like ping-pong balls.

But not our Supertuner. While the other FM radios were full of interference and stations piled on top of each other, Supertuner came in loud and clear.

The specifications say it's the best line of car radios ever built.

The cab driver says he's buying one. He gets enough static from his customers.

THE PIONEER SUPERTUNERS

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, California 90810

padding, the girls she studied scored one in ten male drivers. With extra stuffing, they scored one in five.

Why was this study conducted? To study the effect of body language on human relationships. Dr. Lockard revealed that the next project would involve male hitchhikers and would try to determine whether those showing chest hair get more rides from women drivers.

Do either of these experiments really have anything to do with the effect of body language on human relationships? Get on your favorite thoroughfare and find out. Let us know how you make out.

Missing link

Lots of little girls go through a tomboy stage, during which they think that scuffing their knees and punching out boys is more fun than playing with dolls. Maria Abadia was such a little girl. Only trouble was that she didn't grow out of it.

She grew up on a farm in the rugged interior of Brazil, so her parents were not particularly worried when she insisted on wearing pants and playing exclusively with boys. As her male friends became teenagers and started dating, she followed suit and started taking girls out, too. Her mother tried to spoil the fun by pointing out to the dates that Maria, who had adopted the name Carlos, was really a girl. Not surprisingly, Maria

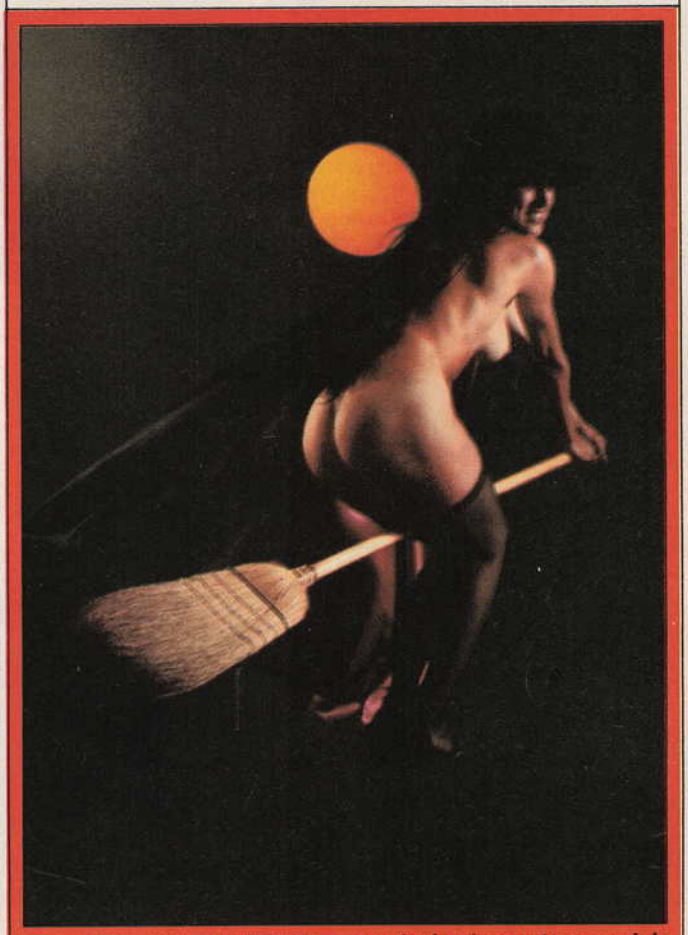
tired of this and, at 14, ran away from home. She drifted to São Paulo and underwent extensive tests to find out whether her male hormones were stronger than her female ones. The doctors ruled that, at least physiologically, she is 100 percent female. Maria, however, still wanted to be a man and totally assumed the identity of Carlos Henrique Pinheiro Alves. On the surface she led a perfectly normal bachelor life and had two fiancées and about 20 steady girlfriends. Two years ago, she fell in love with 18-year-old Selma and the two were married. The young bride was less than ecstatic about her sex life, however, and long suspected that something was wrong. One day, she accidently ran into Maria/Carlos' mother, who spilled the beans about her daughter/son. Selma has since charged her husband with false pretenses and fraud and she has sued for an annulment of the marriage. The 25-year-old Maria/Carlos is awaiting trial but still professes to love Selma and hopes that they can patch things up. And you thought Liz and Dick had problems.

A tale of two trees

Anthropologists have taught us that primitive cultures believe trees to be the repositories of lost souls. The myth of Daphne and The Wood of Self-murderers in Dante's *Inferno* shows how pervasive the correlation of lost souls and trees is in our culture.

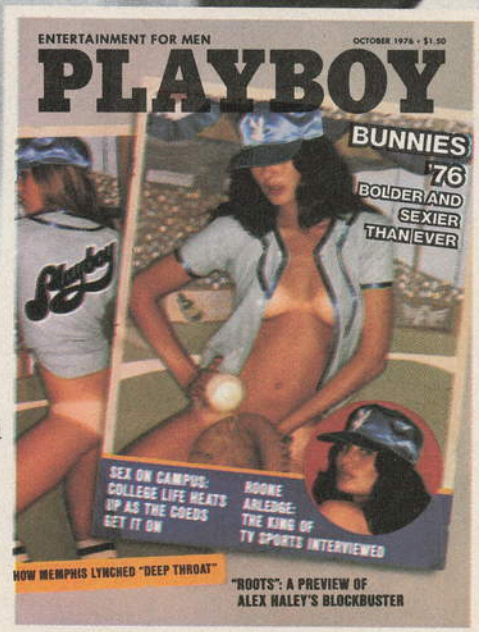
OUI took little notice of this until our Northwest Territory correspondent came across this incredible pair of trees in a singularly isolated portion of Saskatchewan. Believed by the local Indians to contain the spirits of lovers who died *in coitu*, these trees are known as Ralph and Shirley, and standing between them is considered to bring good luck to young braves trying to score for the first time.

MERCI



Remember, you out there in magazineland, you too can join the exciting and ulcer-producing world of highbrow journalism by sending us your contributions. This month, our warmest personal regards, backed up by a visually stunning check redeemable at most banks, to these editorial contributors: John ("New York is my beat") Calendo, Lee Frank, David Gordon, George Hawrylyshyn, Mick Laska, S. C. Marcieski, Lawrence ("Plug me into something acoustic") Rand, Bury St. Edmund, Richard Smith, Ollie Stewart and Nancy Waller. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Garrick Madison; stunt woman, Bruce Veniero; firemaidens, Mick Laska; Kumbh festival, Rex Features; Forties fabric, Larry Schwarm; *Honey*, Richard Fegley; trees, Stanley Livingston and James S. Binkowski. Art credits: turtle love, Rothberg; vegetable report, Fred Nelson; follow your nose, Roy Moody; Salem high, George Kenton; two for the road, Philip D. Carlig; missing link, Michael ("Who stole my airbrush?") Trossman. And if that isn't enough for your increasingly well-honed and jaded taste, tune in next month. Can you wait that long? Fake it.

Deep threat?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BOLDER AND SEXIER THAN EVER
SEX ON CAMPUS: COLLEGE LIFE HEATS UP AS THE COEDS GET IT ON
ROONE ARLEDGE: THE KING OF TV SPORTS INTERVIEWED
HOW MEMPHIS LYNCHED "DEEP THROAT"
"ROOTS": A PREVIEW OF ALEX HALEY'S BLOCKBUSTER

Harry Reems checks out Linda Lovelace's anatomical aberrations in the above scene from *Deep Throat*. For his part in the flick, Harry stands to lose up to five years of his life. And so does every actor, make-up man and key grip who works on a film deemed obscene by a Memphis court that seems hell-bent on wiping out Harry, sex and the Bill of Rights all in one swell foop. Read the chilling story of Harry's reaming in *"Deep Throat" Goes Down in Memphis* in the October PLAYBOY. And in the same issue, excerpts from Gael Greene's erotic novel, *Blue Skies, No Candy*, and historian Alex Haley's slave-trade blockbuster, *Roots*. Plus an in-depth look at the new *Mood on Campus* and a *Playboy Interview* with TV sports mogul *Roone Arledge*. All in October PLAYBOY. On sale now!

© 1976, Playboy

SEX TAPES

SEX IN STRANGE PLACES

Most people make love in bed, which is probably the most comfortable place. This month's "Sex Tapes" respondents confirm, however, that comfort has little to do with passion, which is an essential ingredient for terrific sex. People make love in strange places simply because they feel sexy in strange places, and the possibility of discovery frequently heightens the experience. It is nevertheless true that actually being caught can destroy a sexual high faster than almost anything, as some of our respondents found out, much to their chagrin. Nearly all, however, seem to have come through their sex adventures remarkably unscathed. Whether they did it in the sea, or in the air, on a chicken farm, or in a museum of art, these people endorse leaving the bedroom as a first step toward really unusual lovemaking.

Sharon P., 37, advertising copy writer: Doing it in an art museum has to be the weirdest sexual experience I ever had. I was recently divorced when I met Sean, and I was very cautious about getting involved with someone new. We didn't make love for several weeks, but when we finally did, we had quite a tender, romantic evening. The next morning I woke up to find Sean serving breakfast in bed. It was lovely.

To prolong the mood, we decided to go to the museum. On the third floor, we stopped for a while to look at the Picasso ladies with their bulbous asses. I felt Sean's hand sneak down over my own ample behind. I giggled, made a pass at his crotch and discovered a raging hard-on. It was like a game, copping feels in public without getting caught.

The next thing I knew, my sweet lover was leading me out the exit door and down the back stair well. On the landing between the second and third floors, we went into a passionate clinch. High school memories of necking in empty classrooms flashed through my mind. Sean unzipped his fly. I looked at him in amazement. Making out was one thing, but fucking? In a museum? He had to be crazy. Still, he pulled out his cock and it seemed to glow. The night before it hadn't looked so big.

Sean lifted my skirt and pulled at my panties. I couldn't decide whether to be worried or excited, but when I felt his mouth fasten onto my left breast I gave in with a sigh. He bit at my nipple through the thin knit top I was wearing; I hadn't bothered with a bra. Without bothering to lower his pants, he got between my legs and shoved his massive dick in as hard as he could. I wasn't quite ready and it was more than a little painful, especially as the zipper from his fly was scraping my pussy. I let out a scream and Sean brought his mouth down on mine and stuck his tongue down my throat with the same ferocity he was using to fuck me.

"The pain only sharpened my pleasure."

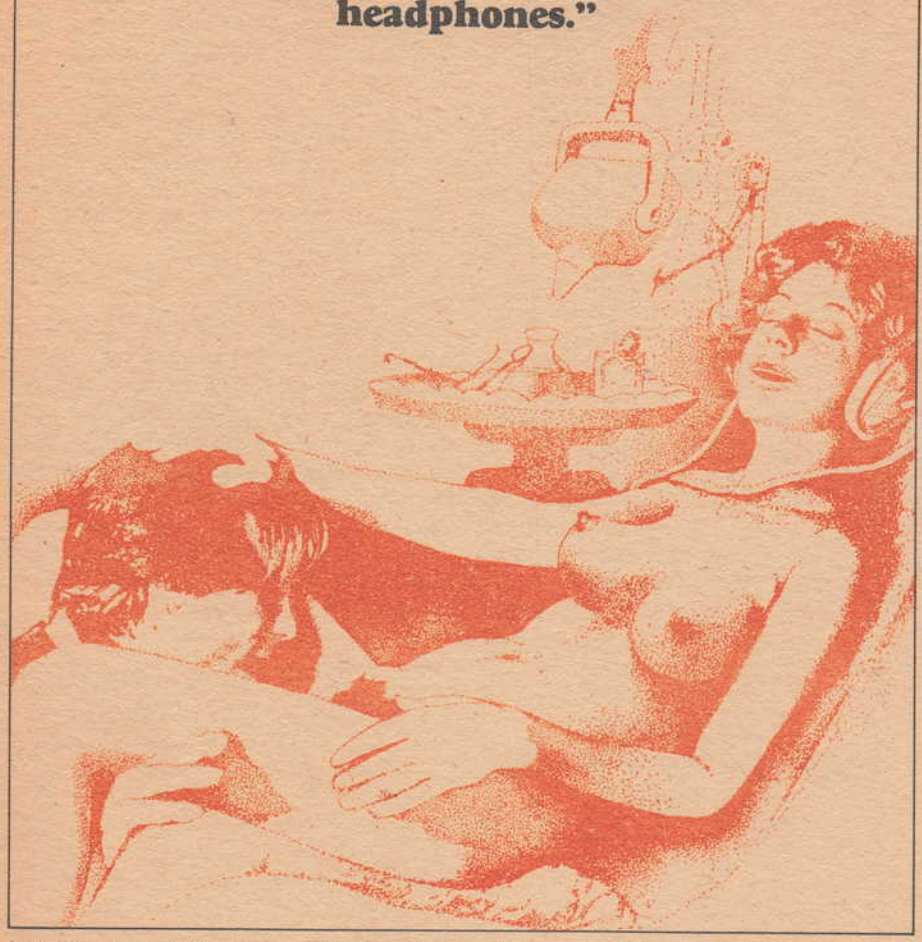
I couldn't believe the change in this man. Sean had been so slow, so sweet and so romantic the night before. Now he was a charging bull. But his energy and excitement really got to me, and in a minute, I found myself responding deliriously to his violent thrusts. The edge of a stair cut into my rump, but the pain only sharpened my pleasure. I felt my clitoris tingle toward orgasm and my eyes glanced up the wall to the ceiling. There, looking down at us, was one of those closed-circuit-TV security cameras. Instantly, my orgasm went on hold. Sean, however, came in great heaving gasps. Then I noticed a little red light on top of the camera blinking furiously, and all I could think about was getting out of there fast. We dressed in a rush and slipped out the door.

I've often wondered what the security man must have thought as he sat there, half-asleep, in front of a bunch of monitors on which nothing ever happens, when all of a sudden a couple of crazies start humping in the stair well. He probably just sat there, hypnotized.

Pamela M., 26, legal secretary: How about doing it in the dentist's chair? It happened a few weeks ago, just after I moved to the Twin Cities from Chicago. I have had a succession of dentists since I was a kid. Most of them were kindly old men who, at the most, would cop an occasional feel by resting their forearms on my boobs while working on my teeth. Recently a girl in my apartment building recommended a young dentist to me. She said that he had a "really modern practice." She was right.

His office was decorated with contemporary Italian furniture and had indirect lighting and a lot of plants. Jazz

"We were soon naked, except for the headphones."



instead of Muzak. There was no *National Geographic* in the waiting room, but there were OUI, *Ms.* and *Viva.*

I went in for a routine check-up. As I lay back on the luxurious reclining chair—it was more like a couch—the receptionist came in and adjusted headphones to my ears. Oscar Peterson was tickling the ivories. The doctor—"Just call me Dr. John," he said—loomed over my head. He stared at me with eyes so incredibly blue that Paul Newman would have been jealous. He got to work and I got to feeling horny. It was a combination of those eyes, the cool music and the old forearm feels. My nipples got erect and I knew that *he* knew from the way he brushed up against them. Ever so casually, of course. Dr. John discovered a small cavity and asked me to come back the following day at 5:30 in the afternoon.

When I arrived, I saw that I had the last appointment of the day. Dr. John told the receptionist that she could leave. Then it all began over again: the polite conversation, the headphones playing sultry jazz and the casual feels. I found myself squirming around in the chair and I began to clench my pussy muscles in time to the music. Meanwhile, Dr. John massaged my gums with a stream of pulsating water. He squirted it around, and a little vacuum pump sucked it out. My nipples got taut and my pussy got wet and all the time Miles Davis was steaming in stereo. "My, my," blinked the doctor with his baby-blue eyes. "Guess there wasn't a cavity after all."

He took all the apparatus away and put his soft mouth onto mine. His tongue explored my teeth and I responded passionately. After all, I'd been walking around with a jazzed-up pussy for the better part of two days, so we started making out on the couch and we were soon naked—except that I was still wearing the headphones. Dr. John couldn't get enough of my breasts. He licked at them in ever-widening circles and then reached up to finger the nipples with his hands as his mouth moved down to my cunt. He found my clitoris right away and began to flick it expertly with the tip of his tongue. I spread my thighs wider and tried to arch my hips off the recliner. Dr. John grabbed my ass, held me still and nuzzled his whole face into my cunt. I came in a sudden rush with his tongue deep inside me and Thelonious Monk banging in my head.

I opened my eyes weakly and stared straight at the most enormous hard-on I'd ever seen. Dr. John had gotten up on a small stool and his prick was just inches from my nose. I stuck my tongue out to touch the tip when suddenly he pulled away with a surprised look on his face. I turned around and saw that his receptionist had returned for her umbrella. I couldn't hear her because of the headphones, but I could see from her expression that she wasn't happy at what she had discovered. I ripped off the headphones and heard her run into another room and begin throwing things around. I grabbed my clothes and split. Dr. John never did send me a bill for his services.

Pete McG., 23, graduate student: I grew up in a resort community in New Hampshire. I spent the summer before my senior year in high school working at an ice cream stand. After Labor Day, we didn't have many customers, so only Caroline and I were kept on to run the place. One rainy night we didn't have any customers at all, and for the first time that summer, Caroline and I started to talk about personal things. Caroline was a few years older than I and she was working her way through college. She was quite a smart cookie, and she was also blessed with two of the biggest tits in New England. Caroline didn't go out much; I guess she was tired of fending off guys who couldn't look any higher than her chest.

Anyway, that night Caroline got to talking about the meaning of life and such, as people will do when it's late and the wind is whistling around the windows. One of the frozen-custard machines had a slight leak and every once in a while a plop of cream would drip from the spigot. That gave Caroline an idea. She made a small vanilla cone for herself and then led me into the back room. She licked at the cone suggestively and told me to take off my pants.

This was certainly a different Caroline. I didn't know quite what to think, but I did as I was told. I was still trying to get one leg out of my pants when Caroline leaned over and stuck some ice cream on my prick. Then she got on her hands and knees and started sucking. As soon as I got hard, Caroline slathered on some more ice cream. My cock immediately began to wilt, but Caroline quickly took it into her mouth again and it sprang back up. We did this up-and-down routine several times, until she ran out of ice cream. Meanwhile, I'd been trying to get my hands on her mountainous tits, but they were trussed up in a tight bra.

Caroline went back out to the front, and when she returned I saw that this time she had brought chocolate ice cream. I could also tell that she'd taken off her bra, though her blouse was still buttoned. As she made a chocolate sundae of my cock, I rubbed my palms

against the front of her blouse. I never felt anything so soft as those fleshy balloons. I continued to knead them gently as she sucked harder and deeper on my cock. She put the cone down on the floor and really concentrated on what she was doing. It didn't take long before I began to come. I squeezed her tits really hard just as I shot my load and Caroline jumped back, cursing that I'd hurt her. I apologized profusely and unbuttoned her blouse, promising to kiss her nipples and make them well. She relaxed and I spent a good ten minutes caressing and kissing those heavenly hills. I could tell that she loved every minute of it. I tried to get her to lie down and fuck, but she said no. Meanwhile, we had run out of time—and new flavors. It was time to close up shop and go home.

The next week Caroline went back to school and I never saw her again. I've often wondered what it would have been like if we had met earlier in the summer and the place had been Baskin-Robbins.

Tom W., 41, hardware-store buyer: I grew up in North Carolina where my dad raised chickens for food processors. The chicken houses were long open affairs and their floors were covered with wood shavings. In any one area, there were from 5000 to 10,000 chicks, but it was very clean and warm and sweet smelling, anyway. When I was 17, I had my first sexual experience. Loreen was a farmer's daughter, built like the proverbial brick shithouse. She was only 15 but she had already gained a reputation as the town pump. I didn't care. I was getting laid and I loved it.

About a week after we started our affair, Loreen pedaled out to my house one afternoon. My folks had gone to town, so I was all alone. Loreen accompanied me while I did my chores in the chicken houses. We got to messing around, and she got really giddy. Quick as damn she stepped out of her clothes and sat down on a bunch of shavings with her legs crossed. I had my eyes riveted on her full, firm breasts which looked all the bigger for the way she was squeezing them together with her arms. I mumbled something stupid about being careful with the chicks because they might get skittish and stampede into a corner and suffocate. While I was babbling this bullshit, she started stroking my prick through my jeans and then she pulled it out. Well, I came in her hand so fast that she barely had time to duck the wad that came flying. Unfazed, she started stroking me again. All the while I was so embarrassed that I kept muttering about chickens. I finally stopped talking and started fucking. Oh, Jesus, was it good.

Loreen just lay back and kept her hips a-humping. The chicks naturally stampeded from all the commotion, but by then I didn't give a shit. I came twice more in the next 20 minutes. Loreen never stopped moving. Finally I had to roll over to take a breather. We laid there for a while and dozed off, and I didn't wake up until I felt little pinpricks on my thigh. When I opened my eyes I saw that we were surrounded by thousands of chicks. They had gradually lost their fear of us and were getting curious about what they had seen. A few brave ones would run up to peck at us and check us out and then run back to the pack. I woke Loreen gently so that she could watch what was happening. I soon realized that they were attracted to the salt in our sex juices. We didn't move and eventually a few came up and took little pecks at my prick or at Loreen's pussy to get some come. It was hard to keep quiet because the chicks' beaks tickled and even hurt a little, but both of us were getting off on it. Eventually some 50 chicks were tripping over our organs lapping up the remnants of our fuck fest. Then I heard my dad's truck in the yard and we had to break it up.

One night Loreen and I did it in the back of my pickup truck. I got my ass bitten to hell by mosquitoes, but that wasn't nearly so interesting as making it with all those chicks watching.

Michael M., 26, driver, U.S.A.F.: My girlfriend and I were once camping in the Blue Ridge Mountains off of the Blue Ridge Parkway. The Beatles' song with the line "Why don't we do it in the road?" was popular then. One night as we strolled along the pavement we decided to follow the Beatles' suggestion. The road was deserted and we thought that there would be little danger of getting caught. We stripped and Joan propped herself on the bank next to the roadway and spread her legs. Even though there wasn't a car in sight, I was nervous. I had some trouble getting it up. Joan didn't mind as she was an astronomy buff; she seemed content to lie there and groove on the stars. After a while I got my cock into her and began working away while she massaged my shoulders and looked at the sky. She kept calling out the constellations but I paid no attention. Then I spotted a string of stars in front of me on the horizon. I squinted and realized that I was looking at several pairs of eyes. I got Joan to take a look and she let out a gasp as she realized that we were being observed by a mother skunk and three of her babies. We froze in mid-fuck. After a while the skunks got bored and trotted off, unfortunately in the direction of our campsite. It was hard to pick up again after that. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

More foreign intrigue

I had the good fortune to be in Prague the week after the Bratislava Conference in 1968. It appeared that the Czechs had liberated themselves from the influence of Moscow. Prague was a lighthearted city. Nevertheless, as this was my first trip behind the iron curtain, I was determined to be very careful. On the afternoon of my arrival, I found myself on the Charles Bridge, where an art fair was in progress.

As I wandered along the bridge, a slim, short blonde approached me. With a sort of half-scared smile, she held out some Czech money and pointed to the blue jeans I was wearing. At first I didn't understand, but then I switched from English to German and had better luck. She explained that Levis were very difficult to come by in Czechoslovakia, so she'd be willing to pay a good price for mine. I told her I'd think about it and invited her for a bite of lunch. We talked, and I found out that her name was Marta and that she was an engineering student at a technical university in Prague. She gave me a tour of the city and then suggested we have a drink at her place. We both got a little drunk, and soon Marta was telling me about her father, who had been an officer in the Czech SS division under Hitler. He had died during the war, but Marta still kept a picture of him, which she showed to me. Marta confessed that she was both fascinated and repelled by the image of her father. She also showed me her father's black leather swagger stick. It had a silver head bearing the small, double-lightning-bolt insigne of the SS.

We continued to drink, and Marta got more and more emotional. As she talked about her father, she began to caress the swagger stick. Eventually, she took it by the end and rubbed it up and down my leg. My cock saluted her. In a minute, we were rolling on the floor. I tore off her clothes and plunged into her with the force I knew she wanted. She called out "*Tata, Tata,*" which I knew meant father in Czech. I felt weird and yet terribly excited. I pumped my cock in and out of her like a steam engine. Marta's screams rose in pitch as she approached orgasm. I felt her fingernails dig into my back and I leaned over and bit her nipple. She bucked up against me and came, quivering violently, and then she burst into tears. It was all a little too much for me, so I left. I'll never forget Marta, though. She really freaked me out.

DAVID S.
Providence, Rhode Island

German women must be the most sexually aggressive females on the earth. I hitchhiked my way around Europe recently and the only women bold enough to pick me up were Germans. One middle-aged but elegant *Fräulein* picked me up at the start of the autobahn heading west out of Munich. I didn't have much command of the German language, but I was to have even less command of the situation. Ingrid drove a 300 SL and she drove it like Mario Andretti. We were playing tag with a BMW going 145 kilometers an hour when she took my hand and stuck it between her legs. I got the idea she was trying to tell me something, and as I began stroking her warm, soft flesh, I knew I had figured out what it was.

The next thing I knew we were doing 190 kph and Ingrid was busily unbuttoning her blouse while driving with one hand. After that, I couldn't tell how fast

we were going, as I was much too busy caressing and teasing her breasts, which were quite firm for a lady her age. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her foot go all the way to the floor as I worked my way down to the heart of her passion. Both machines were throbbing over the red line as we sped through the lush green hills of Bavaria. Each little thrust and jab of my tongue sent us going just a little faster and harder until she couldn't hold back anymore and let out a scream that lasted for six kilometers. Of course, by this time, I had traveled in one hour the distance I had earlier thought would take me all day to cover, so I was more than happy to have an exquisite, if silent, lunch with my newfound friend before she dropped me off in Stuttgart.

To this day, I don't know which I admire more—that *Fräulein*'s capacity for volcanic orgasm or the 300 SL's engine. Both had the endurance of the perfectly built machinery for which the Germans are deservedly famous.

JIM L.
Portland, Oregon

There's no doubt about it: The sexiest girls in Europe are the Swiss. I visited some friends last year in Zurich. Behind the Limmatquai in the city's old quarter is an area filled with art galleries, boutiques and small restaurants. It was in one of those sleepy little galleries that I met Marguerite. Marguerite worked in the gallery; business was slow; and it was starting to drizzle, so she asked if I'd like some tea.

We talked about art—I mostly listened—but I could see that she had a nice collection of antique prints. After tea, I began looking through a print bin. Marguerite got down on her knees to pull out more prints from an adjoining set of drawers. I was staring at a Géricault when I felt her hand on my knee. Startled, I looked down into Marguerite's impishly smiling face and turned toward her. In a moment, my pants were around my knees and my joint was in her pretty little mouth. "I may not know *(Continued on page 132)*

Illustrations by Leon Tadrick

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One of a kind.

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REVUE

Unlike Marlon Perkins, Mano doesn't even think the little critters are cute

I quit. You don't need a film critic, you need a full-time vet. Dogs, camels, grizzly bears, sharks, dolphins, gorillas; sit up front and some films will shed all over you. It's so bad, pretty soon they'll have ushers following the midnight show with broom and dustpan. (Which brings back a true-life story told by my director friend Don Tirrell. Seems Ed Sullivan had six elephants on his program one night. Just before curtain time, the ingénue elephant took a heroic dump. "Stagehand! Stagehand!" shouted Tirrell. And this old union stagehand stepped out, looked judicious, shook his head and said, "Nawp. If it's still steamin', it's Special Effects," and walked off.) Come Christmastime, a press release tells me, King Kong will slue-foot it out of retirement. I'd like to see *that* dustpan.

Ah, we wretched humans. We love to see an animal do housework. It reassures us that our business in life is serious after all. We don't really trust animals; hell, they get it up every time and never have to go to an analyst. Won Ton Ton opens somebody's front door; laughter. Why? If he doesn't, they'll probably cut off his supply of Hartz Once-a-Month Wormer. We laugh at the dog as we laugh when Tatum O'Neal chain smokes or Gerald Ford tosses his hat into the ring and knocks down an innocent bystander. Animals, children, famous folk: They're different; they make us uneasy. It's not humor, it's sheer relief. We anthropomorphize Benji and Gerald Ford (it's easier with Benji). Furthermore, producers figure: What critic born of woman would be inhumane enough to lift his leg on a German shepherd or a baby camel? So report me to the A.S.P.C.A. A turkey, take my word for it, can have four paws. Or four hooves.

No question: There's big bucks in making a film doggie-style. Joe Camp put up 550 grand for *Benji* and got back $30,000,000. Joe Camp: No one has been better named since Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West. **Hawmps!** his second feature, is about this bunch of *macho* cavalrymen training camels for Indian warfare. It's god-awful: You have to push a broom *ahead* of *Hawmps!* Let American Airlines run it as their New York to Los Angeles in-flight film and half the passengers will bail out. *Hawmps!*—I can't be more critical—smells, looks, limps like a summer repeat of *F-Troop*. It stars "Valentine, the lovable scene-stealing baby camel." Valentine can do one thing: chug-a-lug from sarsaparilla bottles. But that's enough. Stealing a scene in *Hawmps!* is as easy as stealing second base on Helen Keller. Camp calls it a "family film." Yeah, *his* family: I wouldn't walk two feet for these camels.

But **Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood** will make *Hawmps!* look like *Lawrence of Arizona*. *Won Ton Ton* is the worst. *WORST*. OUI doesn't have upper-case *letters* large enough. I can be a pretty dyspeptic reviewer, but my bile duct sphincters up at *Won Ton Ton*. Even the dog's dialog is class C. Transcripts of a Tupperware party would be more imaginative. There are four dozen famous cameo walk-ons—from Huntz Hall to Victor Mature—and each one should be subpoenaed as a witness for the prosecution. I mean, *somebody has to do time for this disaster*. Art Carney and Madeline Kahn have contracted doggie odor from the script and Bruce Nerd (I anagrammatize his name to protect him from public outrage) remains triumphantly our most

PREVUE: Hungarian director Mikloz Janczo aroused some of the more embarrassed giggles at last summer's Cannes Film Festival with his fanciful version of what really happened when crown prince Rudolph Hapsburg was supposed to have committed suicide in a love-and-death pact with his mistress Mary. According to *Private Vices, Public Virtue*, Rudolph and Mary were bumped off with a couple of buddies on the orders of poppa Franz-Josef at the end of a particularly elaborate orgy. Drinking champagne laced with aphrodisiac uppers, they had cocked one snoot too many at the imperial authority. Indeed, in a soft-core first, the film might be said to snoot one cock more than expected when Janczo presents the crown prince's mistress (Therese Ann Savoy) as a hermaphrodite. To the make-up department's credit, her appendage is presented appropriately uncircumcised and demurely limp.

—JACK ALTMAN

untalented leading man. The dog—Augustus Von Schumacher—would've been better off auditioning for a vivisectionist. He's forced to do human things, but these human things are so gross and tasteless and lame that they insult both species. The lowest: I've seen more intelligent films on a dirty bathtub.

There is one intriguing animal flick: **The Man Who Fell to Earth.** It features Rip Torn Torn and a zoological specimen, as yet unclassified, whom we will call David Bowie. Bowie looks like the fetus that Andy Warhol developed from. Since Bowie plays an extraterrestrial visitor who has totaled his spacecraft, he is marvelously well cast. To do human things, this animal will use fake eyeballs, fake nipples and fake private parts, which at night—I presume—he keeps in a glass of water on the bedside table. Nicolas Roeg has directed the film as if each frame were some microscope slide from the neighborhood V.D. clinic. He concentrates on Bowie's face and body: These have the substance, the definition, of someone's half-sucked Life Savers. (At one point, Candy Clark, no muscle woman, carries him 50 yards.) Bowie can act: The film's surface is opaque, weird, convincing. Precious record of a species that would be endangered, if it hadn't been extinct from birth. —D. KEITH MANO

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Suppose you want to find an apartment or a good French restaurant in New York. Or suppose you're Peter Falk's mother and want a limousine for the day. Try dialing **Cityphone** (212) 675-0900 in New York City for the information. Mrs. Falk did, as did Tony Randall and Jacqueline Onassis, and got results.

Cityphone is the brain child of Eugene Gottesman, 46, publisher of the Manhattan Bluebooks. He feels that it is a public service that fills a gap created when *The New York Times* and the *Daily News* closed their information bureaus because they were too costly.

Cityphone is a free service, Gottesman says. "We don't charge anybody anything for it." The cost of providing free information "makes my accountant cry," because he estimates it costs about $100,000 a year to help the 50,000 callers using Cityphone services each year.

Some of the questions are routine—"Where can I find a clean hotel room at a reasonable price?"—and some are not. One woman, for example, wanted to know where she could buy a gravestone-rubbing kit to take on a trip to England.

"Another woman wanted to find glass slippers for a corpse. She had a friend who wanted to be buried in glass slippers," Gottesman says. Cityphone found the slippers, "but we didn't find them in time." —DON ABOOD

Hard knocks rocks

Beverly Hills can be a tough town in which to grow up. Sure, there's a Gucci there now, but time was when you had to get your clothes at Saks or worse.

Out of this seething caldron has come the **Beverly Hills Blues Band,** which has apparently gone through a lot since it was known as Dino, Desi and Billy. For one thing, Dino Martin, Jr., and Desi Arnaz, Jr., have lost Billy Hinsche and picked up Tony Martin, Jr., which may or may not be what's giving them the blues. For those of you who missed the Sixties, Dino, Desi and Billy, at the ages of 14 and 15, made several albums of songs borrowed largely from the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and the Lovin' Spoonful, and a great deal of money. They broke up in 1968.

Since then, the band members, like the Beatles, have gone their separate ways. Desi had a long relationship with Liza Minnelli, made some movies for television and has been playing a lot of *Celebrity Tennis.*

Dino has been through three colleges and was all set to go out for the football

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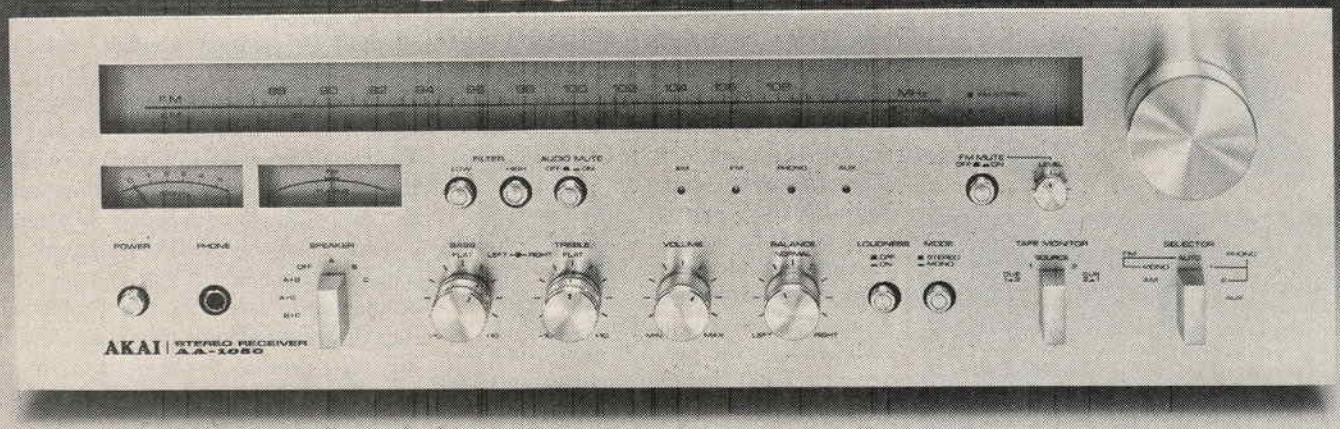

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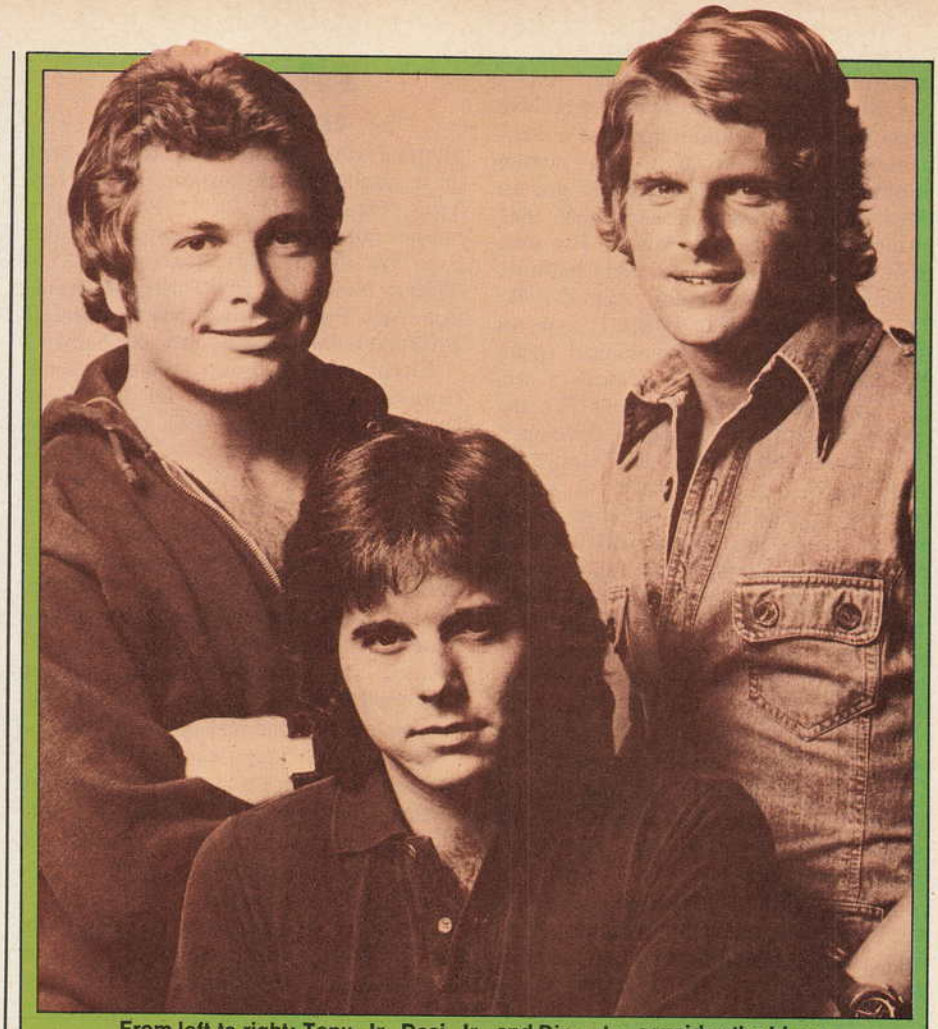


From left to right: Tony, Jr., Desi, Jr., and Dino, Jr., consider the blues.

team at the third (USC) when it was discovered that he was in his fifth year. Since then, he has tried breaking into the pro-tennis tour. "I suppose I could have gone into music or acting," he commented, when he switched his allegiance, "but I'll tell you, when I was 30 years old, I'd be sitting there and I'd be a very unhappy guy if I hadn't given either football or tennis a try."

Possibly Dino's new-found blues derive from a 1974 run-in with Federal agents, who discovered him in possession of eight machine guns and an antitank cannon, which he was apparently saving for a rainy day. He was indicted on counts carrying up to ten years in prison. That kind of time can play hell with your backhand, so he pleaded guilty and received a $200 fine and one year probation. He later claimed that, after his conviction, seven medical schools that had accepted him withdrew their offers.

Late last year, apparently having exorcised the possibility of being an unhappy 30-year-old, Dino and the other two formed the Beverly Hills Blues Band. "This is not," one source explained in March, "going to be a Bruce Springsteen–type hype."

In April, the group's first single appeared at Tower Records, the Sunset Strip's major vinyl emporium. According to one salesman, "This guy was playing something, and I said, 'What's that?' He said, 'The Beverly Hills Blues Band,' and I said, 'You gotta be kidding.'"

The song *If I Can Just Get Through Tonight* is pleasant enough, and you could probably dance to it. In it, the group sounds like the best party band in St. Louis. However, *If I Can Just Get Through Tonight* didn't do very well on the charts, and no word has come out as to when and if a successor is planned.

Like all of the great blues groups, the members of the B.H.B.B. have fallen afoul of the power structure, the people who slap down everybody trying to claw his way up from a 30-room shack in the hills. Howlin' Martin and Blind Lemon Arnaz got a right to sing the blues. They got a right to feel low-down. They even, according to one source, got a right to hang around down by the railroad.

—DAVID SARASOHN

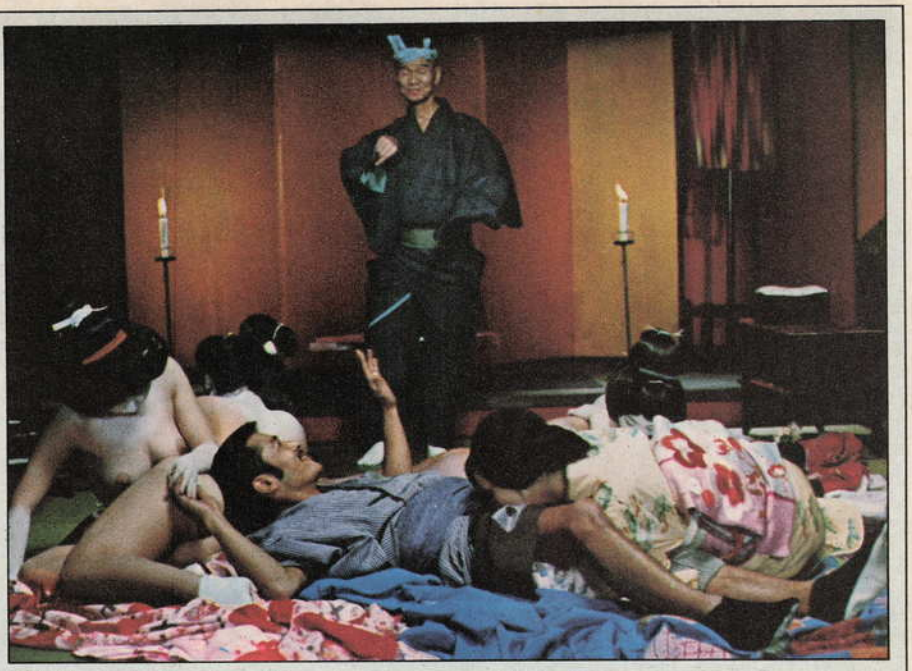
Poke jokes

It always happened a little while after dinner. One of the men relatives would start to tell a joke. The women relatives

would then exit en masse to the kitchen, where they'd argue over the privilege of doing the dishes. The joke teller would start over. But he'd reach a crucial word, stop, fumble for a euphemism, fail and decide that a preferable alternative would be to send you kids out of the room—after the women. Instead of retiring to whatever room you and your cousins were supposed to play in, however, you'd huddle just around the corner and strain to catch the forbidden, arcane (which is to say, dirty), grown-up jokes. "So this sailor bangs a Chinese whore and gets this rare Oriental, you know, venereal thing, and——"

The jokes have all been collected by a certain Mr. "J" in **The World's Best Dirty Jokes.** It's published by Lyle Stuart, the folks who brought you *The Sensuous (Fill in the Blank).*

Though one of the jokes in this book is actually new—it's ripped off directly from a Woody Allen film script—most were already antiques when Joseph told them to cheer up his morose Pharaoh. But if you are a devotee of the dirty joke, this is your *Oxford's Annotated Apocrypha*, your *Britannica*, your *Joy of Cooking*, your *Jane's Fighting Ships.* If not, you'll probably prefer retiring to the bedroom with your favorite cousins to play doctor. —BURY ST. EDMUND



PREVUE: The *Empire of the Senses*, an overblown Japanese entry into high-class eroticism, was the one they fought to see at last summer's Cannes Film Festival. What it boils down to—and it boils down to practically nothing—is the essentially useless thought that the ultimate pleasure of sexual love must be death. To arrive at this unoriginal and, moreover, highly dubious realization, Tatsuya Fuji sucks and fucks her lover Eiko Matsuda until she feels no further pleasure is available unless in the final act she cuts his cock off with a razor and kills him. So that's what she does. If I have spoiled the end for you, I may at least have saved you a trip to a silly movie. —J.A.

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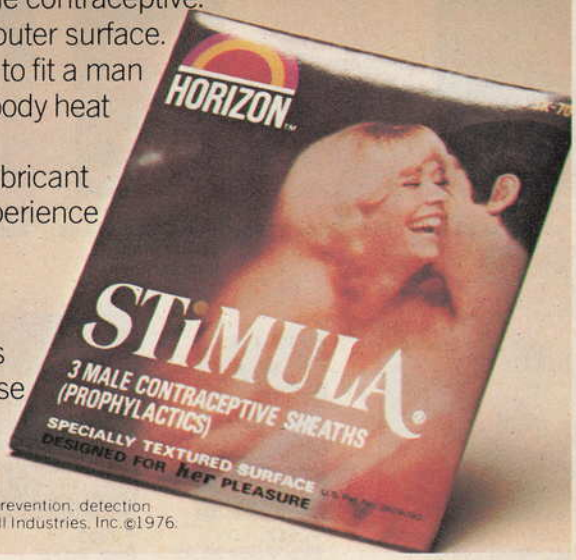

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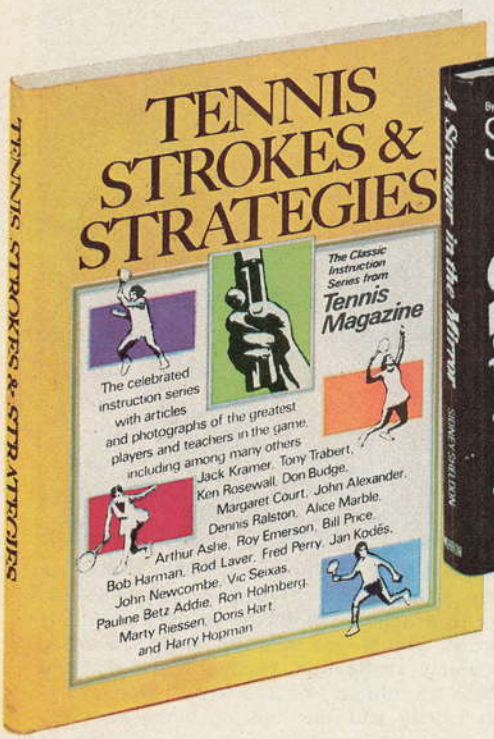
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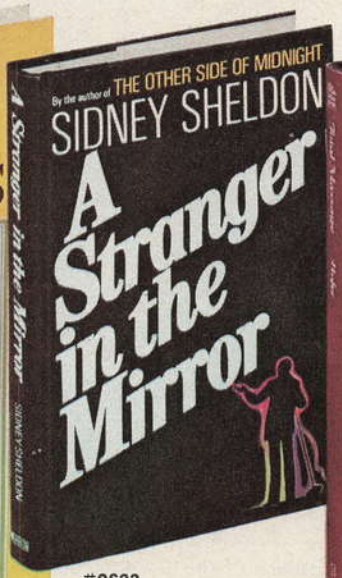

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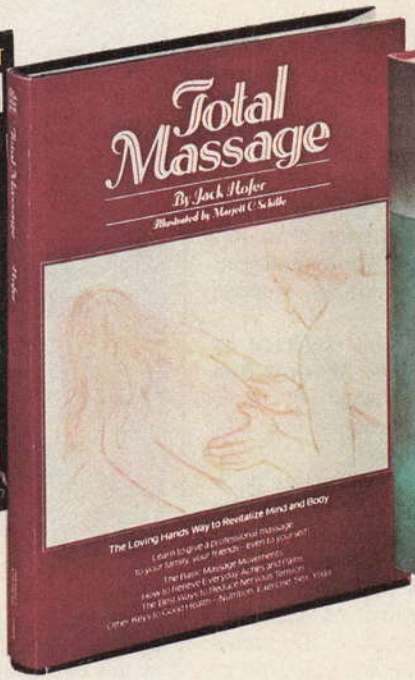

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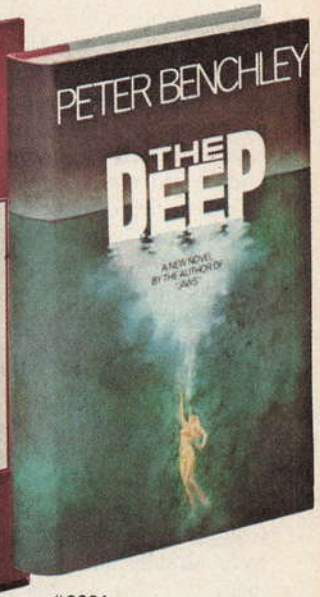

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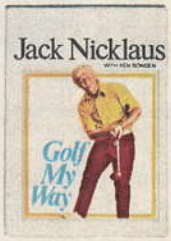

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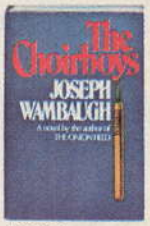

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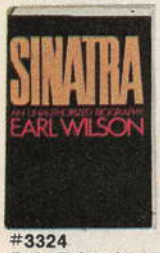

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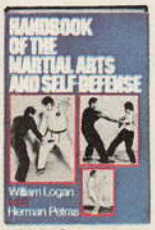

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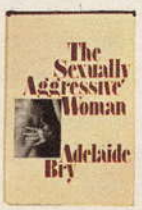

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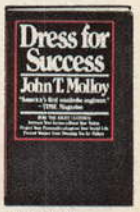

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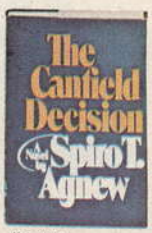

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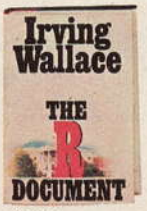

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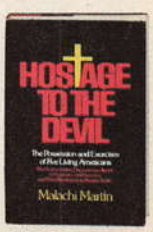

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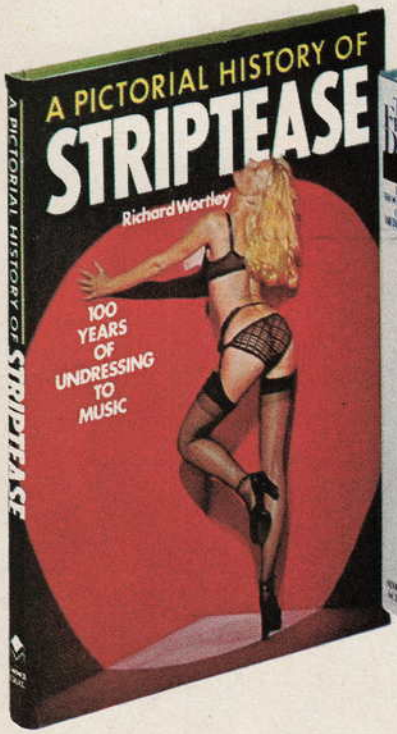

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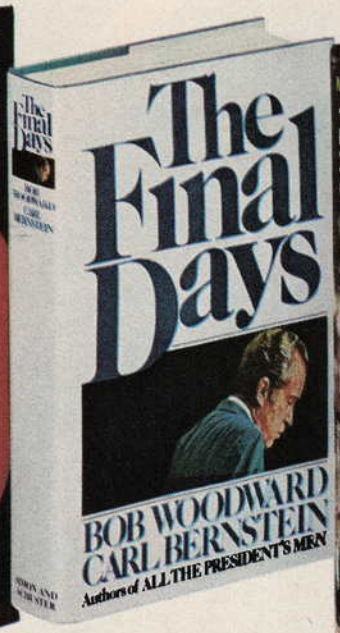

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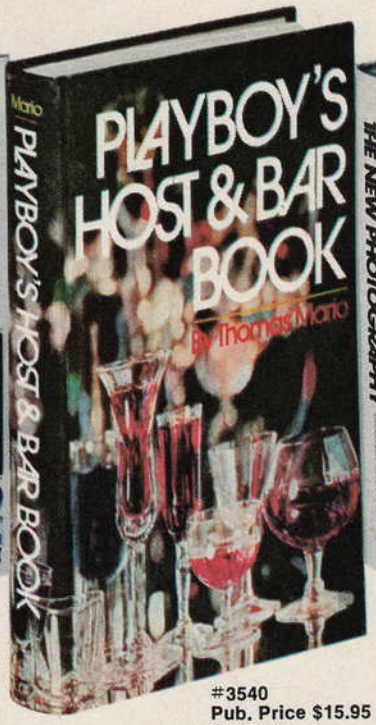

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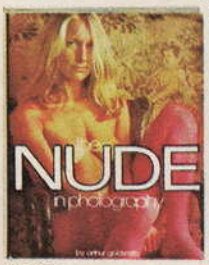

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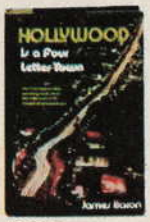

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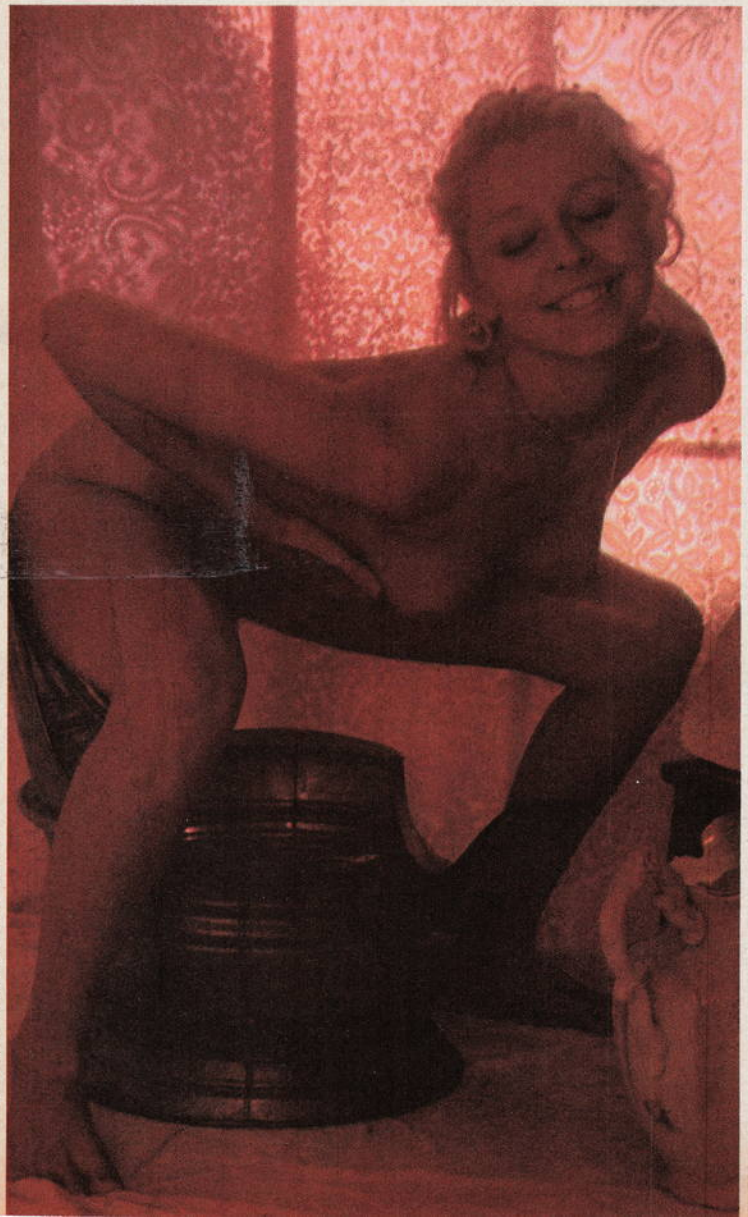
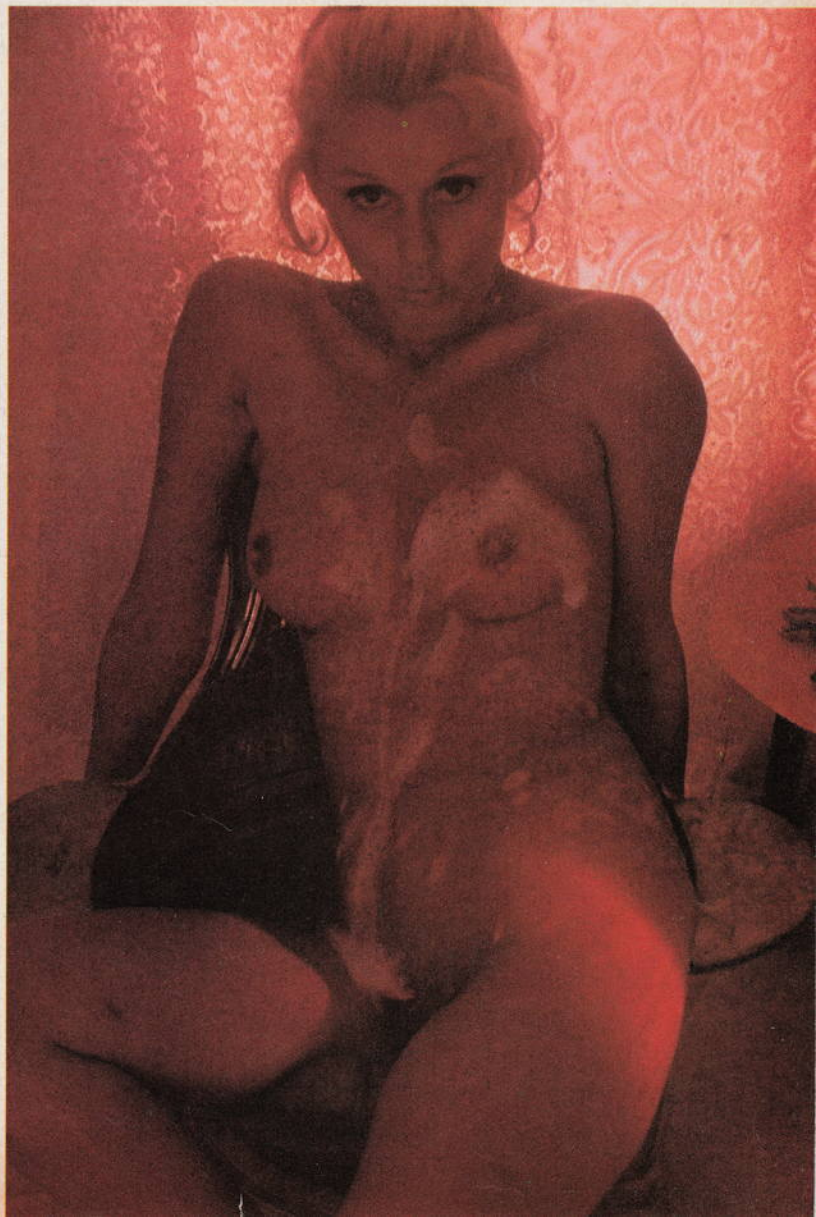
SHARLEENA

HER FAVORITE COSMETICS ARE PEAR'S SOAP AND SELF-INDULGENCE

Sharleena believes in indulging herself. As a child, she loved museums. She enjoyed exploring and she found that it excited her to be alone with someone else's things. Her tastes took her from Bruges, where she was born, to London; her East End flat and a job as a research assistant at a museum whose name cannot be mentioned. She very much enjoys her work and sometimes brings it home with her—a bit of extra cataloging, or a new addition that needs labeling or sketching. She knows that everyone needs treats. She has discovered that the most thoughtful treats are those one gives oneself. Regularly. Playtime, for example. She knows that all of us have fantasies and that most of us repress them and that some of us discuss them. Sharleena has achieved a stunning compromise. She lives her fantasies out. Her museum is her proproom, her apartment is her stage, and





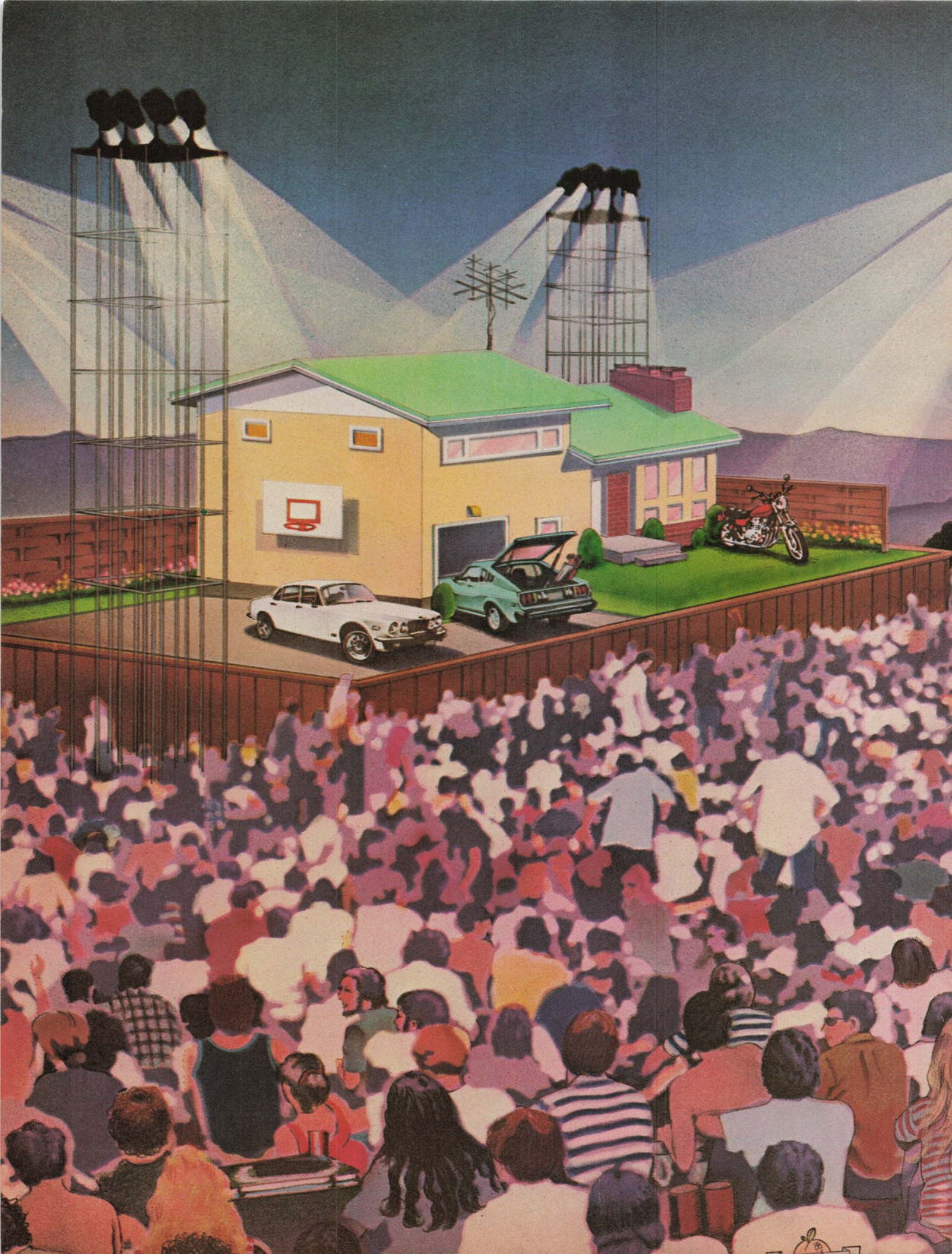
Photography by R. Scott Hooper

she plays all the parts herself. On her days away from work, Sharleena likes to pull the drapes, unplug the phone and play in the bathtub. One of her favorite fantasies is "Chambermaid." The fantasy has a simple story line: Her employer has been called away; the butler and the housekeeper are out; and it's the first time she has been all by herself inside the house. She drags the bathtub right into the master's bedchamber before the fire and soaks in warmth and comfort; if the master finds her there, he'll ship her back to Bruges in half an hour. (Meanwhile, in real life, she directs a stream of water between her legs.) After bathing, she explores her master's bedchamber. She finds a camisole and a garter belt secreted in the second drawer beneath his waistcoats. With a camisole and garter belt such as these,

WE ALL SPRING FROM THE SEA. WHAT BETTER SPOT FOR SELF-RENEWAL THAN A TUB?

one could rise from the scullery. Quite quickly. How wonderful to live like this, a bath whenever one would care to have one, servants, carriages, a membership at LaFouette—— She hears a knocking at the door. Could the master have returned so quickly? No, it's only Howard from downstairs, saying that he's been calling for an hour and a half; he thinks perhaps her phone is broken. Would she like to go out for dinner? No, Sharleena tells him. "Thank you, anyway." He leaves and Sharleena repairs to her reverie. How good to be alone. To have one's toys, to play. If one does not indulge oneself, who *will*? And after all, it is her day off in the week.

SHE FOUND BEING ALONE WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S THINGS EXCITED HER



Bourgeois Is Beautiful

THE WOODSTOCK GENERATION GROWS UP, GETS A JOB AND TRIES TO SETTLE DOWN WITHOUT SELLING OUT. AN UPWARDLY MOBILE EX-ANARCHIST REPORTS.

Article by Robert S. Wieder

These are actual friends of mine: an ex-revolutionary who became the Ray Kroc of drugs and who now surrounds himself with Klipschorn speakers and Courvoisier bottles—his current analysis is that the class system's greatest defect is in its not providing him with a Mercedes 450SL; a former session drummer who now works at a stereo outlet with such success that one of Berkeley's shrewdest econ freaks must do his taxes; a man who once was on San Francisco's known-bombers list and made Methedrine in his sink and is now a self-made millionaire executive who flies his own plane and has the time of his life; a guy who holds the West Coast record for unrelated drug busts in 72 hours (three), who now sells real estate and attends law school. Me? I used to live in an anarchist collective

BOURGEOIS IS BEAUTIFUL *Our primary relationships have evolved from mostly outlaws to mostly inlaws; we've moved from commune to condo, and we suffer not from tear gas but stomach gas.*

in Berkeley; now I live in a house in Sacramento, city of Manson's assassins and S.L.A. bank jobs. Three old friends from the collective also live here: a retired porn-flick actress, a former saboteur and an ex-junkie who once had a habit the size of a hose. What are they doing here? They're going to *medical school*!

Village Voice writer Phil Tracy, on the joys of sitting in the park listening to music with your peers who now make lots of money, pay lots of rent, put down roots, enjoy dinner parties and possessions: "Our values are prevailing . . . our tastes being respected . . . life, however middle class, is as good as it ever was at Woodstock. And maybe even a little better."

Everywhere you look, 1967's freaks are now coping with 1976's reality, in an amazing *détente* with mid-culture comforts, pleasures and, therefore, values. It is suddenly OK again to find happiness in bourgeois rewards. The idiot fringe has become the commercial and political mainstream. In the most striking *rapprochement* since Nixon went to China, the counterculture of the Sixties has become *the* culture of the Seventies. Outasight. What happened?

•

Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Commune of Mine

> I have met 100 old Berkeley "movement" people who have moved on to sex therapy, quilt making, pyramid building, mothering, school teachering, computer-operated public memory systems, self-hypnosis. . . . The campus is dead. . . . Where is the old, tough, snotty, critical, hip, unbending, angry Berkeley that I knew?
>
> —VICKI HODGETTS
> *The Village Voice*

We now spend more time mowing grass than smoking it, do most of our tripping family plan, need nothing stronger than an IRS audit to freak us out and have switched membership from the P.L.O. to the A.A.A. We still eat drugs, but only on Friday or Saturday night, since we don't want to go to work the next day beset by residual fog flashes, bats and clowns. We've descended from saving humanity to saving the rent. Sure, we still want the world and we want it now, but we'll settle for a condominium in San Diego.

In 1968, we wanted to obliterate the bastards; now we look around and we *are* the bastards. We've passed through the mad time into the dead time; from diatribes to dichondra in eight years. Whatever happened to 1967's runaway hippie punk, that space-flip hoodoo with the eyes like cue balls, Okie patchwork clothes and the lizard in his hair?

Easy. He's 30 now, a rising junior exec by day and a swinging single by night; he may be a member of America's fastest-growing minority, the divorcees. His self-fantasy is Ralph Nader with a shot of Robert Blake. He's a candidate for diet and hair transplants, but he can still turn a loin. He's making his age, breadwise, but—can you dig it?—his attitude is together: hair, mustache and vocabularies from Tarot, R. Crumb, Casteneda. Record collection a studied Stones sampler. Juice and dope occur socially—and what could be more proper? Liberal, latent and neurotic, he wears a coke spoon under his Nik-Nik body shirt. Business, politics, art and literature exude from him easily and simultaneously; it's like having lunch with *Newsweek*. Goddamn, Mr. Socialization, it's a textbook case of the young prodigal American. And while this character isn't universal, he is very real and just the sociotype that society is gearing down for. Post-radical America will fit him like a wet suit.

•

Om Is Where the Heart Is

Nine years after the Summer of Love, we've seemingly swung 180 degrees from the right course. The organic notion of self-realization has deteriorated into the Werner Erhardisms of psychological insurance salesmen. Jimi, Janis and the Cream have been replaced by the snoid rock of Bruce Springsteen and the Granola ballads of John Denver. Sonny and Cher are the all-American couple *because* they're divorced; "I got you, babe" isn't as relevant today as "I got out, babe." The cult figure is no longer Dennis Hopper but Fred Lynn. It's been drastic across the board—from James Kunen to Hunter Thompson, from Tolkein to *Doonesbury*, from *Cat's Cradle* to *Power!*

The process has even altered our speech habits, changing peace and love to money and clout; oh wow! to oh fuck!; karma to income; stoned-out to stone-walling; aura to bottom line; can you dig it? to let's have lunch; mellow to dynamite; groovy to cute; vibes to strokes; trip to game plan; and orange sunshine to tequila sunrise.

It gets down to fundamental rhythms. We've gone from the tidal wave of the Sixties to the glaciation of the Seventies. Quāāludes are the opiate of the masses. Yesterday's rip-off revolutionary is today's BankAmericard liberal. Molotov cocktails are eschewed for Wild Turkey. We drink Gallo wine, and if we should grow guilty about that, we just drink *more* Gallo wine.

Our primary relationships have evolved from mostly outlaws to mostly inlaws; we've moved from commune to condo, and now we suffer not from tear gas but from stomach gas. The healthy lust of free love has decayed into the sleazo therapy of crotch mags, sex aids and suck shops. Yesterday's flowery self-written sunrise wedding is today's interlocutory decree. Oh, wow. Bummer.

There's a guilty sense that cultural-political radicalism has descended into cynical apathy and that lifestyle-experimentation has shrunk into faddism. It now looks as if the great clash between old forms and new philosophies was resolved by repainting the old forms and amending the new philosophies.

Saloons now have plants and Tiffany lamps all over hell, with windows for sunshine and an embargo on all things vinyl or Formica. Good proletarian Levis sackcloth covers everything from golf-cart awnings to color TVs. Cathouses are now massage parlors and a macrobiotic lunch is just as deductible as a London broil.

•

Whoever Goes Up Must Come Down

> What did any of it matter? That question he knew to be the origin of true evil, for there was no answer to it.
>
> —GORE VIDAL
> *Washington, D.C.*

Time was, you wouldn't be caught dead watching Johnny Carson or eating junk food, but we've grown from "Up against the wall" to "Whatever." We'll take anything they send down the social chute: We'll watch Tom Snyder, for Chrissake; eat Burger Chef. Just get off our backs.

This ideological hysterectomy hit many of us in ways and for reasons having nothing to do with maturity, weakness or hypocrisy. In music, it was when Dylan went commercial and the Beatles split. In dope, when Leary started singing and smack replaced acid. On the street, when Huey moved into his $1000 a month lakefront penthouse. In politics, when, in 1972, given the most dramatic choice since Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the voting public went ape for Hyde.

A lot of it was due to a gradual sense of futility, a realization that the only things tomorrow will bring are higher prices, more pregnancies, a root canal and the pig flu. The messages of reality are relentless: that when the pipes burst, one plumber is worth five dealers and 14 gurus; *(Continued on page 127)*

5 BANDS

WEIRDER THAN YOU ARE

Rock music has always generated images of its own demise—from the burning guitars of Jimi Hendrix to the spiders of Alice Cooper. But this time the creature really seems to be on its deathbed. (Otherwise, why would Neil Sedaka and Monti Rock III be trying to make comebacks—and why would the airwaves be glutted with Fifties revival music?) At this juncture, enter the groups described below. Either they are going to save rock music or they'll finish it off for good.

THE TUBES

In the infamous *Mondo Bondage* number, several girls dressed in leather pasties whip the lead singer, who is bound in chains. Some music fans think that this is in bad taste and walk out. They don't recognize that the Tubes have made bad taste into art.

Bill "Sputnik" Spooner is the founder of the Tubes, the lead guitar player and songwriter. An earlier band of his played the prom at Cortez High in Phoenix, Arizona, where Alice Cooper was a student. Spooner gave Alice his first big break by letting him fill in during intermission. After graduation, Alice left for Detroit and Spooner left for San Francisco.

In 1972, Spooner formed a new band called the Tubes, Rods and Bulbs. Later the band dropped Rods and Bulbs from its name and decided to go all by itself, because, Spooner says, the Tubes are monosyllabic people.

In addition to producing a lavish rock show and an exciting album, the Tubes have painted a wall mural on the A&M Records soundstage in Los Angeles; made a film debut with porno stars Carol Doda and Marilyn Chambers; designed fabrics for noted fashion designers John Kloss, Stephen Burrows and Rudi Gernreich; created environments for Bloomingdale's, City of Paris and Liberty House; and have been featured in a number of magazines including *House & Garden*.

There are seven musicians in the Tubes, but at times the group has swelled to 25, including dancers, choreographers, jugglers, video freaks, technicians and two giant television screens.

The Tubes' first manager, unable to cope with the group's weirdness, suffered a nervous breakdown and moved to Alaska. Perhaps fearing a similar fate, record companies rejected the Tubes—until the Tubes found A&M.

The Tubes' repertoire includes *What Do You Want from Life?*, a satire of TV game shows; *Tubes' World Tour*, performed on roller skates; *Malagueña Salerosa*, with lead singer Fee Waybill doing an impressive imitation of Fidel Castro yodeling in drag; *Crime Drama Themes of the Sixties*, which is just what the title suggests; a poignant scene from *Ironsides*; a memorable operation from *Medical Center*; and *It's Not Unusual*, featuring Waybill's sexy impersonation of Tom Jones's Las Vegas night-club standard.

The climax of the show, of course, is the finale, *White Punks on Dope*, in which Waybill portrays an English rock star named Quay Lewd and appears on stage decked out in silver lamé and 14-inch platform shoes. While Quay Lewd is attacked by a dozen seminude groupies, pills and dope are distributed to the audience. This sets the mood for an encore, in which there are more seminude groupies as well as stewardesses, pom pom boys and elevator operators.

Realizing that the audience might prefer television to a live show, the Tubes thoughtfully provide a giant television screen on which are shown close-ups of the performers as well as instant replays. It is the Tubes' desire to produce the world's first gold videodisc. It is the Tubes' aspiration to someday be as big as the Ritchie Family and all of South America.—SCOTT COHEN

Artwork by John Youssi

ROUGH TRADE

Ask anyone in the art world or the underworld and he'll tell you that up in Toronto there are weirdos who'll match anything in New York or Los Angeles. Toronto sex shops and sexual-persuasion bars are exotic and specialized—about the same way Toronto rock 'n' roll is.

Rough Trade is Toronto's top band—and Toronto is a top music town. It's the headquarters of Bob Ezrin—whose production work turned Alice Cooper and Lou Reed into underground millionaires—and of big-time bands like Guess Who. In November 1974, a band called Rough Trade (and that means butch, sailor) began playing at Grossman's Tavern, a seedy dive of great influence, attracting a large cult following of dancing weirdos, including Toronto's heavy neo-dadaist clique General Idea. Soon Ezrin came around to see this snobby, bisexual hard-rock band and was impressed enough to make an offer—but an offer, it turned out, they could refuse.

The star of the group is Carole Pope. She wears green fingernails, a frizzed-out shag and too much make-up. She is always unbuttoned and unzipped, but she has on all the right clothes. She combines, alarmingly, the street-punk look with that of Bonwit/Bendel's. She oozes up to the microphone and chews up and spits out lyrics like this: "Beauty it can wound you / Like a burst of gunfire / With a few well-planned maneuvers / You can murder them with. / Just a touch of Ossie Clark, / Lord & Taylor, After Dark / Sketches by Antonio / Smart remarks by Zandra Rhodes / Riviera Montecruz / Biba's, Saks and Bloomingdale's." That song is *Style*. Their repertoire also includes *Lipstick on Your Dipstick*, *Restless Underwear*, *My Fault (I'm a Female Faggot)* and *So Tired of Cruising and Losing: The Al Green Songbook of Clichés*. Needless to say, with lyrics that are inaccessible to all but a small subculture, Rough Trade is not ready for AM radio—but that's the idea.

Before Patti Smith signed her $500,000 contract with Clive Davis, she released, on her own label, a single of *Hey Joe* (redone for Patty Hearst) and *Piss Factory*. The latter was pure underground. Patti said at the time that she was doing it for underground experience. Likewise Carole and the boys know that with a record contract they will have to tone their act down, drop off things that are just too "in" crowd, concentrate more on universal sex and drug themes, and make that million dollars. But, right now they don't want to. They're making a $12-per-copy limited edition direct-disc album (Nimbus). The disc is being cut as the band plays live, so that nothing will be lost to intermediaries. If the numbered-art discs sell out, and Rough Trade thinks they will, it will be big-time time.—NEAL BARLOWE

THE RAMONES

The Ramones are a fun group. They play songs like *Blitzkrieg Bop*, *You Better Shut It Up* and *I'm a Nazi Baby*.

Tommy Ramone is the drummer for the band, which also features Johnny Ramone, Joey Ramone and DeeDee Ramone. Their idea of fun is living on the Bowery in New York and playing in clubs such as C.B.G.B., which they helped make into *the* underground rock scene after the Hell's Angels left. C.B.G.B. (the initials stand for "Country, Bluegrass and Blues," a wishful thought on the part of the owner) stands on a block with wino hostelries. In this atmosphere of decay, the Ramones have flourished. They do not look like what they are—four kids from the upper-middle-class Queens neighborhood of Forest Hills, boyhood home of Paul "My Little Town" Simon. The Ramones are the ones who never made their beds, and who were more concerned with basic guitar techniques than with the fight against acne.

They arrived in Manhattan at the end of an era. The local rock scene, led by the New York Dolls and staffed by a dozen similar groups, had just gone national. The New York groups had tried to capitalize on the David Bowie / Rod Stewart glitter craze and, consequently, were about to stumble off into oblivion. The Ramones were part of the new generation.

"See, what *they* did was theatrics," Tommy explains. "We believe in entertainment. Just say what we are is inner theater."

The Ramones' idea of inner theater is a song like the Rivieras' *California Sun*, whipped up into a froth of white noise by four guys who look as if they were nurtured under police lamps. DeeDee and Johnny make like homicidal beach bums in their striped T-shirts and ripped and faded denims. Joey grips the mike in his hand and shouts into his fist.

Two years ago, when the Ramones got together, they played the kind of music that wasn't on the radio anymore: rock-'n'-roll songs. The Ramones' sound was as much a reaction to the complexity of what rock had developed into as it was an acknowledgment of the failure of glitter.

"We have nothing against complexity," Tommy says, "but the song had more or less disappeared—you know, other than easy listening." The songs the Ramones do are not easy listening. On the other hand, they are almost never more than three minutes long, and they rarely employ more than three chords.

If there is a punk hall of fame, the Ramones are headed for it. On the way, they will pass through a recording studio, and whatever they do, it'll be different. Heavy metal is pretty pervasive these days, but nobody else has tried welding it to early Sixties' rock 'n' roll.

—FRANK ROSE

THE DICTATORS

Out of the East they come, the hum of their feedback like 100,000,000 locusts hell-bent for the beer and pizza! Yes, meet the Dictators, five tough Jewish guys from Queens who won't take no for an answer. They specialize in what might be called Jewish heavy metal, a unique sound that seeks to combine elements of 4000 years of oppression with a Top-40 format.

The capacity audience of this year's Miss All-Bare-America Contest thought the music could even be danced to. The crowd liked the crashing riffs and punchy breaks that typify the Dictators' staccato style. And it even liked the Dictators' special brand of lyrics, which, according to the notes on their album, "may prove hazardous to your health."

When the Dictators play the high schools of Long Island—their favorite circuit—tempers flare; complete pandemonium takes over; all hell breaks loose. The band has, in fact, spent several nights in the cooler, because local authorities thought the festivities had become a bit too aggressive, and several towns are reported to be enacting ordinances prohibiting future performances by the group.

Obviously the Dictators are doing something right. They feel that they just need the right break. They even have a song on the subject. It goes, in part: "I knocked them dead in Dallas, / They didn't know we were Jews."

Can success be far behind?

The Dictators have a Plan B. If their bizarre appearance and whacked-out music don't get them into the big time, they intend to rely on *special methods*. Chief on the list is the use of the guitar as an instrument of terror. The Dictators practice—and this is no joke—stunning small animals and killing flying insects with superloud major chords.

What best recommends the Dictators is their reputation for turning any old party into a wild party—the kind you hear about once in a while but never get invited to. I lived to tell of one such party, given at the apartment of the parents of the band's lead singer, Handsome Dick Manitoba.

Arriving at the 21st floor co-op, I was let in by none other than Handsome himself, who was wearing a cotton jockstrap. Later I noticed a lipstick swastika on his chest.

"My parents are out of town" he said, as if that explained things. Two teenage girls stood on the living-room couch and spray painted this message on the wall: WE LOVE HANDSOME DICK'S HANDSOME DICK!

All in all, the Dictators will be a band to be reckoned with. So far they are the only band that dares to ask the question "Is America ready for 'good-time' fascism?" —DOUGLAS KELLEY

TALKING HEADS

"Holy shit, whatinthefuckisthis?" That seemed to be the sentiment shared by most of the capacity crowd at the C.B.G.B. club when a bizarre aggregation called Talking Heads suddenly disrupted the deafening sameness of the summer's marathon festival of New York's Top 40 Unrecorded Bands.

To begin with, Talking Heads—a trio of former art students who migrated to New York from Providence, Rhode Island—violated every established rule for the way a group of this type should look. Martina Weymouth, for example, wields her impressive battleship-gray bass in a no-nonsense manner, but there is no mistaking what she is: a girl with a blond pageboy who used to sell shoes in a chic 57th Street boutique during the daytime. Drummer Chris Frantz looks like a skinny kid who ought to be working behind the counter at McDonald's. And David Byrne, the band's lead guitarist, singer and songwriter, who claims that he still has to giggle when he thinks of himself as a rock 'n' roller, wears moderately short hair, Sta-Prest slacks, a plain short-sleeved sport shirt and Hush Puppies.

But if Talking Heads look bizarre by rock-'n'-roll standards, their onstage manner is even less typical. They move in a way so static as to make your average catatoniac seem animated by comparison. Their staccato minimalist riffs and almost tuneless vocals make it possible to imagine *Psycho* as a musical. Yet they express genuine amazement when their reviewers resort to such terms as zombielike and terminally weird.

"We're actually very sensible people," says Byrne, with the full-frontal deadpan sincerity that makes the group's crazy ventriloquistic name seem so exquisitely appropriate. "We never really even think about our image onstage, except to try to look as good as we can—and to try to remember not to wear something that has a big stain on the front. We try not to do anything distracting, because we want people to listen to our lyrics, which are kind of—unique."

That's putting it mildly. For example: "The girls would like to talk about their problems. / The boys say they are concerned with decisiveness. / It's a hard logic to follow, / And the girls get lost. / The boys say they are concerned with these problems."

That's *Tentative Decisions*. It sounds like some R. D. Laing exercise in mind-fuck set to schizzy three-quarter time, but Byrne says he was inspired by books about systems analysis and the use of computers in business management—"That's sort of a hobby," he guesses.

The first time you hear Talking Heads on straight radio simply take note that pop has come full circle back to Dada.

—ED MCCORMACK

Photography by Waring Abbott

AN ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR LOOKS AT THE FUTURE

Article by Jonas Davidson

If prostitution is the world's oldest profession, then masturbation for profit must be the world's youngest. You're reading me right. To the tune of 25 bucks a shot, hundreds, maybe thousands, of healthy young men across America are jerking off into bottles in an effort to impregnate the wives of innumerable sterile men. The American Medical Association calls it artificial insemination. I call it a living—though, to be honest, it's not my only source of income.

I augment the income I make working in a theatrical office by occasionally fantasizing myself into a frenzy in the men's room. The routine goes something like this: At zero hour, I leave my desk and run to the john with some erotic literature. When I have achieved gratification, I leave the office, head toward Fifth Avenue, hail a cab, ride to the doctor's office, hand the doctor's secretary an envelope that

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR *Never try to define the moral, religious, ethical, medical, legal and personal ramifications of artificial insemination in a speeding police car on the expressway.*

contains the magic bottle, get back into the waiting cab and head back uptown to the office. Total time: 26 minutes (non–rush hour).

With a flick of the wrist, I've helped create a human being.

Even as a veteran of several hundred donations (their word), that thought still hits me, usually while I'm riding back to the office in the taxi. I've come. I'm cooler. I can relax. But in a matter of minutes, some woman is going to be fucked by a syringe full of my semen.

As I ride up First Avenue, I invariably start to wonder about the recipients of my spermatozoa. Who are these faceless women? Will they make good mothers to my children? While I'm wondering about them, are they wondering about me? If *I'm* curious, just think of how curious the women must be.

"I'd like a 6′2″ athlete with blond hair, blue eyes, a great personality and the intellectual capacity of a Rhodes scholar. He should also be Jewish."

Well, I can't blame the gal for trying. With me as the donor, she gets maybe two of these specifications out of seven. But I probably look something like her husband.

I got into artificial insemination because Jewish donors were needed in Boston three years ago. A gentile friend of mine, a med student, told me that the doctor for whom he was inseminating needed Jewish men. As it was explained to me, gentile women don't care about the religion of the donor, as long as the resultant baby is healthy. But Jewish ladies want Jewish donors, and apparently Jewish med students aren't interested. Draw your own conclusions.

In my early days of Artificial Insemination Donation (AID, henceforth), masturbation and its delicious variations held for me the romantic excitement of young love. In Boston, I lived three blocks from the doctor's office and had a wide range of bed partners who were more than willing to tongue their way to my orgasm. And when I came, they enthusiastically grabbed for the bottle and watched me spurt into the narrow opening.

A friend of mine, Toby, always used to joke about what would happen if a little saliva got mixed in with the sperm: "In nine months, a woman will give birth to a seven-pound, ten-ounce tongue."

As a graduate student with lots of time on my hands and a downtown apartment, insemination was, more frequently than not, an extension of lovemaking and a hell of a lot easier than donating blood.

But here's the rub. Before you rush out to your local gynecologist/endocrinologist to volunteer your services, please keep the following in mind: Inseminators must refrain from reaching orgasm for 48 hours prior to each donation. My mind boggles when I recall the chances I had to turn down because I had to save myself for the following morning's AID.

Another word of caution for you studs: Not everyone can be an inseminator. Not only must you have good health, good family history and excellent character traits but you also must have a high sperm count. You may come buckets, but your sperm count might still be embarrassingly low. The doctor will test you; you can't fake it.

A jock friend of mine who wanted to join the ranks of donors did just about everything in his power to ensure a dazzlingly high sperm count. Before his test, he refrained from screwing for a week, he consumed a vast number of vitamin E pills and he ate enough steak to send him to the poorhouse. Still, the doctor turned thumbs down.

This *macho* character was crushed by the doctor's report, because he was stupid enough to equate low sperm count with low in masculinity. No way. Take it from me, AID is no *macho* trip.

Another problem donators must consider is how to masturbate to climax when there's no sexual stimulant. Think about it. When was the last time you forced yourself to beat off? Sure it's easy when you're getting blown or when your hand feels just right, but on a cold, damp, winter morning when you're all alone and nothing is stimulating you, it's quite another story. For these occasions, I've come to treasure dirty books.

God bless pornography! God bless naked bodies on the printed page! God bless stories of throbbing cocks and willing cunts! God bless vibrators, Accu-Jac and all the other battery-run devices that take the worry out of not being close.

Overnight I turned masturbation into an art. I had a professional obligation to come on time, and in AID, there are no stand-ins, no understudies. You must perform. You must reach orgasm.

AID demands a rigid schedule, and I've never missed a performance in three and a half years, though I have had a couple of near misses.

One of them happened about two years ago while I was visiting my family in the suburbs of Boston. On my appointed day, I got up early to allow for ample time to jerk off at home and to drive downtown to the doctor's. What I hadn't counted on was a flat tire. Panicked, I waved down a police car.

I'd rank explaining artificial insemination to two rookie cops right up there with swimming the English Channel and masturbating at dawn against your will.

As cars whizzed by us on the expressway, I stammered:

"I'm an artificial-insemination donor and I must get this bottle to the doctor in ten minutes. Can you give me a lift?"

"What did you say was in that bottle?"

"Sperm. There's a doctor waiting for me and a woman who wants to get pregnant——"

"And you're going to get her knocked up with that bottle?"

"You ain't fooling us?" the other policeman piped in.

"Now I've heard everything! What did you say your name is?"

I remember that one of the cops had a tattoo, and based on my prejudice against anyone with any word or picture etched on a hairy arm, I figured it wasn't worth explaining at length. All I said was: "A human life depends on *you*!"

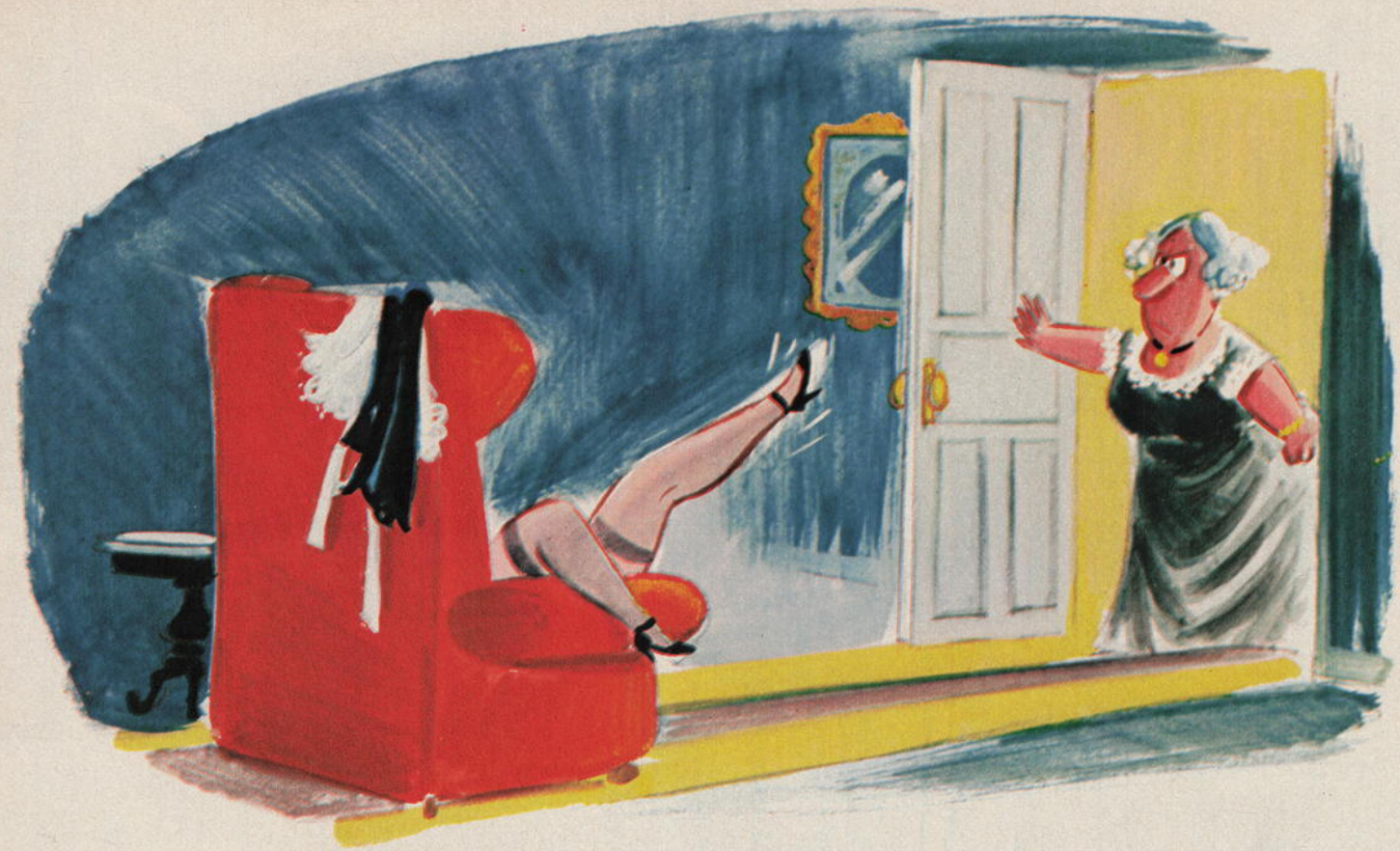
The cops led me to their patrol car, and with its lights flashing and siren shrieking, we headed for the doctor's office.

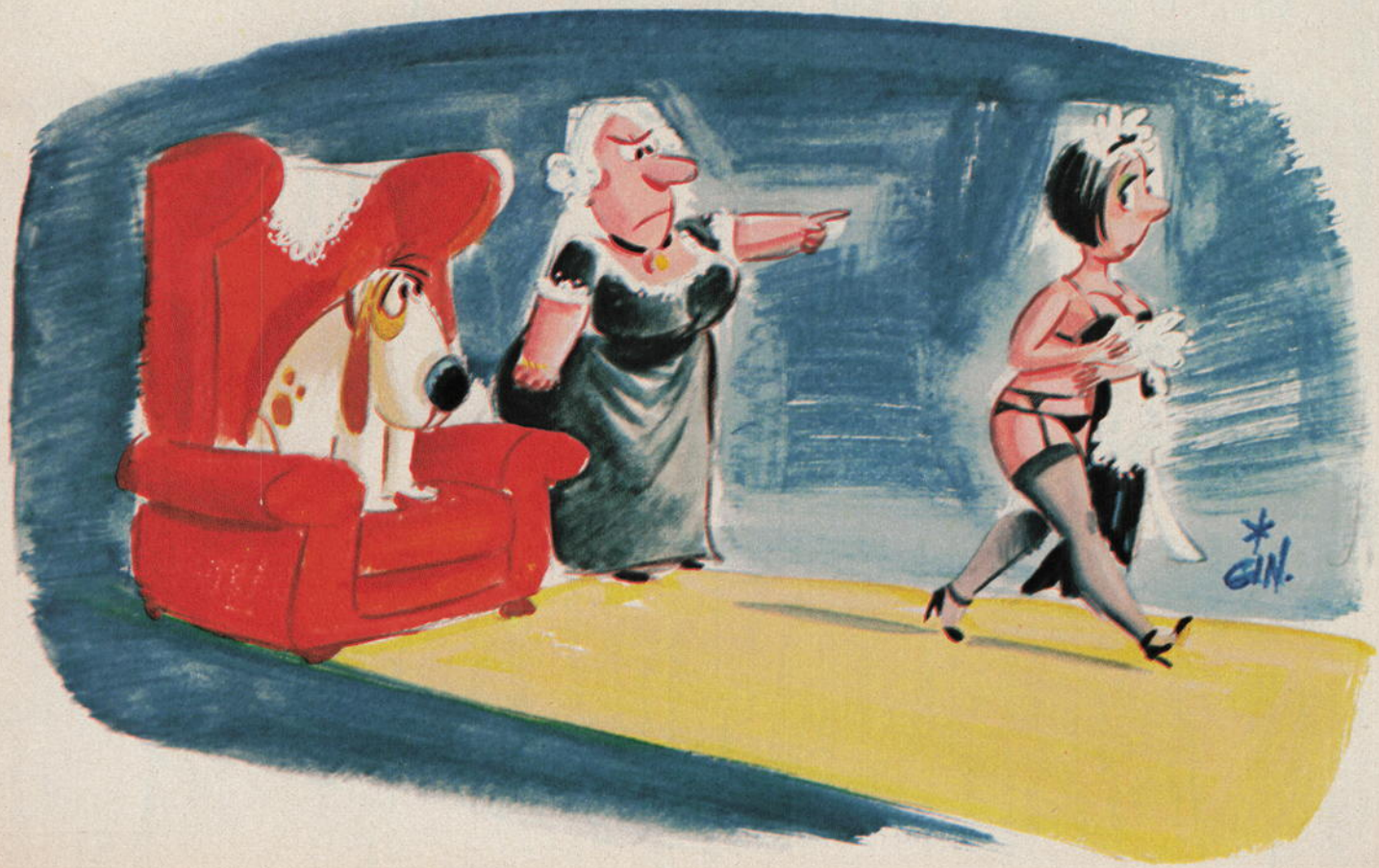
There was more police grilling while we were driving. Never try to define the moral, religious, ethical, medical, legal and personal ramifications of artificial insemination in a speeding police car on the expressway. As I recall, in spite of their apparent curiosity, I lost my audience while discussing the astonishing 21 percent decline in the national fertility rate due to contraceptives and legalized abortions. The only thing that really got to them was the thought of some woman with her legs in stirrups waiting for the contents of the bottle.

In June 1974, I moved to New York. By that time, I was so into artificial insemination that I no longer related sexually to anything that didn't have a screw-on cap. I lived for the bottle. It got to the point where *real* sex or *real* masturbation no longer turned me on. I just couldn't wait to get a call from the doctor's secretary. It even permeated my monetary reckoning: A round-trip airline ticket to Florida was five orgasms; a Brooks Brothers suit, eight; an oriental rug, 92½. The move to New York, including moving van, two movers and a rental fee to the real-estate broker in the Village, cost me 22¼ comes.

After two sedate years of academic whacking off in the privacy of my own room (at best) or in the gritty graduate-school john (at worst), New York cast me into the dark reality of corporate masturbation.

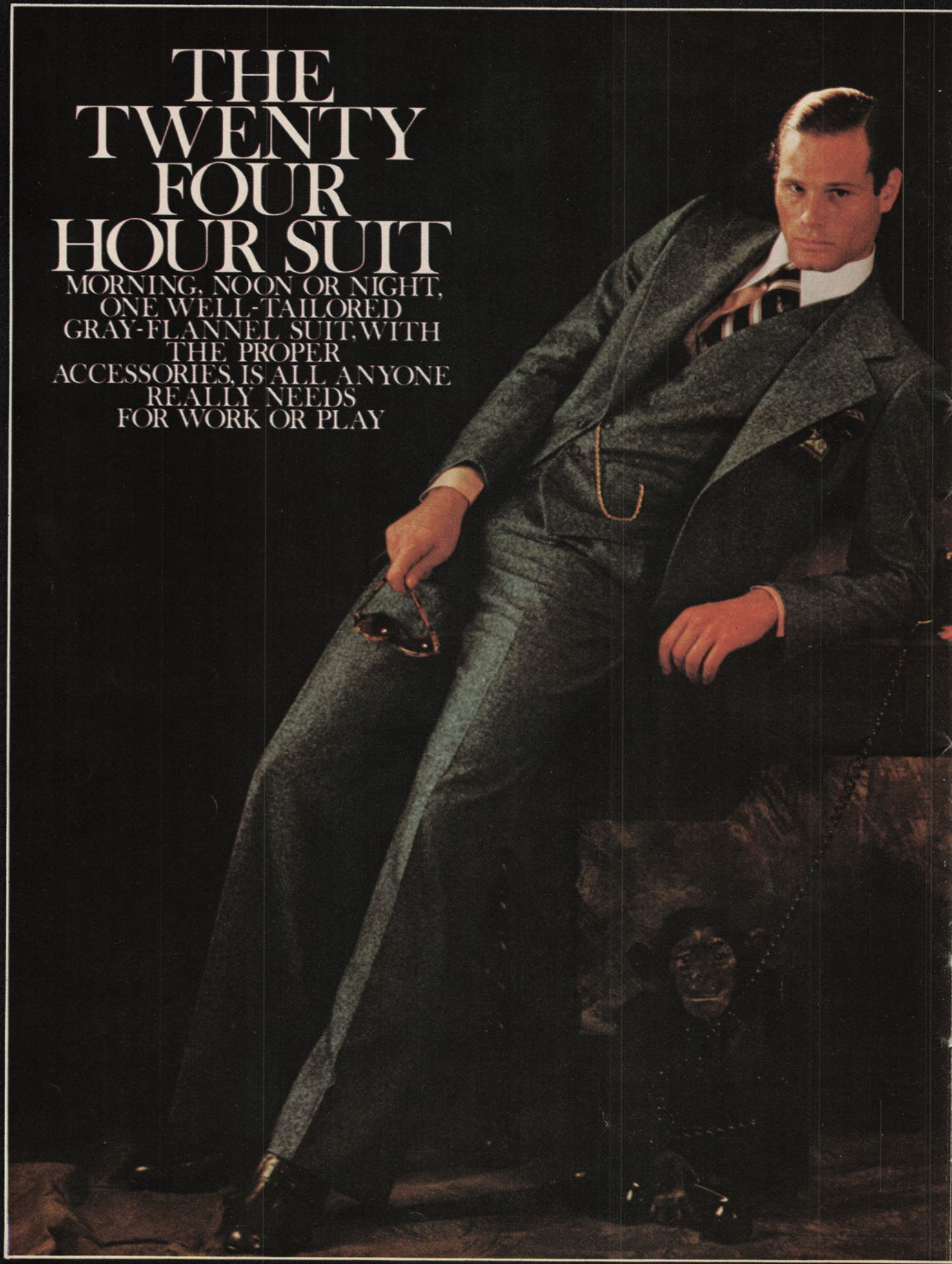
I had *(Continued on page 121)*




GIN.

THE TWENTY FOUR HOUR SUIT

MORNING, NOON OR NIGHT, ONE WELL-TAILORED GRAY-FLANNEL SUIT, WITH THE PROPER ACCESSORIES, IS ALL ANYONE REALLY NEEDS FOR WORK OR PLAY



Photography by Richard Fegley

9:16 IN THE MORNING

The 24-hour suit, from Yves St.-Laurent, starts its day at the office with no company but a St.-Laurent shirt, a Bert Pulitzer striped tie, a girl, a chimp. Simple, but smart. With an Ashear Brothers silk hanky, Bally of Switzerland brown tassel loafers and Riviera sunglasses, this suit says pay attention to a young man on his way through the top.

A SUIT FOR ALL SEASONS, IT DRESSES UP OR DOWN WITH EASE

1:07 IN THE AFTERNOON

The suit warms up for a stroll in the park with the addition of a Country Britches camel-suede vest, a Cisco ascot and two flannel shirts: one plaid, the other solid with a mandarin collar, both from Crossroads by Robert Stock. Our man protects his head under a Kangol grouser hat, his hands in Aris pigskin driving gloves and his feet in Roots warm-up boots. The walking stick is from Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop.

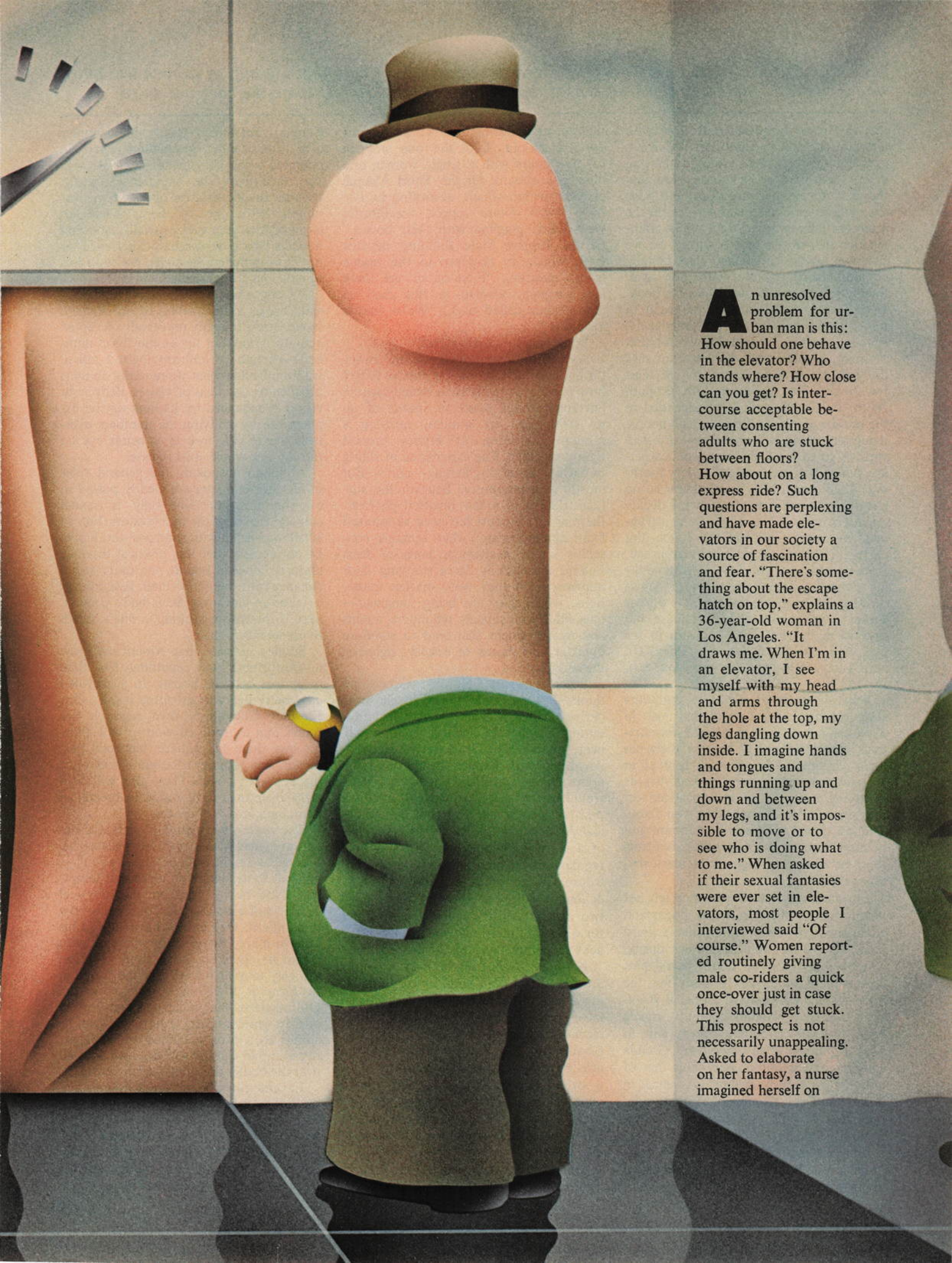
10:02 IN THE EVENING

The suit slicks up for a night on the town with a Franck Olivier cream-silk shirt, a Cerruti CXIII black-silk tie, a Cisco cotton pocket hanky and a white-silk evening scarf. To complete the casual but elegant look: Bally of Switzerland black tassel loafers and Aris suede evening gloves. Purchase information and prices for his clothes—as well as for hers—can be found on page 131.

THE SECRET LIFE OF ELEVATORS

WHEN THE DOOR CLOSES, THE OBJECT IS NOT ALWAYS TO GET WHERE YOU'RE GOING

ARTICLE BY RALPH KEYES



An unresolved problem for urban man is this: How should one behave in the elevator? Who stands where? How close can you get? Is intercourse acceptable between consenting adults who are stuck between floors? How about on a long express ride? Such questions are perplexing and have made elevators in our society a source of fascination and fear. "There's something about the escape hatch on top," explains a 36-year-old woman in Los Angeles. "It draws me. When I'm in an elevator, I see myself with my head and arms through the hole at the top, my legs dangling down inside. I imagine hands and tongues and things running up and down and between my legs, and it's impossible to move or to see who is doing what to me." When asked if their sexual fantasies were ever set in elevators, most people I interviewed said "Of course." Women reported routinely giving male co-riders a quick once-over just in case they should get stuck. This prospect is not necessarily unappealing. Asked to elaborate on her fantasy, a nurse imagined herself on

THE SECRET LIFE OF ELEVATORS *Otis Elevator research has found that a group of women will allow no less than 1.5 square feet per passenger, but require 1.8 square feet once the car goes co-ed.*

the way to her hospital's sixth floor with a doctor she'd been admiring: "As we're exchanging looks and my toes are curling in my shoes because he's so neat-looking, the elevator inexplicably stops. We push the emergency button and a voice on the intercom tells us to sit tight while maintenance figures out what's wrong. So we sit down on the carpet and start talking, communicating mostly with our eyes. Slowly it comes out that I like his body. It turns out that he's also interested in mine, but because of our positions at the hospital, well . . . you know. At that moment, a voice over the intercom says the repairman can't come for at least two hours. This seems to turn us both on to the fact that we are suspended in the middle of a huge hospital, with people living and dying all around us—and then we just go to it on the nice, soft carpeting, which was vacuumed that very morning. It is beautiful. Since there is no bathroom to retire to afterward, I decide on interruptus. Then, since we're ravenous, we voraciously eat the lunch I'm carrying: shrimp salad, sourdough bread, fresh orange juice and Mystic Mint cookies. Minutes later the elevator starts moving. When the doors open, the doctor smiles at me, picks up his briefcase and says formally (but with a gleam in his eye), 'Nice to have met you, Mrs. H.' And I say, 'Nice to have met you, too, Dr. D.' "

What is it about elevators that stirs such creative juices? And not just in daydreams but in nightmares? Psychiatrists report frequently hearing their patients' dreams of being stuck forever in an elevator, of being crushed by its shrinking walls, or of being carried off into space by an elevator that won't stop. The last dream is especially common and is interpreted as either a success neurosis (fear of rising too high) or a masturbation fantasy.

Elevators make their presence felt not just in dreams but in cartoons, books and ad campaigns about uncrushable hard packs. It is a rare television week during which some elevator doors don't part dramatically to reveal a body on the floor within. In Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers*, a woman commits suicide beneath a descending elevator, and in *The Romantic Englishwoman*, Glenda Jackson makes out in one. This den of iniquity is also a regular presence in porno movies, risqué jokes and skin-magazine layouts on semipublic places to do it.

Our instinctive awareness of such erotic possibilities led to wild speculation about what happened in all the elevators that got stuck during New York's famous 1965 black-out. Like the one stopped for five hours with a single woman and nine men aboard. Or the Third Avenue elevator within which, according to *The New York Times* report, "secretaries were heard giggling with their bosses." Or the Empire State Building elevator from which, in response to the rescue team's question, "First of all, are there any pregnant women in this car?" a man's voice called back, "We've hardly even met."

What is it about elevators?

As a form of transportation, the elevator has become so common that we forget how peculiar it really is: a sealed capsule hurtling through space at speeds of up to 1800 feet per minute, carrying a random collection of bodies pressed tightly together. The experience of riding in one should be frightening—and is. But mostly subconsciously. Beneath the surface. Except in a few uncured phobists, the fear of elevators has been suppressed from consciousness; what remains conscious is the excitement born of fear. Behind those stony faces studying floor numbers as if they were market quotations, wild orgies are being imagined—ones filled with squeals, whimpers, moans and musky smells that lead to stand-up quickies and shouts of ecstasy, signaling the end of a ride.

Psychotherapist Harold Greenwald thinks that the erotic appeal of elevators derives primarily from the fact that in a setting in which bodies are uncommonly near, people are also utterly secluded. Anything can happen—and until the doors open, only the car's occupants would be the wiser. Greenwald, who is a past president of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, tells of a New York man who used to take regular fellatio breaks with a female coworker in an office elevator that they deliberately stopped between floors. (The two originally had used a broom closet for such interludes but were caught in the act by a janitor reaching for his broom.)

A factor contributing to elevator arousal, Greenwald adds, is the stimulating effect rapid ascent and descent can have on the genitals. This is the "falling-elevator sensation" referred to by Alex Comfort in *The Joy of Sex*, which can also be experienced on a motorcycle or a swing. Greenwald recalls one woman who was so affected in this way that she dreaded getting on elevators for fear that fellow passengers could see how aroused she was.

Greenwald, who wrote *The Elegant Prostitute* and co-edited *The Sex-Life Letters*, remembers fondly the summer after high school graduation when he operated a hospital elevator in New York. He remembers the experience fondly, because the elevator he operated was for nurses. With one of them, inside his elevator, the young Greenwald had what he calls "my older-woman experience"—not consummated, he sighs, but with lots of delicious foreplay.

By engaging in such activity, Greenwald broke a basic taboo of our society. In elevators, the only universally accepted activity is looking up at the floor numbers—though an anthropologist I talked with thinks that what we're really doing is broadening our field of vision. Peripheral vision is enhanced by looking up, he explains, so by studying the numbers overhead, we're able to keep a better eye on the car as a whole. Just in case.

Although unspoken, the general rules of elevator etiquette are clearly posted in everyone's mind. Not only is sexual activity frowned on in elevators but so is talking—even with someone you know. In our society, the less physical distance there is between bodies, the more social distance must be maintained. Eye contact is taboo in elevators. So is body contact, even if this means sucking in one's breath to create more space.

Studies indicate that Americans grow uncomfortable with anything less than three feet between bodies. In a crowded car you're lucky to get three inches. Otis Elevator Company's own research has found that a group of women will allow no less than 1.5 square feet per passenger, but require 1.8 square feet once the car goes co-ed. They also will fold arms over breasts in order to create an extra inch or two of space.

The reason we maintain such stiff decorum in elevators is precisely because we fear what might happen if we didn't—with all those bodies so close and tempting. Not being used to the physical closeness of elevators, we don't know how to handle it. One author has reported his urge to marry the elevator operator with whom he spent so much time while on the way to visit his wife in the hospital. In *Here at the New Yorker*, Brendan Gill describes his magazine's elevators as ones in which nobody speaks, and then he admits to a private fantasy of being arrested in old age for rubbing his hands all over the bodies of young female co-riders.

In preparing this report, I asked a variety of people to detail for me their private elevator fantasies. A 24-year-old woman said she likes to imagine being crowded into the elevator after a hard day at the office: "I'm in the second row from the back. *(Continued on page 118)*

Kenneth Anger Rising

IS THE GOSSIPY OCCULTIST WHO WROTE *HOLLYWOOD BABYLON* REALLY AN AGENT OF LUCIFER? OR IS HE JUST A DEVILED HAM? **Article by John Calendo**

I've always wanted to interview Kenneth Anger, but he seems to shun the press even more than Garbo; certainly he has been as much a cult figure as Garbo. Though primarily an underground film maker, Anger is notorious for his book *Hollywood Babylon*, a scandal bible jam-packed with filthy, filthy dish. (Tyrone Power, Anger explains, was a "shit fancier" . . . James Dean liked "sex spiced with knowing cigarette burns" . . . Humphrey Bogart had "the biggest jing-jang in showbiz"—and these are just the asides!) First published in Paris in 1959, the French edition of *Hollywood Babylon* became, in the words of

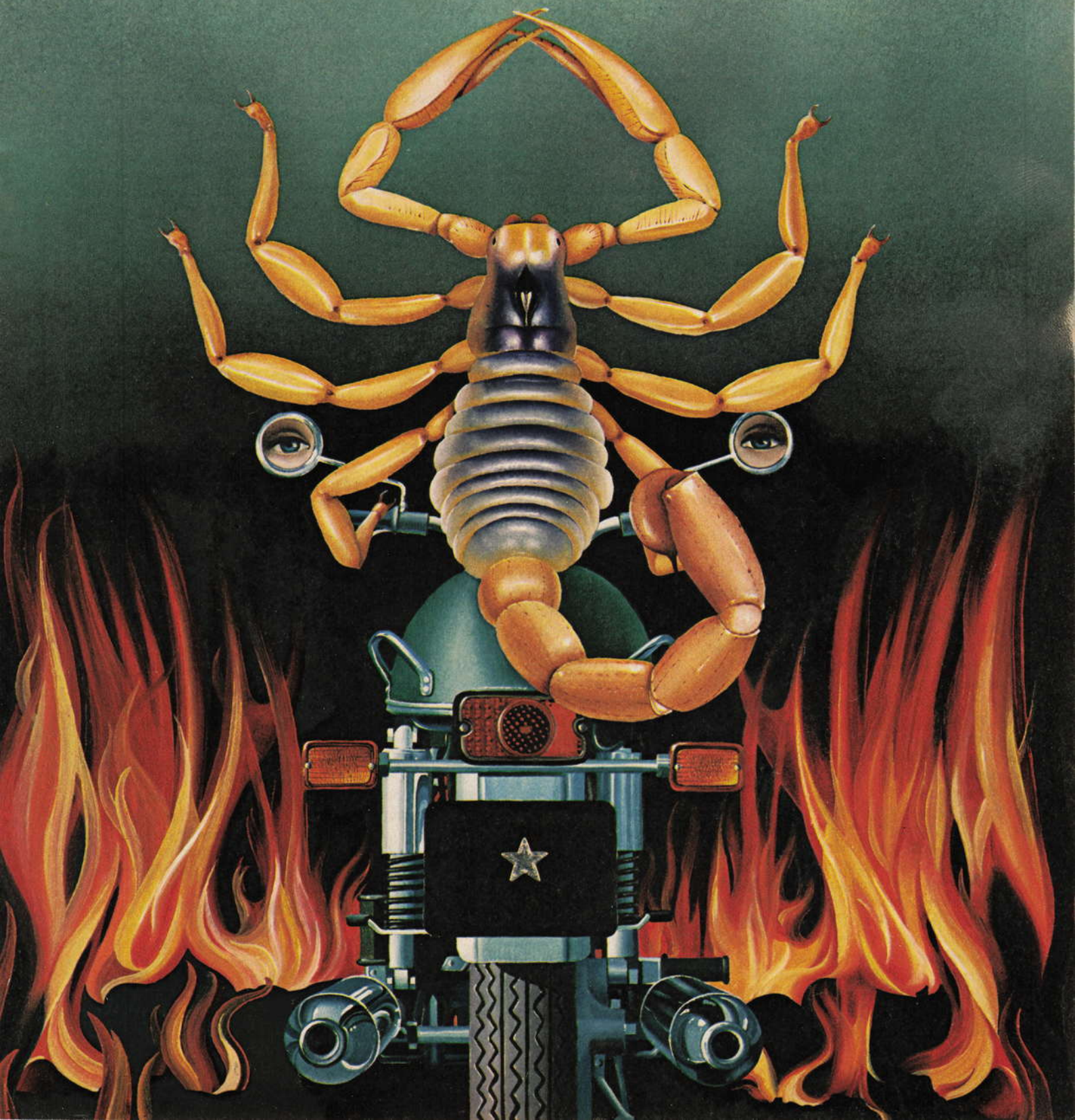


Illustration by Heather Cooper

KENNETH ANGER RISING *"Scorpio Rising" has something for every-weird-body: leather boys in jockstraps; an S/M-er mooning over death-fetish photos of James Dean; and bikers polishing their hogs.*

critic Susan Sontag, "a book as legendary as its subject," numbering among its fans not only Sontag herself—the headmistress of camp—but also such headmasters as Jean Cocteau, Andy Warhol and Ken Russell. The text, in fact, provided the cornerstone for what has been called the Kenneth Anger School of Cinema, best represented by such iconoclasts as Fred Halsted, of the gay fist-fucker flicks, and John Waters, of the Divinely shit-eating *Pink Flamingos*.

Yea, Anger is the culture hero's culture hero. For sheer exotica, he has gained points by belonging to a mystical sect that literally worships The Beast and The Whore—the twin horrors of Saint John's *Apocalypse*. Anger is absolutely serious about these beliefs: *Hollywood Babylon* is dedicated "To the Scarlet Woman" (aka the Whore of Babylon).

A disciple of the satanist Aleister Crowley, Anger owns the third-largest collection of Crowley's books and uses them, he claims, to conjure up demons and also to cast spells—via his movies. With this chic whiff of brimstone to recommend him, Anger found himself befriended by Mick Jagger, who based *Sympathy for the Devil* on Anger's demonic theories; Jimmy Page, of Led Zeppelin, who recently bought Crowley's Scottish manse so that Anger might someday be buried under it; and Bobby Beausoleil, who was Anger's lover before, at Charles Manson's behest, he murdered Gary Hinman.

Yet Anger is best-known not for his devil worship or even for *Hollywood Babylon*, but for a 31-minute movie, *Scorpio Rising*, a homoerotic riff on leather boys that was shot in 1962 and is still used in college pop-culture courses. The film has been both damned and praised. To the police—as well as to many anxious undergrounders—the homage to motorcycle death-lust was immoral, lewd and perverse. But to the arty crowd that journeys to basement theaters to view all those proudly nonmarketable (hence underground, hence elitist) loops, Anger's "film poem" was an exception to the generally sloppy, self-indulgent and ultimately failed experiments that constituted most of the Sixties' alternate cinema.

Parker Tyler, a culture critic who saw movies as pop religion and who was whispered to be the inspiration for Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge*, wrote that "*Scorpio Rising* shows the intimate connection between Hell's-Angelism, idolatrous sex, childish violence and fascism." It has something for every-weird-body: leather boys in jockstraps; motorcycles revved for the kill; an S/M-er mooning over death-fetish photos of James Dean; and bikers polishing their hogs with slow, heavy, jerk-off caresses. In this last image—masturbating the death machine—life and death become as one, an idea that lies at the heart of Anger's black-magic sensibility. The real-life bikers depicted were not impressed.

Anger had spent three months of weekends filming an actual Brooklyn motorcycle club. He found the members to be "arrested adolescents"—both lower class and middle class—more dangerous to themselves than to others. Nevertheless, the intercutting of one scene in which girl partners ride the back seats of the hogs with shots of a secret male-on-male initiation orgy so enraged the bike boys that Anger had to flee New York to avoid some very unpoetic head splitting. And the American Nazi Party squawked that the swastika had been desecrated by its inclusion in this queerest of films, where shots of Christ were intercut with those of a biker pissing into his SS commando helmet.

Anger's antimilitarism is almost Calvinist in its purity. Once, at a Washington antiwar rally, he heckled a tipsy Norman Mailer off the stage, calling him a "publicity freak." Later he denounced his fellow occultists for frivolously promising to levitate the Pentagon. In fact, much of my difficulty in getting in touch with the film maker was that, until recently, he made his home in London as a protest against the Vietnam war.

And then last fall, out of the blue, Anger sent me a letter praising an article I had written on movie-star grave sites. He wrote, "I can't think of anyone more qualified to review *Hollywood Babylon*"—which was about to be published in a U. S. trade edition for the first time.

I was interested in the book more than in any of his dozen movies, because *Babylon* spells out Anger's aesthetic of self-destruction. Anger often adopts the tone of evangelistic rancor in the book—"O ye tinsel Jezebels! Ye cocaine-crazed city of celluloid!"—yet in the climactic scene, in which a despondent actress jumps to her death from the HOLLYWOOD sign, the reader is made to see her leaping with a sacrificial smile of ecstasy.

I was intrigued by Anger's proposal, because the book had been entirely rewritten since the original Paris edition was published, though most of the hellish sagas were intact: the heroin O.D. of Barbara "The Girl Who Is Too Beautiful" La Marr; the death by champagne bottle penetration of a starlet at a wild party; the botched suicide of Lupe Velez, who crawled in a silver lamé gown from her rose-strewn bed to retch up a load of chili con Seconal, then passed out with her head in the toilet bowl and drowned.

And so I went to see the film maker in the apartment he was subletting on Manhattan's Upper West Side—the *Rosemary's Baby* part of town. I have always found this area unsettling, not because of its Puerto Rican voodoo shops and Gothic fortresses but because of the light. There's something fluorescently stale about it, like the light in a library.

It was amid such permanent gloom that Anger was living. The room in which I interviewed him was littered with vintage movie magazines and movie stills; it was dominated by a giant lobby poster for the French-language version of *Rebel Without a Cause* featuring a bad sketch of a too Gallicized James Dean, which resembled the actor in the color of the hair only. In whatever form, however, Jimmy was still the god of living fast and dying young, and Anger, in *Scorpio*, had been the first to deify him as such.

The overcast neighborhood and gloomy digs seemed made especially for Anger, whose many concerns all emanate from one *idée fixe*: the romance of darkness. Thus, his rhapsodies to self-destruction, his worship of Lucifer, his amassing of terrible secrets and his membership in several occult societies, whose insignias he has tattooed down his arm. "Oh, I can't tell you what the designs mean!" he said in his soft, nervous voice. "The other members would skin me alive!"

Despite it all, Anger, in the paunchy flesh, seemed a gentle presence. Casual in blue jeans and workshirt, he was a massive but motherly-looking man, with a noble Roman profile, emphatic eyes and a flamboyant lower lip set in a pout; a face, in short, that was sensual in an overripe way.

•

He had been a beautiful child. And like all beautiful children reared in the Beverly Hills of the Thirties, Anger was enrolled in an acting school that was heavy on tap-dancing drills. At the age of three—thanks to his grandmother's job as wardrobe mistress—he played the changeling prince in the Warner Bros. film of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a prophetic role, considering his future image as an S/M celebrant, for the little prince is raised to be the henchman of the fairies.

"The thing about the movie that I remember most was the day the cellophane moonbeams caught fire," he said. "The whole set could have gone up because everything was shellacked to the point of fainting; it was like glue-sniffing. But the little fairies just scampered away screaming as the *(Continued on page 113)*

JAN

JUST NEEDS A LITTLE TIME TO HERSELF

Photography by Suze

"I CLOSED MY EYES AND DREAMED OF STRANGE DESIRES IN A BYGONE ERA."

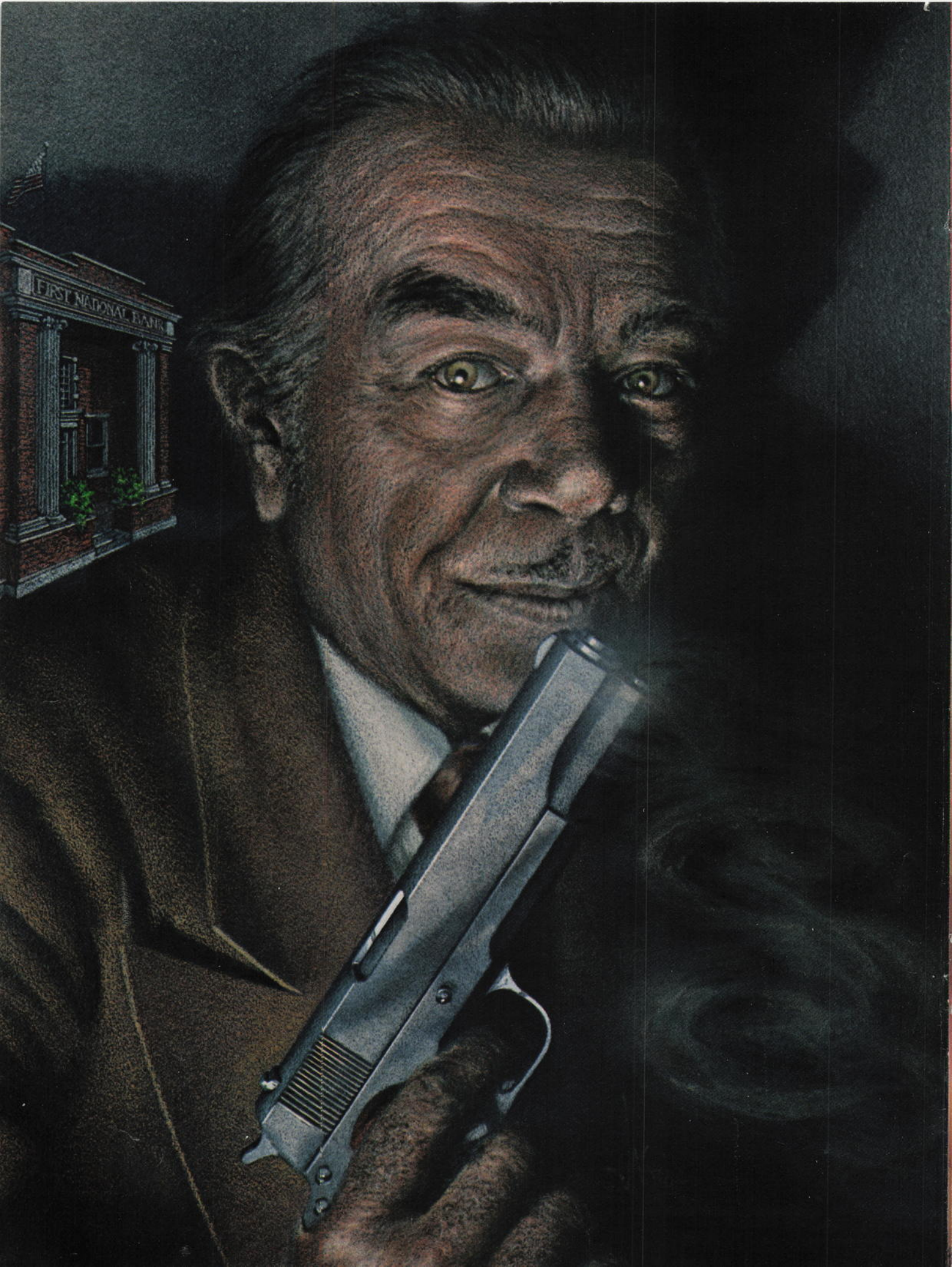
"They used to shoot a lot of B Westerns out here," Jan Walker says at the small ranch outside Los Angeles where she lives with some friends. "Of course, Arthur Penn probably wouldn't even consider filming here. It's not exactly *Missouri Breaks* country. Designwise, I'd call it *California Split*," she says (cracking a joke), "in the sense that it has a split personality. On the one hand, you have the desolation of the desert," she continues, pointing to the wild sagebrush, "but over here is my vegetable garden, some transplanted soil and a house full of very tame spider plants." Jan is a native Californian. She loves the sun, rides her own horse, eats the vegetables she cultivates and wants to act in films. She's already had some bit parts. "Most of my scenes ended up on the cutting-room floor, but I just keep hanging in there. I never look back or fret about the future; something's always bound to come up. Take this OUI pictorial, for instance. I met Suze, the photographer, at a party the day after I lost a movie role I'd wanted. I went to the party feeling depressed, but as soon as I walked in, I heard a British voice say, 'Good Lord, that child has legs up to her ears.' I looked around and saw a beautiful woman staring at me in admiration. She looked me up and down and undressed me with her eyes. I've had looks like that from men, of course, but never

"I NEVER LOOK BACK OR FRET ABOUT THE FUTURE; SOMETHING'S ALWAYS BOUND TO COME UP."

from a woman. 'I give great head, too,' I said nonchalantly. I always revert to wisecracks when I'm thrown off balance. Anyway, Suze laughed, told me that she liked my sense of humor and asked me to pose nude for OUI. I was so surprised that I just said OK." Does she regret her decision? "Not at all. First, I got a chance to act out my favorite bedroom fantasies; second, I found out that the OUI editors wanted me on the cover as well." And how does a California sun worshiper explain her bedroom fantasies? "Remember what I said about calling this countryside California split? The same label fits my personality. On the one hand, I love the sun and the outdoors, but there's also the romantic side of me that likes dimly lit interiors full of satin, lace and pearls. As Suze took my picture, I closed my eyes and dreamed of strange desires in a bygone era." Sounds exciting. "It was," she says, closing her eyes. "I dreamed that I'd been slipped an aphrodisiac at a staid gathering. I was led away to an upstairs bedchamber by a notorious black-sheep cousin. He undressed me slowly, ran his hands over my soft, creamy skin, dared to touch me where no man had even looked. I, of course, was terrified; but, driven by a passion that I couldn't control, I was soon crying out for release, begging to caress his manly member—or whatever they called it then."

"I GOT A CHANCE TO ACT OUT MY FAVORITE FANTASIES."

oui


FIRST NATIONAL BANK

CONVERSATION WITH

WILLIE SUTTON

America's most popular outlaw talks about the joys of bank robbery, the misery of prison life and how it feels to earn an honest living for a change

For as long as any of us can remember, the name Willie Sutton has been synonymous with criminal skill, just as the names of certain ballplayers have been synonymous with home-run power. Indeed, when Willie was captured for the final time in 1952, the police commissioner of New York City said, "We've just caught the Babe Ruth of bank robbers." Since Willie had been a fugitive for five years, after having broken out of his third "escapeproof" prison at the age of 68, it is not surprising that others—including the hero of Saul Bellow's "Herzog"—have compared Sutton to escape-artist Harry Houdini. Sutton's motive, like Houdini's, said Bellow/Herzog, was that "the power and completeness of all human systems must be continually tested, outwitted, at the risk of freedom, life."

As with Houdini and Ruth, there is something about Willie Sutton that has held the imagination of the American public even when his name has not been on the front pages. Perhaps it was the audacity with which he operated: sending his partner across the street to buy coffee and doughnuts for the employees of the bank he was robbing; taking time out to hold an advice-to-the-lovelorn seminar for a pretty young teller who had just broken off with her boyfriend; instructing a team of painters to go on with their work while he emptied the cash drawers.

Consequently, with Sutton, there has always been the problem of distinguishing between the legend and the man. Although he was reputed to have gotten away with at least $1,000,000 during his career, he is hardly history's most successful bank robber. Not when he had to spend 35 years behind prison bars! Some admirers have felt, in fact, that if Sutton had turned his obviously superior mind to legitimate pursuits, he could have earned himself twice the money with half of the effort.

Sutton was also able to use the confusion between myth and reality to his advantage. Sent to the slammer in 1953 with five separate convictions for a minimum of 132 years (the maximum was three lifetimes plus 105 years), Willie studied Supreme Court rulings and was back in the courtroom in the late Sixties with a highly complicated—and highly audacious—series of appeals, which seemed to be using one conviction as a springboard for attacking the next. What Willie and his lawyer were really doing, however, became apparent soon enough; they were counting on his court appearance to generate the feeling that the old man had become too much a part of American folklore to be condemned to die in jail.

On Christmas Eve 1969, amid intimations that he was virtually at death's door, Willie was set free. Six years later, he surfaced again, a robust and chipper 75 years old, with the announcement that his autobiography, "Where the Money Was," was about to be published. Having decided that the best way to escape from prison these days was to do it legally, the old rogue was apparently gambling that the country's reserve of good will could be tapped to earn him a final, legitimate stake. Willie Sutton had struck again: a six-figure advance from Viking Press and Ballantine Books, followed by a six-figure movie sale and selection of his book as Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate.

In order to get a look at the old bank robber from a somewhat different angle, OUI *asked his co-author Ed Linn to conduct a relaxed, free-ranging, postcollaboration discussion. "It turned out to be very interesting," Linn reports. "More like a postcoital dialog, after the cigarettes have been lit, than an interview. I started by getting right into the question I had been wrestling with for a long time: What is there about Willie Sutton, a lifelong thief and veteran convict, that makes him so popular?"*

OUI: Are you surprised that the public, cops, newspapermen and, most remarkable of all, bankers have great affection for you?

SUTTON: Perhaps it has something to do with the method by which I operated. Especially in the case of bankers. You know, I take great pride in the fact that nobody was ever hurt or molested in any way. I planned my jobs very carefully to eliminate all possible risk. I knew everything I had to know about every employee and even about nonemployees, such as mailmen, who might come to the door during the time I was conducting a robbery. If somehow my presence in a bank became known to anyone outside, I would leave the premises immediately. Today it's altogether different. Crime nowadays is a grab-and-run affair. People are short of money, so they take chances, risk the lives of a lot of innocent people—even their own lives. Once *I* was in control of a bank, I would explain the situation to the employees in great detail—what we were going to do, how we were going to go about it—and tell them emphatically not to do anything that might get them hurt. Today, all the robbers do is hand the teller a note, telling him how much they want and how they want it. It's not a robbery; it's a transaction. Even little old ladies are doing it.

OUI: And yet you were familiar with violence. You saw a lot of it along the Brooklyn docks, where you grew up.

SUTTON: Yes, there was constant warfare for control of the docks. A guy would get to be boss by killing his predecessor, and a short time later, he would be killed by his successor. The turnover was very rapid. It was a violent neighborhood

Illustration by Kunio Hagio

WILLIE SUTTON *When the guard came to the door, I'd hand him both the telegram and the book. With both of his hands occupied, all I had to do was take the gun out of his holster and push my way in.*

in a violent time. So I don't really know where my abhorrence of violence and brutality comes from. All I can say is that I have never shot a gun in my life and never wanted to, and that I lived with the dread that someday I might be placed in the position of having to find out whether I had it in me to pull the trigger.

OUI: Could it have something to do with the types of criminals you looked up to when you were starting out?

SUTTON: Possibly. My mentor was an expert safecracker named Doc Tate, and he was so nonviolent that he wouldn't permit any of his gang members to carry any kind of weapon. The reason he gave was that it was better to be captured and spend some time in prison than to kill somebody and go to the electric chair. But on the other hand, I've found that a philosophy always follows a course of action. As Camus said, the coward can always come up with a philosophy to justify his cowardice.

OUI: Do you agree that violence is usually the tool of an incompetent?

SUTTON: Well, Tate was a master safecracker; the best there was. But he was also a dandy, a connoisseur of the arts and a brilliant conversationalist. Violence was completely foreign to his nature.

OUI: Could it be that, by relying on planning and psychology—not violence—in your jobs, you were simply upholding your family's tradition of craftsmanship? After all, your father was a skilled blacksmith, and your uncle was a skilled sheet-metal worker and union organizer.

SUTTON: Family tradition had nothing to do with it. My Uncle John could be a violent man. You couldn't be a union organizer in those days unless you were well-known for being able to handle yourself. The history of the labor movement in this country shows that progress results from violence. Why that is true is another subject. But I will say this: There are three kinds of violence—productive, nonproductive and counterproductive. In my day, violence was considered counterproductive by the high-class thieves, because it meant that extra pressure was going to be put on the police to capture you.

OUI: How were you able to totally avoid violence while pulling off almost 200 bank robberies?

SUTTON: I was able to minimize the risk by wearing some kind of uniform. A uniform is like a badge of admission. You can walk up to any building and ring the bell, and as long as you're in uniform, they'll open the door for you. Suppose I was dressed as a Western Union deliveryman; I'd show up at the bank just before opening time, and when the guard came to the door, I'd hand him both the telegram and the book to be signed. With both of his hands occupied, all I had to do was reach over, take the gun out of his holster and push my way in.

OUI: Which would take how long?

SUTTON: Ten seconds at most. It would be over before he knew what was happening. After I had convinced the guard to cooperate, I would tell him to let my partner in, just as if he were a regular employee. Once inside, my partner would set up some chairs along a side wall. I would stand behind the guard, out of sight, as he unlocked the door for the employees, and my partner would conduct them to the chairs. Once that was done, I didn't *have* to break into the vault. All I had to do was hold everybody still until the bank manager came to work, and then tell him to open it for me.

OUI: Of course, if he didn't open it for you, you would have been in trouble.

SUTTON: But there wasn't any danger of that. See, the psychological bribe I held out to him was irresistible. The trick is to have the right attitude. Mine always was that there was no question but that I was going to be obeyed. I'd let the manager know that I knew everything about his operation, so he'd realize there was no sense in trying to trick me. And then I'd tell him that if he gave me any trouble, I would shoot some of his employees, not him. In that way, I was not only allowing him to save face as far as his employees were concerned; I was letting him tell himself afterward that, if only *his* safety had been involved, unquestionably he would have attempted to thwart the robbery.

OUI: Your m.o. was so distinctive, though, that the police could always tell a Sutton job.

SUTTON: It was like leaving my personal calling card.

OUI: And still you'd go to all the trouble of disguising yourself—with elevator shoes, a padded suit, corks to widen your nostrils, various mustaches, hair dye, collodion to put a scar on your cheek.

SUTTON: I enjoyed doing it. It got me into the right mood. I've always enjoyed playing roles; that's why they called me Willie the Actor. But that was only part of it. If I got caught, they were going to need at least one witness to identify me. And they were never able to come up with one. Someone might identify me from the witness stand after the D.A.'s office had gone to work on him, but my lawyer was always able to point out that the same guy had been unable to pick me out of the police line-up.

OUI: You mean that district attorneys would put phony witnesses on the stand?

SUTTON: Yes; they didn't play by their own rules. They represent themselves as law abiding; they take oaths to uphold the Constitution and so forth; but the idea seems to be prevalent among them that—"Well, we can do something that violates the law because, after all, we know the guy's guilty." Or, put another way, their thinking is, "Since the law gives the defendant all the edges—we can't tell the jury he's been arrested 12 times before; we can't put in all our evidence—we have a right to cheat a little to even things up, on the ground that we are trying to protect society."

OUI: Isn't that what they're being paid to do—protect society?

SUTTON: What they're really interested in, though, is protecting their won/lost record. They're motivated mostly by personal ambition, and if they lose too many cases, somebody else will take their place.

OUI: When you were captured in 1952 and learned that people throughout the country wanted you to make a break for it, what was your reaction?

SUTTON: It was a sort of sadness. I especially didn't want young kids thinking of me as a hero.

OUI: Perhaps the people were responding to what they thought was your purity of purpose, your sense of dedication. It seemed that there was only one thing you wanted to do: rob banks in a particular kind of way.

SUTTON: Well, the money was important, too. I wanted to live as well as I possibly could, and I did—with the best clothes, the fanciest hotels, the most fashionable restaurants. But you're right about my dedication. I don't think anybody put as much time into bank robbery as I did. I wasn't satisfied with just looking at a bank early in the morning. I'd watch it on and off all day, right up to closing time, so I'd have a good idea of how many people went in and out, what the business activity was.

OUI: Was it your professionalism that impressed people?

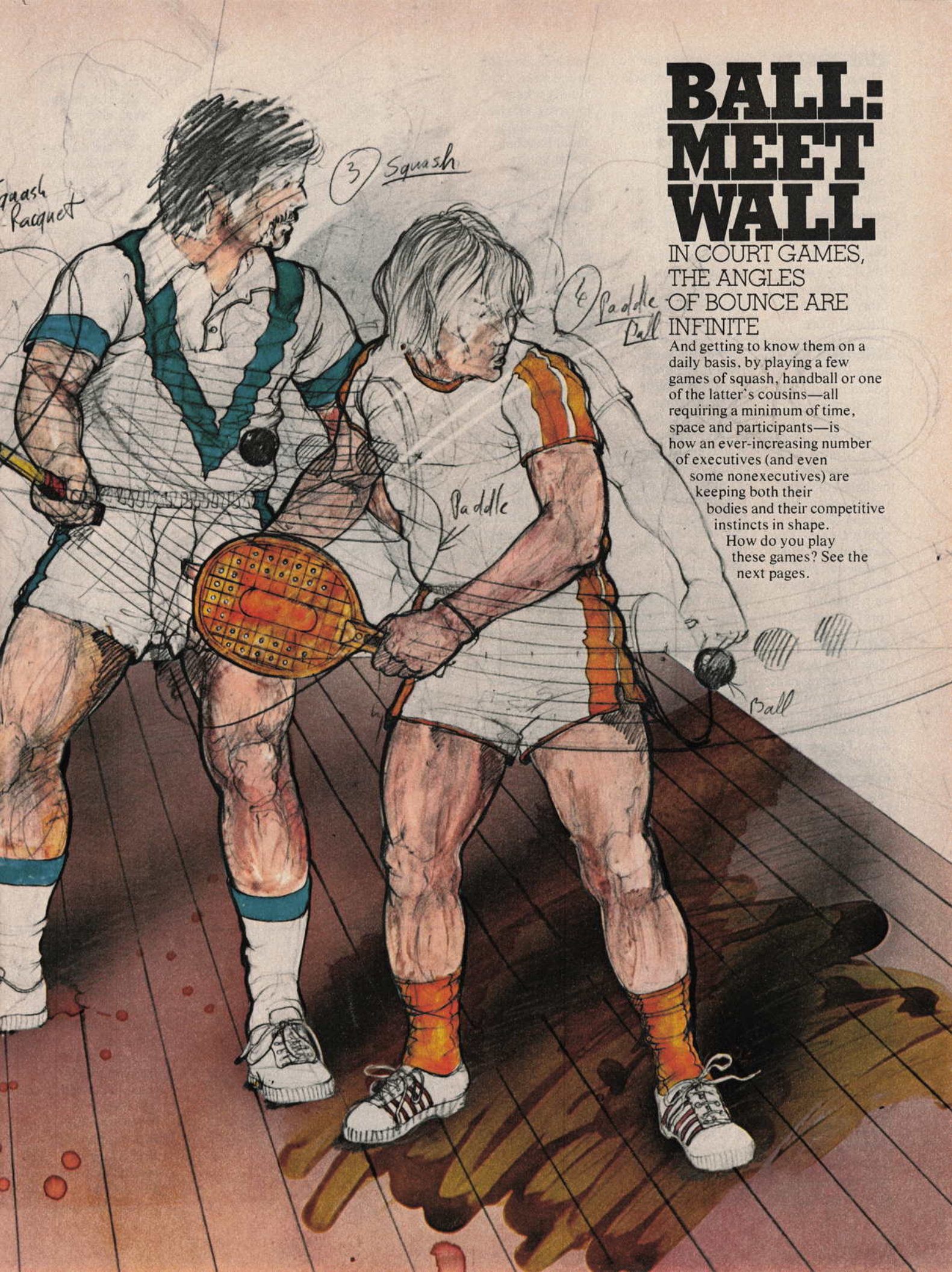
SUTTON: I think the people I impressed most were the underprivileged; people with everyday problems pulling them down, overwhelming them. Not that they're incipiently crime-oriented; but why shouldn't they admire a bank robber? He walks into a bank, walks out with a satchel of money. No more problems.

OUI: Still, for all your success, you spent a lot of time in jails and courts. Did you discover any similarities between criminals and criminal lawyers?

SUTTON: The *(Continued on page 107)*

"History abhors a vacuum."
—attributed to
Norman Bethune

Illustrations by Göttlicher



BALL: MEET WALL

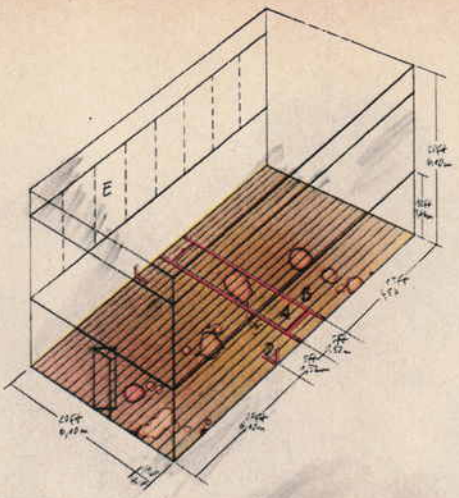
IN COURT GAMES, THE ANGLES OF BOUNCE ARE INFINITE

And getting to know them on a daily basis, by playing a few games of squash, handball or one of the latter's cousins—all requiring a minimum of time, space and participants—is how an ever-increasing number of executives (and even some nonexecutives) are keeping both their bodies and their competitive instincts in shape.

How do you play these games? See the next pages.

HANDBALL

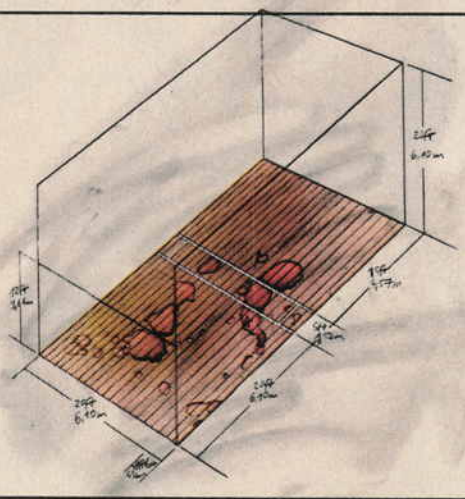
The match goes to the first player—or pair, if it's a doubles scene—to win two games. You win one game by getting 21 points before the enemy does. You may touch the ball only once—but if you miss, you can take another swipe at it (in doubles, your partner can jump in and whack it if you miss). The nonserving side gets the serve if it wins a rally. If you return a ball and it hits your opponent before it gets to the front wall, the point is played over; but if you take your man out of play with a cross-body check, then you lose the point or the serve. Obviously it helps to have a referee. One nice thing about handball is that you're allowed three 30-second time outs in each game. Plus you get two minutes' rest after the first game; ten after the second game. And you'll need every last bit of it.



Courts have one, three or four walls, which are painted white (the side walls above the 12-foot mark are usually made of glass). The service line is 15 feet from the front wall, and the ceiling is 20 feet above the floor (no, you can't play the ball off the ceiling—not in this game).

RACQUETBALL

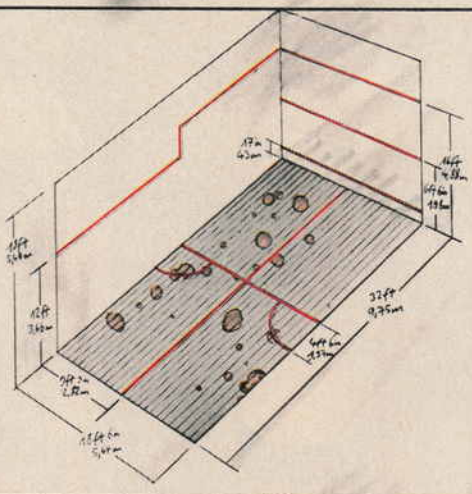
Racquetball, a paddleball spinoff, was started in the Fifties by Joe Sobek, a Greenwich, Connecticut, tennis pro who designed the first racket—a shortened version of the tennis racket—combined it with a dead ball and started using them on a handball court. Racquetball follows the same rules as handball: 21 points takes the game and a match is two out of three games. A game takes anywhere from 15 to 45 minutes, giving everybody a chance to get thoroughly involved. Again, only the server can win points. If the game's tied at 20, the next point wins: none of that two-point stuff as in table tennis. Any pause in regular play is called a hinder. Unavoidable hinders—such as illness or accident—simply cause the point to be replayed; avoidable hinders result in side-outs and points, and are seldom called during friendly play (of course, the longer the game, the less friendly).



Racquetball courts also have one, three or four walls. One-wall courts have wire fences on top. The three-wall is exactly the same except—no surprise—for the two extra walls, which extend to half-court. The four-wall has three high walls (20 feet), a ceiling and a low (12 feet high) back wall.

SQUASH

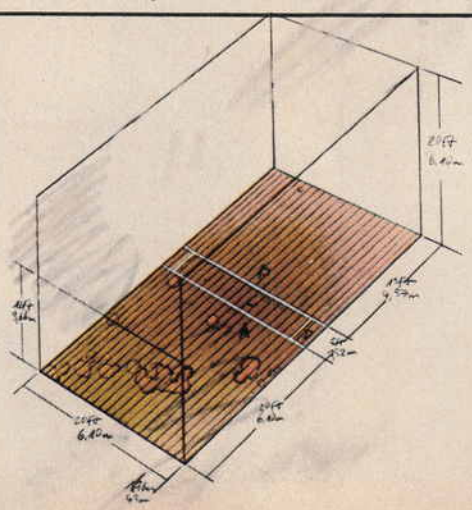
Despite its American-sounding name, squash is mainly associated with upper-crust Englishmen. The greatest players have been East Indians, though—and the sport is catching on here. A squash match is the best of five games; games are 15 points in America (nine on the international circuit). If the server wins the point, he continues serving, alternating between the two service areas, until he loses a point. Lets are occasions on which the point is replayed because the ball either hit your opponent, or because you held your stroke to avoid clobbering him. This, of course, is all because of the smallness of the court and means that squash players need finely tuned diplomatic abilities (there are eight wit-sharpening courts hidden in the Pentagon). Play is continuous except for a one-minute rest between games. That's why squash whips people into shape fast, then keeps them there.



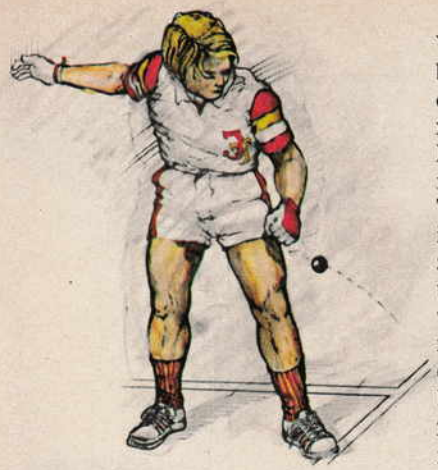
Squash courts have floors made of hard planks; in the old days, the floors were cement and careers were shorter. The telltale is an 18-inch-high metal strip along the base of the front wall that says *bong!* if you shoot badly. The size of the court—only 18½ by 32 feet—guarantees quite a bit of intimacy.

PADDLEBALL

Basically, it's the same game as handball: 21 points is a game; two out of three games is a match. The rules for time outs are identical. You get a point if the foe can't return your serve legally, or if he gets in your way; you lose a point if the ball leaves the court, even if it hits off the front wall. If you manage to hurt yourself somehow, you get 15 minutes to recover; if you haven't recovered in 15 minutes, the game is forfeited. Basic strategy is to keep your man moving as much as possible; try to get him off balance and play to his weak side. In doubles, you have to think two shots ahead and yell "Switch" when your partner has to cover a space you're vacating. Then, when you return to your side, you yell "Switch" again. Yelling "Switch" is one aspect of the game you can practice by yourself, without foeman, ball or paddle.



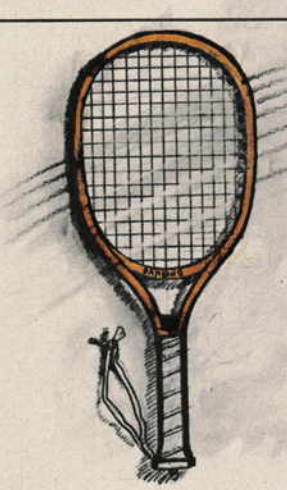
Paddleball, the ancestor of racquetball, is played on the same court as racquetball (both of these games are derived from handball, and there isn't much variation). As it happens, the slower, more-difficult game of paddleball seems to be losing ground to its racketed cousin.

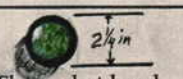


You can slap the ball with any part of either hand or fist—but with one hand only, please—no other organ. The server stands in the service zone and bounces the ball before whacking it. The receiver hits it on the first bounce—or on the fly, if both of his feet are behind the service line.

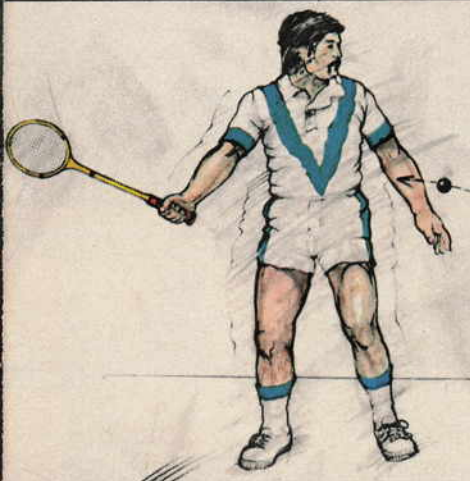
The standard ball is black rubber, weighs 2.3 ounces and should bounce 3.6 to four feet when dropped five feet, ten inches at 20 degrees centigrade. Standard gloves are snug fitting and light colored —no webbed fingers allowed. You can wear gauze underneath and you must change gloves when they get soaked. As in boxing, you can't conceal any horseshoes in your mitts. Standard hands have four digits and an opposable thumb. Don't forget to wear white shorts—and don't forget a sweat rag.

The best strokes are simply the ones you can learn the fastest with the best results. Racquetball is basically like baseball. That is, you step into the ball, transfer your weight from back to front foot and snap your wrist, just like Hank Aaron. The swing is more compact than a tennis swing.

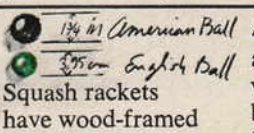




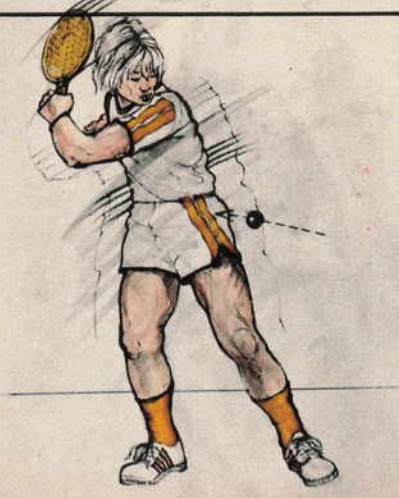
The racket head mustn't be longer than 11 inches or wider than nine inches; maximum handle length is seven. Rackets are made of plastic (they give you flexibility) or metal (for durability). They come in standard size and extralong (which you won't need). Strings are nylon, not catgut, which is easily corroded by sweat. String tension should be between 26 and 34 pounds. The ball is rubber, weighs 1.4 ounces and bounces 67 to 72 inches when dropped from 100 inches at 76 degrees Fahrenheit (so have a thermometer and a tape measure somewhere in your canvas tote bag).



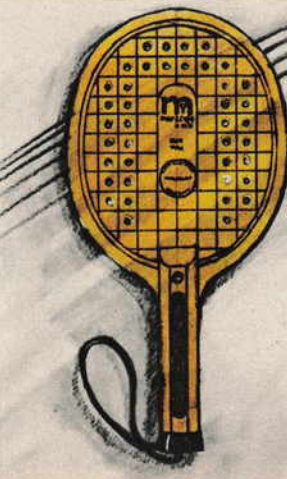
The service may be forehand, backhand or overarm. Returning the ball, which can go 100 miles an hour, can be tough—as is hitting it hard enough to get a good side-wall ricochet. But if you bang it hard enough, your aim doesn't have to be too good; you just need a little killer instinct.



Squash rackets have wood-framed heads, but the shafts may be wood, cane, metal or fiberglass. The grip can be any suitable material. The ball, made of rubber, or rubber and butyl, must have a matte finish. Its diameter should be between 39.5 and 41.5 millimeters; and it should weigh in somewhere between 23.3 and 24.6 grams. The English use a green ball, while the Americans, ever *macho*, use a black (and slightly harder) one. Note: White dress is required on the squash court in order to show up the fast-moving—and dangerous—ball.



The shorter the swing, the greater your control; the longer the swing, the more power you get. Ideally, you strike with 80 percent of your strength. Later on, you get into more advanced shots—the overhead drop, the deep lob and the overhand smash. Needless to say, a smashed hand can end the game.



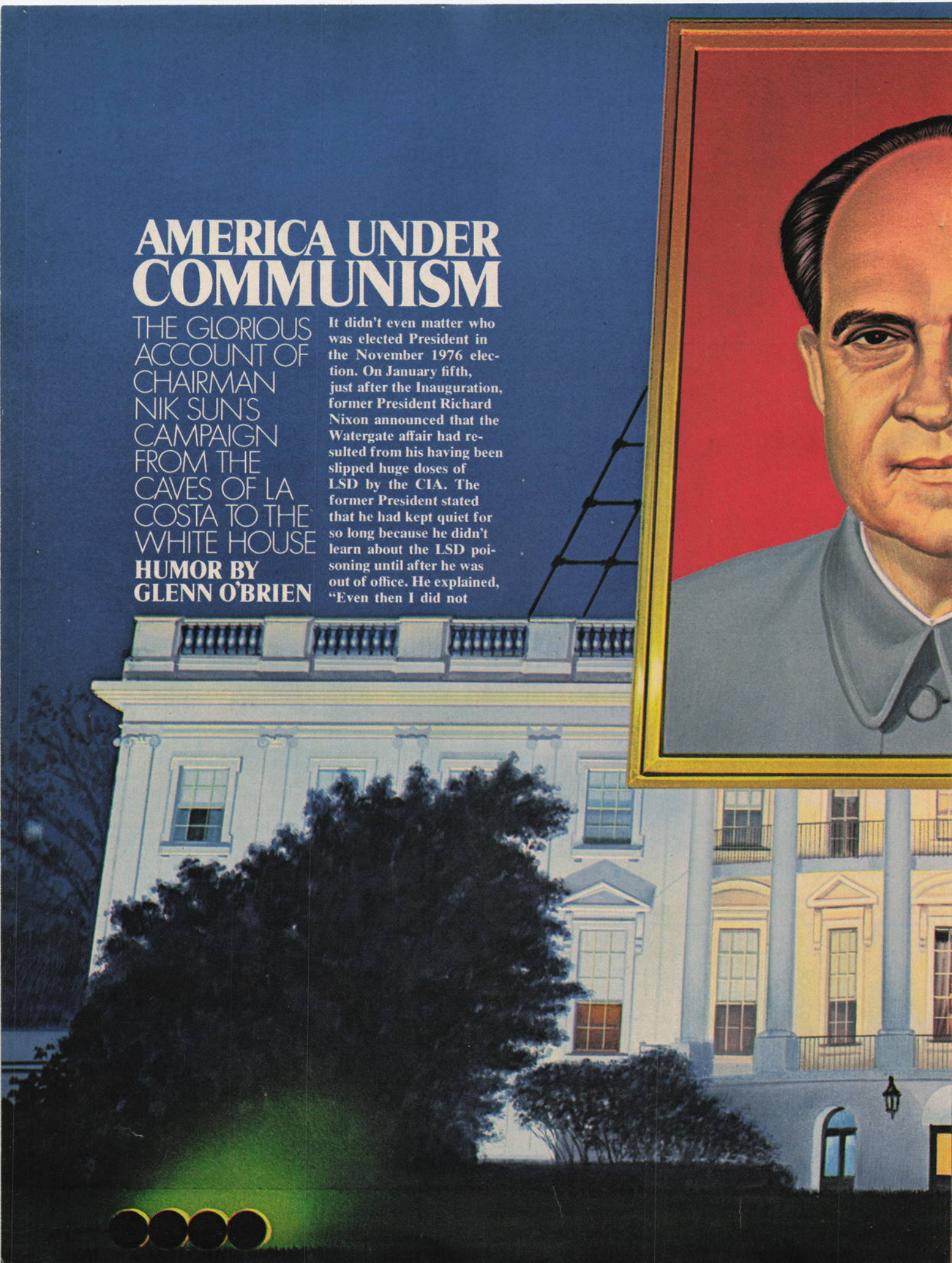
As you might guess, the paddle is your prime piece of equipment. In fact, it's hard to play paddleball without one, just as you can't play handball without hands. The paddle is made of wood and may be oval or square. No strings may be attached, but a leather thong must be—and it must be worn around your wrist. The paddle weighs about a pound and measures eight inches in width, 16 in length. The ball is black and should bounce three feet, six inches if dropped from a height of six feet. Got a ruler handy? ▣

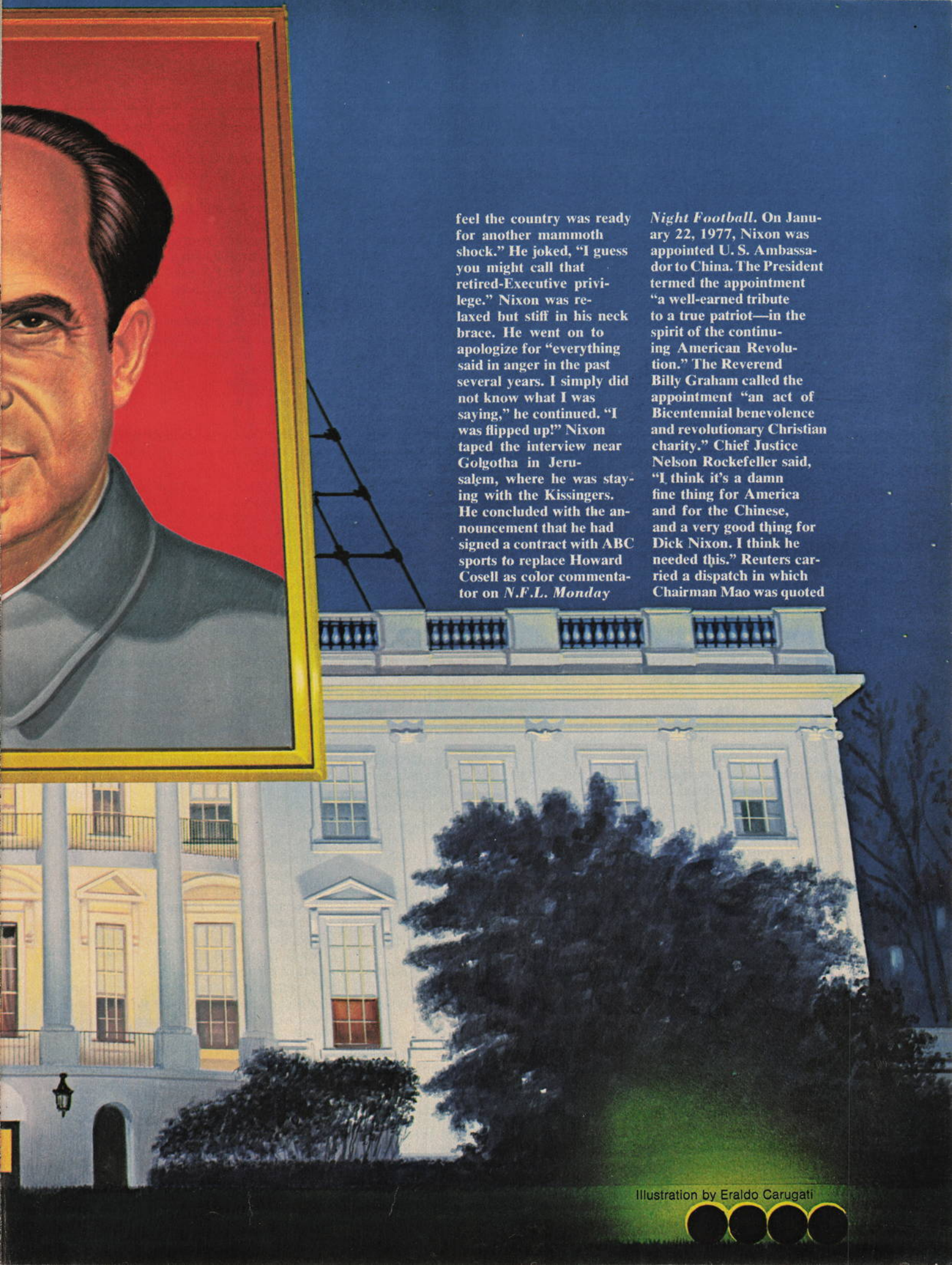
AMERICA UNDER COMMUNISM

THE GLORIOUS ACCOUNT OF CHAIRMAN NIK SUN'S CAMPAIGN FROM THE CAVES OF LA COSTA TO THE WHITE HOUSE

HUMOR BY GLENN O'BRIEN

It didn't even matter who was elected President in the November 1976 election. On January fifth, just after the Inauguration, former President Richard Nixon announced that the Watergate affair had resulted from his having been slipped huge doses of LSD by the CIA. The former President stated that he had kept quiet for so long because he didn't learn about the LSD poisoning until after he was out of office. He explained, "Even then I did not





feel the country was ready for another mammoth shock." He joked, "I guess you might call that retired-Executive privilege." Nixon was relaxed but stiff in his neck brace. He went on to apologize for "everything said in anger in the past several years. I simply did not know what I was saying," he continued. "I was flipped up!" Nixon taped the interview near Golgotha in Jerusalem, where he was staying with the Kissingers. He concluded with the announcement that he had signed a contract with ABC sports to replace Howard Cosell as color commentator on *N.F.L. Monday Night Football*. On January 22, 1977, Nixon was appointed U. S. Ambassador to China. The President termed the appointment "a well-earned tribute to a true patriot—in the spirit of the continuing American Revolution." The Reverend Billy Graham called the appointment "an act of Bicentennial benevolence and revolutionary Christian charity." Chief Justice Nelson Rockefeller said, "I think it's a damn fine thing for America and for the Chinese, and a very good thing for Dick Nixon. I think he needed this." Reuters carried a dispatch in which Chairman Mao was quoted

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati

AMERICA UNDER COMMUNISM *Sinatra laughed, Sheen laughed, Nixon laughed, millions of TV viewers laughed, Mao laughed to himself. "That Nixon is a real smoked pork," he thought.*

as saying to a group of miners in Yenan, "He is a true American. I never understood why they got rid of him in the first place. He is welcome in Peking."

Nixon, vacationing in Teheran, was interviewed by Dan Rather of CBS in a villa that belonged to pop artist Andy Warhol. Wearing a loose-fitting Hawaiian shirt and a navy-blue baseball cap on which was emblazoned the Presidential seal, Nixon chatted cozily with the reporter he had once despised. Rather and Nixon joked about reports in the press that Nixon's suddenly snow-white hair was the result of peroxide.

"You know, Dan," Nixon confided, "I was talking to Frank Sinatra on the phone the other night, and he said to me"—here Nixon imitated Sinatra—" 'Mister President, you know, I was talking to my friend Fulton Cardinal Sheen on the phone the other day and I told him what Sammy was saying about your going to Elizabeth Arden for a bleach job. Sheen said' "—and here Nixon imitated Sinatra imitating Sheen—" ' "Frankie, my son, I have it on the authority of Himself that it was a sort of telegram of support from upstairs." ' "

Sinatra laughed, Sheen laughed, Rather laughed, Nixon laughed, millions of viewers around the world laughed, Himself laughed.

Several hours later, after the broadcast had been translated, Mao laughed to himself.

"Oh, I love Americans," he thought. "Such burlesque; such vaudeville. That Nixon is a real smoked pork."

The Red Guard Media Criticism Group, by contrast, was distressed by a report that the former President had terminal chorea and had only a year to live. That report had been leaked on the 19th hole by Nixon's personal physician to Carl Bernstein of *The Washington Post* and Dustin Hoffman of First Artists. The Chinese Media Criticism Group called the report an utter sham designed to counteract the American public's apparent endorsement of the ambassadorial appointment. Alone in his cell-like bedroom, Mao picked up the red phone and punched a button. "Hello, lotus sweetmeat of the people's vigilance," he said. "Get me Nixon."

When the red light went on, Mao knew Nixon was on the line.

"Mr. President?"

"Er, yes?"

"The people of China are greatly honored."

"Mr. Chairman—Mao, if I may call you Mao. Mr. Chairman, the honor is all mine. I feel that this will be my last and most important effort. I think history will remember me not as the President who was a quitter; no, I think they will write in the history books that I was the man who made peace with China."

Mao chuckled softly. "Ah, Dick, yes, but—you know—you make peace with China, you be hungry half hour later."

"How do you mean that?" Richard Nixon said.

"Sincerely," answered Mao.

The public had been puzzled by the Nixon/Mao relationship ever since Nixon's first "civilian" visit to China. Picked up by a Red Chinese jet in Long Beach, Nixon and his family were flown to Peking for a round of receptions with high party officials and tours conducted personally by the chairman. In America, everyone from TV news commentators to the members of the campus Maoist cadres wondered what was going on. What was the bond between these two men, one the god of a godless system, the other the bum of a bumbling system? What was Mao's message to the American people? Should American Maoists flock to the Billy Graham–Bob Hope axis to fight the specter of revisionism? Or was something subtle going on beneath the surface?

Nixon embarrassed everyone in the United States legation on his first day in Peking by quoting Confucius to Mao. Still, Mao laughed. Mao thought Nixon was deliberately baiting him. Nixon laughed, too, although until he spoke to Henry on the phone, he had no idea what either he or Mao had been laughing about.

The next day Mao disappeared with Nixon at dawn. No one knows for sure where they went, but folk legend says they flew over the Great Wall and that they then proceeded to the unmarked gravesite of Lin Piao. From there, they embarked alone on a long walk across China.

A week after Mao and Nixon "disappeared," as the New York *Daily News* headlined it, wall posters appeared in Peking and were translated this way:

NIX PIX STIX
FORMER YANKEE TOP DOG KUDOS
COLLECTIVE FARMING

Sinologists were shaken. What was *really* up?

•

Nixon sat in Mao's tent. The campfire flickered outside on the tundra. They discussed the electoral process.

"If you had to have Wallace shot, you should have done it yourself," said Mao.

"I didn't have to have Wallace shot," said Nixon. "What I mean," he corrected, "is that Arthur Bremer acted alone."

Nixon's lower lip began to tremble, and then his jaw and then his neck began to twitch and his elbows and knees to jerk. Mao looked on, fascinated. Finally, Nixon collected himself, all except for his lower lip.

Mao smiled and nodded as the translator caught up.

"I'm terribly sorry," Nixon blurted. "I can't control it, you know."

"It's the truth," said Mao, still smiling. "I think my doctor can take care of it for you."

Nixon looked hopeful.

"Here," said Mao, holding out a smoking pipe in his feeble hands. "Smoke some of this."

"What is it?"

Mao laughed. "It is the religion of the people."

"Oh, a custom," said Nixon, clearing his throat and accepting the pipe politely.

"There is no reason to suffer at your age, Nik-sun," said Mao, soothingly. "You are my blood brother. We'll work it out. That's the truth."

Nixon puffed on the pipe.

"Well, thank you for the compliment, Mr. Chairman—I mean, Mao. You know, I do feel like your brother, in a sense. I mean, you are older than me by a generation, but with this fucking twitch——"

Nixon relit the pipe and was engulfed in black, sweet smoke.

"Chorea, fucking chorea. Sorry, but what I meant was—you are very old. you are feeble. I am just, uh, of retirement age, and I'm a goddamned wreck. So, whereas you are of another generation, we are brothers rather than father and son. Uh, blood brothers, yes, because, like you say, you may be white and I may be yellow but still—I mean, you may be yellow—well, you know—*but our blood is all red.*"

Nixon beamed at Mao and through the haze noticed the chairman asleep in his chair, his chin resting against his chest.

Nixon asked Mao's translator to refill the pipe as he lay down on the bunk at Mao's feet. The air was almost sticky with the pungent, musky smoke; the air, in fact, was a deep blue. Nixon stared into the campfire. When the long pipe was handed back, he noticed that it was loaded with caviar.

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In the rumor capital of the free world, Washington, D.C., it doesn't take much to start people talking. As reports began to filter back on Nixon's conduct in China, the party circuit buzzed about how Nixon had somehow been brainwashed.

It seemed *(Continued on page 92)*

SUPER OR REGULAR ?
SUPER
REGULAR
Hovir

HOW THE SWINE FLU GOT TO BE THAT WAY

Farmers around Swine City, Iowa, have a special affection for their pigs. I know. I was born and raised there. Many a sultry August afternoon I watched a sow suckle shoats while I dreamed about Emmy Sue Olson, the juiciest eighth grader in all of Corn County. When I was old enough, I left Swine City for bigger things—Des Moines. I got a job on a paper there, and I figured I had left pigs behind forever.

Then President Ford announced that the swine flu could ravage the nation and said that he wanted everyone inoculated. As a newsman, I don't have too much faith in politicians, or in doctors for that matter, and I smelled a rat in those inoculation plans. So did my editor. The day after the President's speech I was on my way back to Swine City to track down the truth about the swine flu.

If there's one man who knows pigs, it's old Judd Tucker, the biggest pig farmer in all of Iowa. Judd is one of the few pig farmer–philosophers. He can talk for hours on any subject, though pigs are naturally his favorite. As I drove through his fields near the Nebraska border, I saw nothing but hogs: sweaty, muddy, grunting, slurping, red-eyed, corkscrew-tailed hogs. I remembered their queer music from my boyhood. Lying in bed at night I would hear the soft murmur of drowsy pigs, broken occasionally by the squeal of a sow in heat.

I found old Judd at home in a wicker rocking chair. He was still as I remembered him: at least 6′6″ and round like a barrel. When I told him I was a reporter on an investigative assignment, he looked at me suspiciously. But when I told him who my parents were (they raise hogs themselves), he relaxed. Then when I told him I was doing some digging on the swine flu, he smiled and told me to pull up a chair. His wife, Pearl, came out of the kitchen in a calico dress and brought me some cider.

What he told me confirmed my worst suspicions. The conversation went like this:

"Why is this disease called the swine flu, Judd?" I asked.

"Well, I have known pigs for all my years, and there is nothin' I do not know about them. That includes the disease that the doctors are callin' the swine flu. They are right in callin' it after the swine, for it is essentially a disease of the pig. In the pig, which is by nature a calm and peaceful animal, the disease makes itself known by violent outbursts of snortin' and runnin' and bad behavior. It will not kill the pig, but it will make him recalcitrant and fractious. The doctors are wrong, however, in their idea that swine flu spreads to humans through innocent means."

"How *do* humans catch it?"

"There is but one way, and it saddens me to describe it, as I am by nature a religious man. But anyone who has worked pigs must know that the swine flu first spreads to humans through sinful acts. It is sexual congress with the

pig—a temptation we all must strive to resist—that started the spread of the disease. Once a human bein' has contracted the illness, he may pass it on to other humans in the same way he caught it from the pig."

"It didn't start in China?"

"It did not. That is a lie of the politicians, who will try to portray the foreigner, and in particular the Chinaman, as evil. The disease started right here in the pig capital of the world and, I am ashamed to say, a den of iniquity. The first time the swine flu swept the country was in 1918, and that epidemic was traced to an outbreak of perversion right here in Swine City."

"How do you know?"

"I know, for in my youth I fell as low as the rest. Of course, that was before Pearl. When I noticed that the illness followed contact with the pig, I deduced that the illness came from the pig. My suspicions were confirmed when I discovered a principle of logic formulated by the Romans, who themselves knew the pleasures of the sow: *Post hog, ergo propter hog*. After swine, therefore on account of swine."

"What does this kind of perversion do to the pig?"

"Well, usually the pig is ashamed of its situation and kills itself. A pig does this by buryin' its snout in the feed trough so that it cannot breathe. The pig, I have to say, is a moral animal, unlike the human, and will not abide a violation of its person. In bad times in Corn County I have seen troughs teemin' with dead and dyin' pigs."

"And what happens to the, uh, pig fucker?"

"Occasionally he may be so overwhelmed by porcine charms as to become a victim of what I call the silk-purse syndrome. These sad cases have been seen draggin' bridal gowns and unwillin' preachers into muddy pens in the middle of the night. Their purpose is to force the sow to commit matrimony. I have never heard of a pig that submitted to this outrage willingly. Now, if we catch a pig fucker in the act, we hang him. I have always said a good hangin' never hurt a pig fucker and it may save a sow or two. Usually, however, the pig fucker is not caught and he simply turns to humans for his pleasure, thus spreadin' his foul disease."

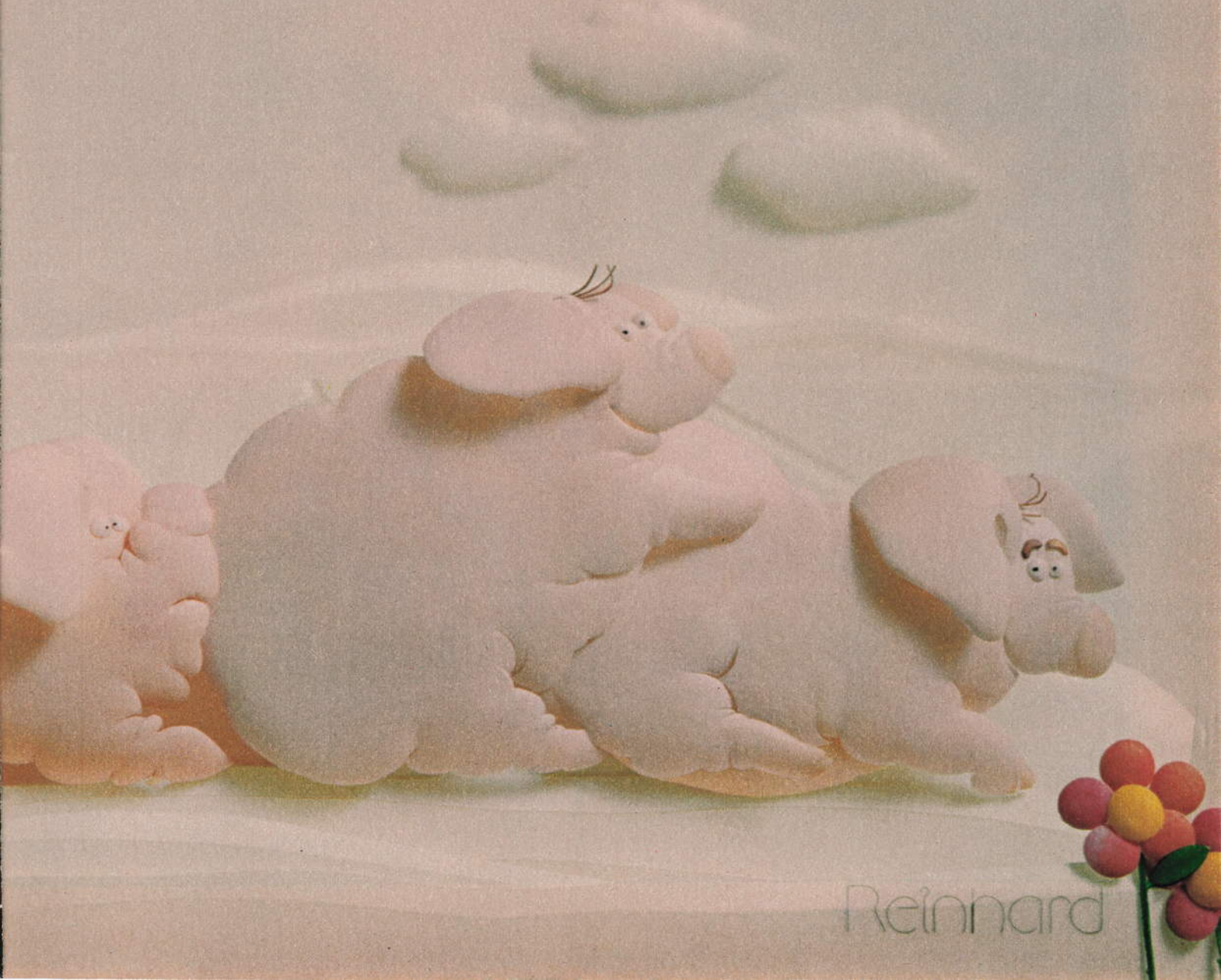
"What about inoculation?"

"The worst lie imaginable is that the vaccine will prevent anyone from catchin' the swine flu. It is a lie propagated by chicken farmers and their associates, for just as the vaccine will not harm the human into whom it is injected, so it will not protect him, nor will it keep him from the pigs."

"Judd, what can we do to prevent outbreaks of swine flu?"

"The one that is comin' upon us cannot be stopped. Too many sinners have been cavortin' in the pens. But in the future, we must change our way of lookin' at the pig. He must be pork and ham to us and nothin' more. You must live right. Stay by your wife and do not seek love from a sow. If you tell your readers anythin', son, tell them this: Make bacon, not pigs."

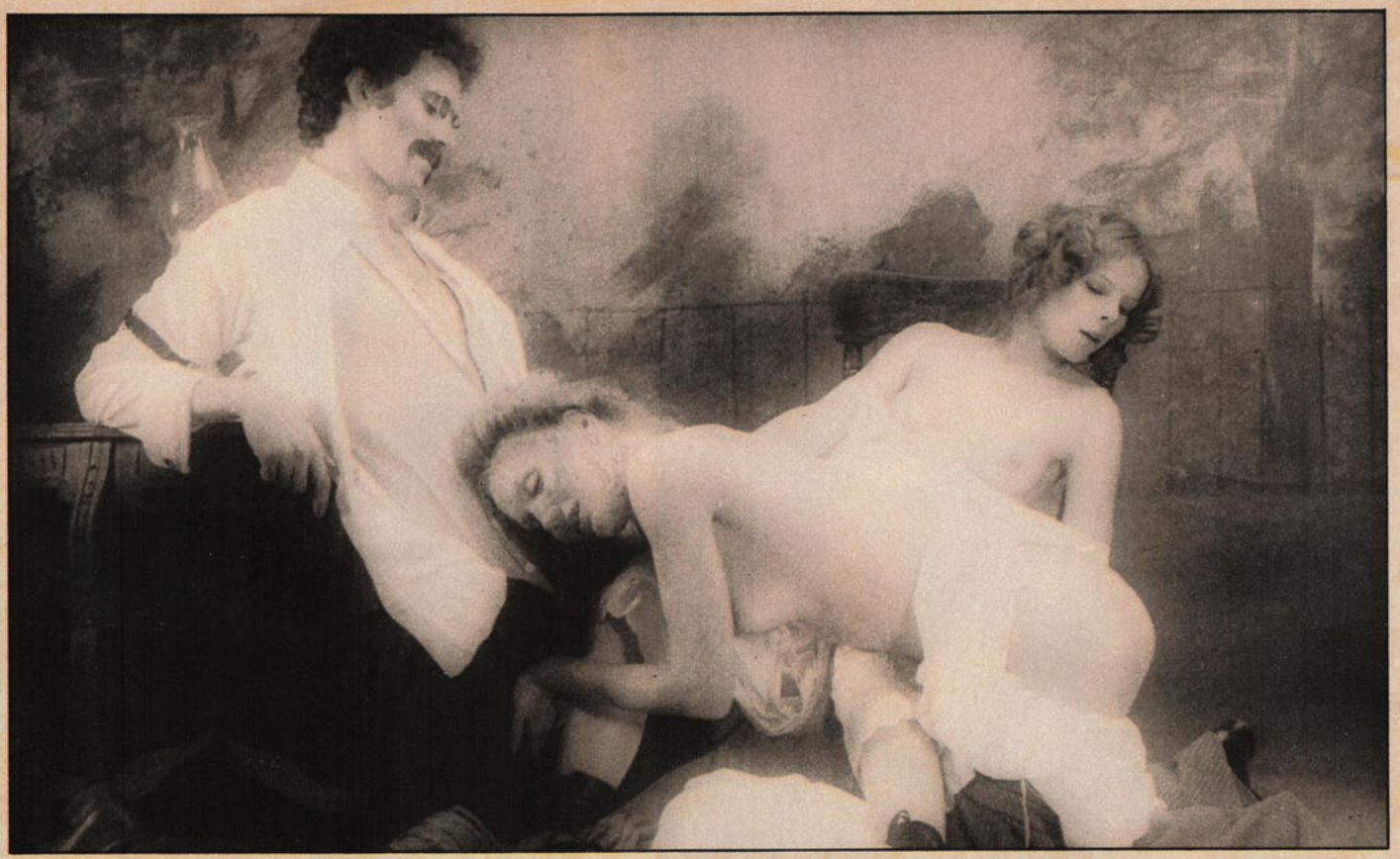
—JAMES GORMAN



Photography by Richard Fegley

THE SEDUCTION OF fifi

Miss Vivian "Fifi" Wooster has just graduated from the Burke School for Stenographists. She betakes herself to the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper-Smith, to fix for all time the initial moment of her new career. Mr. Cooper-Smith suggests her mien and bearing might be suited for a wax impression, but are wholly inappropriate in one so fresh and beautiful, even on this most solemn occasion. Mrs. Cooper-Smith suggests that if her husband doesn't like the pose she has created, he may right well come and see what *he* can do with the young woman. Taking up the gauntlet, Cooper-Smith approaches our new graduate. "Miss Wooster." "Yes?" "This photograph is meant to signify what thing?" "My graduation." "Well, then, let us *look* ecstatic," Cooper-Smith states emphatically. "When I ask that you regard the birdie, do so as if in that bird were all things redolent of mirth and ecstasy." He pauses. "Just suppose the birdie is your lover." "You mean," she says, "I am to make believe

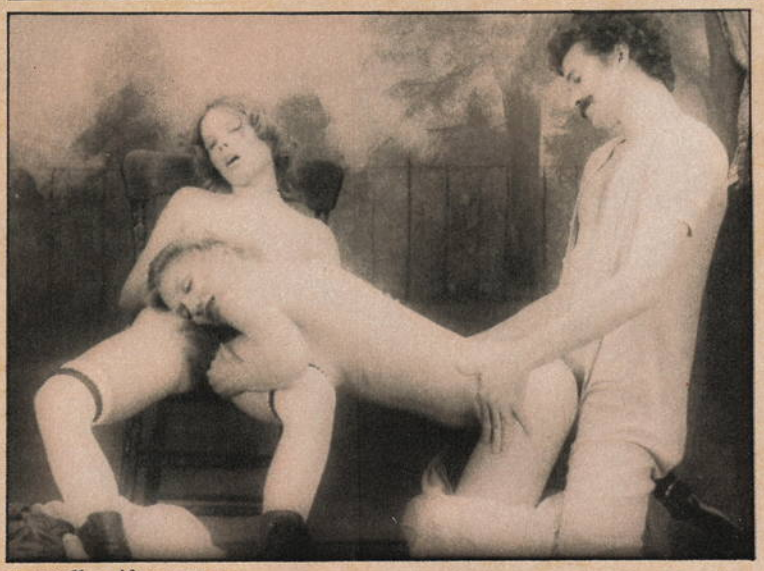


that your little birdie is my——" "Yes," he tells her. "But," she says, "I've never *had* a——I may have entered into commerce, but I am a well-brought-up young woman all the same." Cooper-Smith pauses. "No one," he says, "ever laid his lips to yours like this?" Miss Wooster thinks a moment. "No," she answers

fifi

PUTS HERSELF IN THE PHOTOG'S HANDS

coyly. "No one has ever cupped your breasts after this fashion?" "No," she says. "Bad luck!" the stymied Cooper-Smith ejaculates. Now the wife comes to the husband's aid: "Now, dear, would you please tell us if someone, perchance, had occasion to massage your lower belly something like this?" "No," Miss Wooster says, "I'm sorry." "Quite all right," says Cooper-Smith, pulling off her skirt and bloomers. "Do you mind?" he asks her. "Not at all," she says. "Hold on a second, dear," says Mrs. Cooper-Smith, undressing. "Now, Miss Wooster, could



fifi

LEARNS THAT HER TWO DAGUERREOTYPIC FRIENDS HAVE A GREAT CAPACITY FOR BECOMING IMMERSED IN THEIR SUBJECT

you tell us if someone has run her tongue around the inside of your thighs like this?" "Now that *does* seem familiar," Fifi says. "On the right track *there*," says G. C.-S. "I'm going to do something to my wife now and I'd like for you to tell us if it looks familiar," he says. "Looks a bit like Spot," says Fifi. And as the afternoon wears on, the two investigative daguerreotypers essay quite a store of permutations with their charge, Miss Wooster. They play Training Spot and Going Down to Brighton, and they try The Soapbox, The Pram and even The Well-Oiled Bathing

fifi

FEELS
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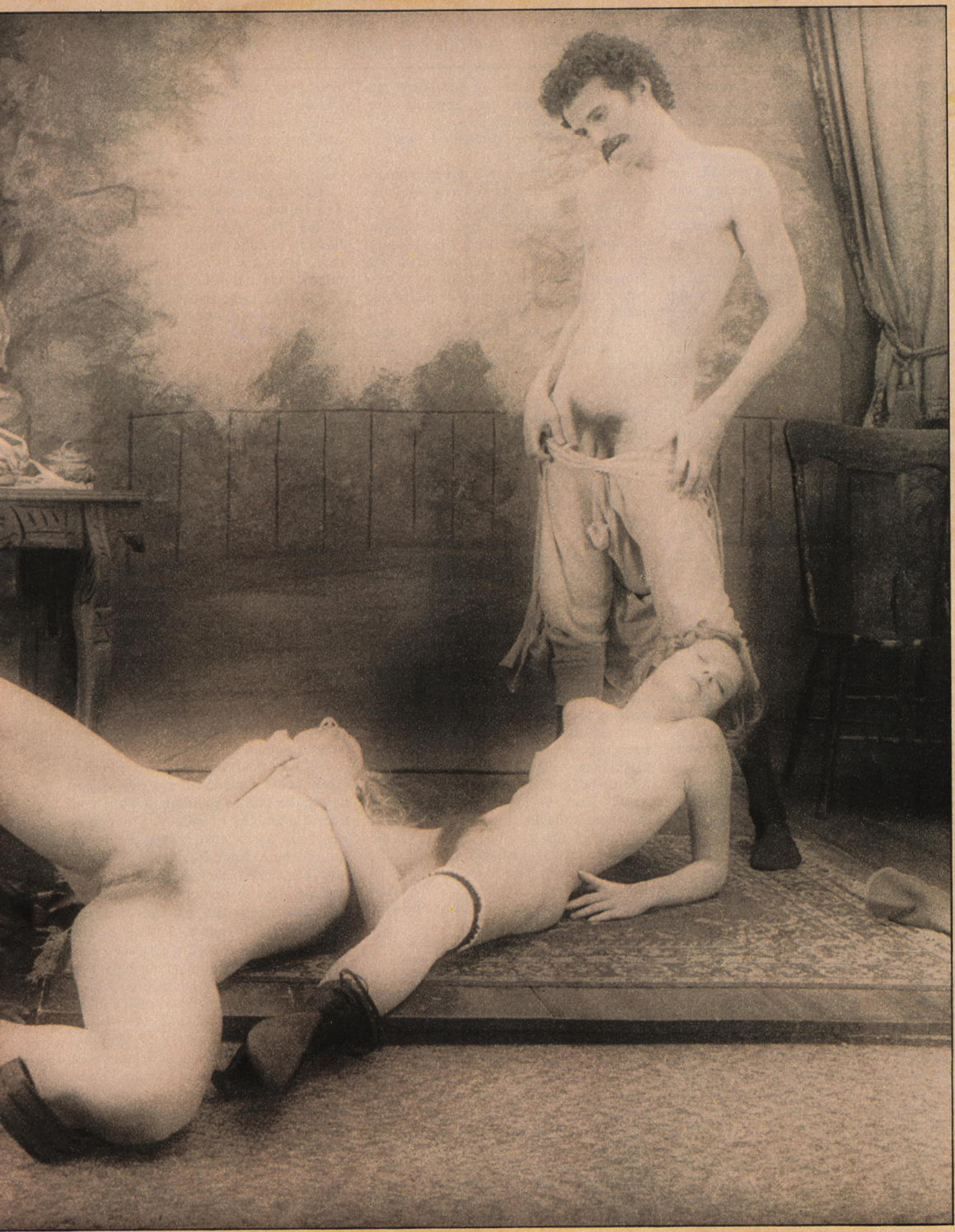
Machine. But none to any avail. And when dusk falls, obscuring the work-area and, of needs, eliminating any chance of further photographic work that afternoon, C.-S. suggests to his female companions that, perhaps, they should adjourn and take up their investigations on the morrow. He tells his wife, "One thing that we must say of our Miss Wooster: She unfortunately hasn't much imagination, but one certainly cannot fault her ability to hold a pose."



AMERICA UNDER COMMUNISM *"The Great Wall is man's only work visible from space," said Mao. "And yet, from space, would an intelligence know that this was man's work?" "Beats me," said Nixon.*

(Continued from page 80) too incredible to be true, but even the credible gossips and informed sources were telling that very story.

Nixon had given up meat loaf and was, in fact, taking only rice and tea. He was smoking an odd pipe and traveling with a Chinese doctor. He wore a Mao jacket at all times, although he still sported his customary American flag lapel pin.

Visiting Chinese troops stationed on the Russian border, Nixon was heard to remark to a soldier, "Don't think the little ladies back in Sioux City aren't aware of what you're doing and don't think they don't remember you in their prayers every night." Reviewing 10,000 junior gymnasts near Nanking, Nixon held up a little red book and waved it at the crowd as he gave the V-for-victory sign with his other hand. Later, at a conference with student leaders, he remarked: "You know, this little book has sold more than 4000 times more copies than *Six Crises*."

To see Nixon and Mao traveling together was an extraordinary sight. They used two rickshas, each pulled by an officer of the Red Army and equipped with a sophisticated intercom system that relayed through translators in a third ricksha.

Everywhere they went, the people waved little red books at Mao and flashed V signs at Nixon. Nixon flashed back the V and waved his book. As Mao was weak, it was his lip reader who actually spoke to Nixon, but there was a deep, growing affection between the former foes, nevertheless. Washington gossips said that Nixon and Mao had become blood brothers in an ancient double-acupuncture ceremony held in the Forbidden City.

A call from Nixon, at the U. S. Embassy in Peking, to John Connally, in Washington, included these words, according to eavesdroppers:

CONNALLY: Dick, what I'm trying to say is that it looks to the whole nation as if you and Mao have become asshole buddies.

NIXON: You know, John, people think it's brotherhood between me and Mao. But, you know, he's really more like Dad. He's more of a dad than Ike was. Ike was never a dad to me, John. Neither was my dad. Onassis never liked me. Joe Kennedy used to call me (inaudible). But Mao says "my son" to me. He's like a father to his country.

CONNALLY: But his people are Chinese (inaudible)!

NIXON: My people called me Tricky Dick!

CONNALLY: You can't father everybody. You were the father of the silent majority. If they can't say anything nice, they don't say anything.

NIXON: (Expletive deleted) I want a people to be father of!

Mao took Nixon to a great promontory under which a city of many millions lay before them on the plain.

"Even if we achieve gigantic successes in our work," Mao said, "there is no reason whatsoever to feel conceited and arrogant. The greatest man in yonder city is unknown to us, yet the people make themselves known."

"Yup, well put, Mao," Nixon butted in, smiling, though not directly at Mao, thereby missing a look of definitive inscrutability.

Mao continued: "The Great Wall of China is the only work of man visible from space. And yet, from outer space, would an intelligence know that such a line was the work of man?"

Nixon knit his brows. "Beats me."

"You bet your sweet ass they would," said Mao.

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Nixon arrived at San Clemente shortly before midnight, February 10, 1977. The lights in the former Western White House burned all night and plain-looking vehicles patrolled the driveway.

The following morning, Richard Nixon appeared in his blue-cotton worker's uniform at the head of a column of 500 similarly uniformed men and women, all wearing the star of the Red Army. They marched to Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, where Nik-sun, as he now called himself, briefly exhorted his troops, whom he called simply the People's Army. Next he urged spectators, most of whom thought this was yet another example of the so-called artwork of the city's homosexual Dadaists, to join in the "long march to free America from its oppressors, real or imaginary." And then he led the column across the Bay Bridge into Oakland.

Nik-sun took Oakland without a shot. When he arrived at city hall at the head of his troops—now swollen to 100,000 including irregulars, the vanguard composed of luminaries such as Bobby Seale, Jerry Garcia and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, plus most of the A's and the Raiders—he received a hero's welcome. People danced and drank truckloads of Coors beer; brass bands lined the streets. The jubilation was not without cause. Aside from declaring the city's banks, grocery stores, gas stations and athletic teams nationalized, Nik-sun vowed to take San Francisco, California, and the United States.

Oakland partied late into the night. Looting was controlled by members of the Red Army and confined to exploitative merchants. The only civilian casualties were Jann Wenner, Ben Fong-Torres and several *Rolling Stone* staffers who were caught looting a Mercedes-Benz dealership and shot.

The nation was paralyzed by the news. The networks tried to cover up the fall of the Bay Area and Los Angeles to Nik-sun and the Red Army, but newspapers carried the incredible story with the largest banner headlines since the end of World War Two. The panic was generally confined to suburbs, as the inner city was aware of Nik-sun's promises of debt absolution and independent Afro-American states.

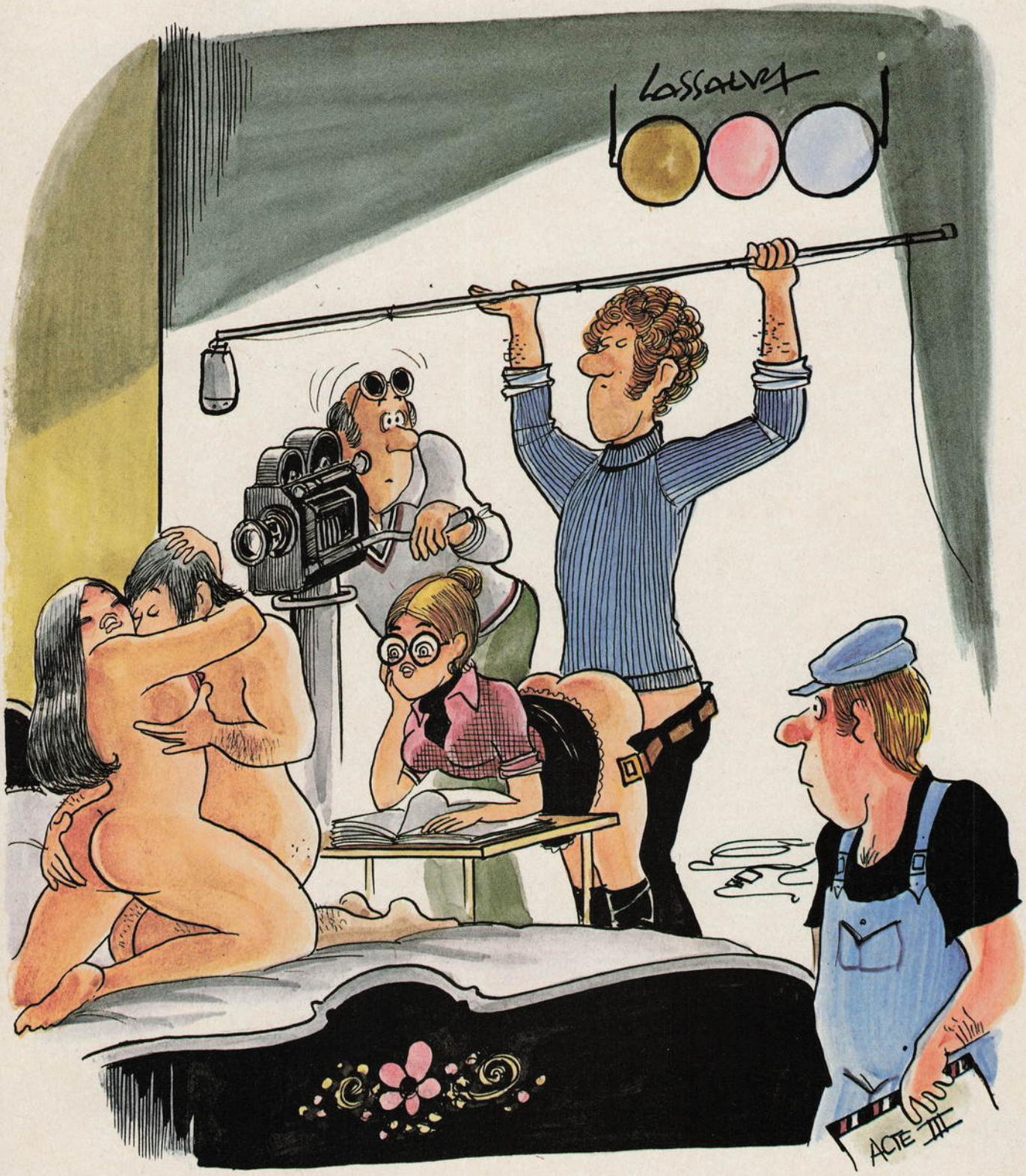
The Red Army now numbered some 500,000 troops, and although largely irregular, it was heavily armed and extremely dangerous. As the army picked up Route 66 east, Nik-sun took up the lead in a red custom Eldorado; flying from its radio antenna was the flag of the People's Republic of America, whose red stars and blue stripes were gallantly streaming.

There was little resistance before they reached Las Vegas, although a few men were lost in the desert and some volunteered to stay behind in Reno to establish a retraining center for divorcees. Nik-sun was determined to take every dime in every hotel and casino in Nevada for the people. The vanguard, in air-conditioned Cadillacs, Buicks and Oldsmobiles, made the trip from Reno to Vegas in about four hours.

Nik-sun was confident that the Red Army could close the Las Vegas airport before the casinos could get out any considerable amount of money, although he was fully aware that, when the march turned south from Reno, the President had dispatched the flamboyant president of a major nonscheduled airline to "get that money the hell out of there." Still, the San Francisco Topless Suicide Unit, in heavily armed sports cars, took the airport by surprise, offing only four policemen and a few hysterical johns.

The gambling capital was sealed off by dusk and Nik-sun had to decide whether to go in or to wait for daylight. He opted for darkness. The heaviest fighting took place at the Sands and at Caesars Palace. Then Nik-sun had everyone rounded up and sorted. Mormons, Italians and other minority groups complained of harassment, but questioning was swift, and, in the end, many of those interned joined the march.

With the liberation of Las Vegas, a playground *(Continued on page 124)*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ACTE III

UNIDENTIFIED FLAPPING OBJECTS

THINGS THAT GO BUMP, CRASH AND EEE-EEE-EEE IN THE NIGHT ARE SCARING THE BEJESUS OUT OF TEXANS

ARTICLE BY JEROME CLARK

They'll tell you that Big Bird is gone from the Valley now—if you ask, that is, and hardly anybody does anymore, except an occasional reporter from some tabloid scandal sheet or a researcher into paranormal spookiness. After all, they'll say, that was a long time ago, when they mean a couple of months back. Already memories of the Big Bird episode that dominated the Valley press in the winter of 1975–1976 have begun to fade. By March, the big story is the rapes in San Antonio: "SEX FIENDS ATTACK SIX OVER WEEKEND," says the day's lead headline, and a related story tells about the guy on trial for the rape-murder of a nurse in a parking lot of the veterans' hospital. The usual fare, in other words—not the twilight-zone stuff that first amused, then annoyed everybody, until finally it went away and things got back to normal.

But, while there may not have been any way to explain Big Bird to the people of the Rio Grande Valley, who were resolutely determined to believe that it existed only as a particularly dramatic manifestation of delirium tremens, Big Bird was really nothing particularly new. Monster scares, after all, have become a staple of American folk life in recent years, creating a vast and daily-growing body of phenomenal reports that absolutely refuse to go away, however desperately the high priests of reason try to exorcise them from our midst.

If these supposed incidents occurred only rarely, we would be justified in dismissing them as honest mistakes. Unfortunately they are far from rare. In fact, they occur thousands of times a year in all countries and on all levels of society and almost invariably they happen to reputable citizens whose testimony on any other matter would not be questioned. Practically every story that reaches public attention (and most witnesses, fearing ridicule, keep their stories to themselves) comes from a person who never before had any belief in, or even knowledge of, these things, and who invariably says something to the effect that "I never would have believed it if it hadn't happened to me."

It seemed to me, then, as one who has pursued these borderline phenomena for years, that there was no a priori reason to distrust those Rio Grande Valley residents who said they had seen Big Bird—any more than I would automatically distrust the people of the Pacific Northwest who insist that a hairy hominid called Bigfoot dwells in the neighboring woods, or any of the 15,000,000 Americans who, according to a 1973 Gallup Poll, believe they have seen UFOs. And yet past experience has taught me not to discount the possibility that the people of the valley, however well-meaning, had fallen prey to an attack of genuine mass hysteria, something that can occur in the stablest of societies. In fact, a trusted Texas acquaintance had assured me that this was indeed the case.

Either way, I figured, the opportunity to observe a monster scare firsthand was too much to resist. I packed my bags and headed for Texas.

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Normal in the Rio Grande Valley is busy big cars with northern license plates

Photography by Ken Frantz

UNIDENTIFIED FLAPPING OBJECTS *Grimaldo saw his assailant just long enough to determine that it was as tall as he was (five feet, eight inches), and that it had a wingspan of from ten to twelve feet.*

barreling down U. S. 77 along what local promoters proudly call the longest main street in the world. The road moves south from Raymondville (population: 8000), through a couple of small towns and then to Harlingen (33,500); Harlingen fades into San Benito (15,000), which soon becomes Olmito (675), which is suddenly Brownsville (52,500). What little distance separates the cities and towns is bridged by an unending string of farms, barbecue (or BBQ, as the signs have it) stands, Mexican-food joints and roadside bars. The Lower Valley towns, the tourist guide says, constitute "the most cosmopolitan district in Texas."

And probably the richest, thanks to the extensive citrus development, which draws on water irrigated from the Rio Grande. And thanks also to industry, petroleum, tourism and the enormous influx of "winter Texans"—wealthy retired people from northern states who spend half of the year in the Valley's hospitable climate.

So the Valley really isn't Texas at all. It is urban and developed. Practically every Anglo one meets there is from Minnesota, Iowa or Wisconsin. Except for the fact that they usually have more money, Valley people are just like the folks one left back home—not the proverbial spinners of Texas tall tales we've all heard about.

There is, of course, a sizable *chicano* population, most of it poor, most of it living in shacks and crowded neighborhoods that seem to harbor as many dogs as people. Still, the *chicanos*, finally emerging from the shadow of a century and a half of discrimination, appear far better off than blacks in the Deep South and Indians in the North. A growing number of political officials—and all but a small minority of law-enforcement people—are *chicano*, and the new generation of Mexican-Americans is the best-educated in history. No, the Valley *chicanos* are not the simple, superstition-ridden souls some newspaper accounts tried to depict them as, in the media's efforts to explain Big Bird away as the simple delusion of primitives.

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For the duration of its existence in the public eye—about two months—Big Bird was a more popular topic of conversation than the weather in the Rio Grande Valley, and though hardly anybody believed in its existence, it managed to generate an incredible lot of nonsense. Much of it came from those who felt compelled to account for the thing in conventional terms, even when their explanations were patently preposterous; one supposed authority, for example, claimed that the whole affair had begun after a McAllen television station ran the movie *Quetzalcoatl*, about the Aztecs' legendary feathered serpent—even though there had been a number of reports before that date, and absolutely no one had described the bird as snakelike.

To Gladys Donohue, a veteran bird watcher who lives in Mission, Texas, it sounded like nothing more than a large barn owl. Of course, she conceded, barn owls don't look anything like the beast that witnesses were reporting, but then, she said, "People don't always see what they think they see."

Television stations and private individuals offered rewards for the bird's capture but had to withdraw them when zoologists hastily "identified" it as a great blue heron—an endangered species protected by some of the strictest conservation laws in the books and a $20,000 fine to anyone who kills one. That, however, did not stop gun-toting, beer-chugging teenagers from taking to the back roads in search of the thing; nor did it keep at least one drunk from telling his wife, when he staggered home after a barroom brawl, that Big Bird had attacked him.

To spice up another Big Bird report, a San Antonio newsman invented an item about how Valley lawmen had taken to putting silver-tipped bullets in their guns; the same reporter wrote that Big Bird tracks had been found near mutilated cattle, a bogus report that sparked a whole new round of speculation.

All in all, it was a typical 60-day wonder, fulfilling all the functions such phenomena are supposed to provide: consuming newspaper space, permitting television channels to sponsor contests, helping fast-food stands peddle "Birdburgers" and giving the bored something to talk about. And eventually, by the time the bird got to be as boring as the weather, the wonder was gone, then forgotten. But not explained.

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Armando Grimaldo says he "wasn't drunk and wasn't smoking marijuana or anything like that" when the bird attacked him. What he was doing, he insists, was sitting quietly in his mother-in-law's back yard in Raymondville, smoking a cigarette. His estranged wife, Christina, whom Grimaldo had come to visit, was inside sleeping. It was 10:30 P.M., January 14, 1976.

"All of a sudden," he claims, "I heard a sound like the flapping of bat wings—and a funny kind of whistling. The dogs in the neighborhood started to bark. I looked around but I couldn't see anything; for some reason, I never looked up. Then, as I turned to go look on the other side of the house, I felt something grab me with big claws. I looked back and saw it and started running."

Grimaldo saw his assailant just long enough to determine that it was as tall as he was (five feet, eight inches), and that it had a wingspan of from ten to twelve feet. Its face was bat- or monkey-like; its eyes were two to three inches in diameter and shone bright red; its blackish-brown skin was leathery.

Grimaldo screamed, ran and took a face-first sprawl into the dirt. As he struggled to his feet, he felt his pants, coat and shirt being ripped open, although his flesh remained untouched—a feature of the story that would generate much skepticism in the days and weeks to follow. Finally he dashed under a tree and his attacker, now breathing heavily, elected to lumber off into the night.

Christina Grimaldo, who had been awakened by her husband's shouting, came downstairs just as he staggered through the back door gasping that something had attacked him from out of the sky. Christina immediately phoned the police, who found Grimaldo "in some kind of shock," muttering *pájaro*—Spanish for bird—over and over again. He was then taken to the Willacy County Hospital but doctors found no injuries. Nonetheless, the distraught Grimaldo spent the next two days in bed.

A month and a half later, when I made the rounds in Raymondville inquiring about the incident, the story had become something of an embarrassment to the community. Even members of Grimaldo's family responded to questions about it with either giggles or scowls.

Sheriff Oscar Correa discounted the story entirely. "Oh, I think he was sincere in what he said," Correa told me. "But I firmly think it didn't happen as reported. If this was real, there would have been one or two scratches on his flesh."

Besides, two days after Grimaldo's alleged encounter, a woman had called the sheriff's office to report a huge gray bird with a long beak sitting immobile in the middle of a field three and a half miles northeast of Raymondville. It proved to be a dead pelican. So the mystery of Grimaldo's sighting was solved—and never mind that the bird he said he saw was dark brown, not gray, and possessed neither a beak nor feathers.

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Grimaldo was not, by any means, the first Texan to claim an encounter with Big Bird, as someone inevitably dubbed it after the *Sesame Street* television character. There were, for example, the rumors that began in Rio Grande City in November 1975 and that were in

circulation before the Big Bird story hit the papers. The rumors had it that various people, natives as well as winter Texans, had observed a "man-bird" skulking about in the darkness. The creature, supposed to be about four feet tall, had a bird's body and a man's head. It was spotted—during nonbusiness hours, I was assured—on the roof of a tavern north of town. Another rumor had the thing hovering above the Starr County courthouse, a story that Sheriff Ray Alvarez, who presumably should know, discounts as nonsense. Certainly the witnesses seemed as reluctant to step forward and identify themselves as other townsfolk seemed eager to spread wild and unsubstantiated tales.

The first report—that is, an account with which names, places and dates can be connected—is curiously unimpressive, despite the massive media attention and the quality of the witnesses. The witnesses, patrolmen Arturo Padilla and Homero Galvan, watched a white "stork or pelican type of bird" sailing over San Benito, 75 miles east of Rio Grande City, at 5:15 A.M. on December 28th. The two officers, who had been in separate squad cars, described the bird as having a foot-long neck "that sort of bent as it glided."

Convinced, apparently, that I was just another wiseass reporter, the San Benito police kept me away from both of the officers. "I don't know what you think about this or how you're going to write about it," Captain Ovideo González told me, with a scowl, "but I'm sure they aren't interested in talking with you. When my men start getting obscene letters in the mail, then it's time we put a stop to this whole thing."

The obscene letters were from outraged bird lovers, who believed that Padilla and Galvan had seen a white pelican. The killing of a white pelican, an endangered species, is a sufficiently serious offense to warrant a $20,000 fine and a year in jail. Padilla had made the mistake of telling reporters that the next time he saw the thing, he'd shoot it.

The San Benito report probably would have received little attention if it had not been for a weird incident that occurred just four days later in neighboring Harlingen. The witnesses were Tracey Lawson, 11, and her cousin Jackie Davis, 14.

The Harlingen sighting, unlike most of the others, took place during daylight hours. On the morning of January 1, 1976, while their parents slept, Tracey and Jackie were playing in the Lawsons' back yard when Tracey noticed something standing 100 yards away in a plowed field. She dashed inside for a pair of binoculars and returned to focus on a huge, "horrible-looking" black bird; it stood more than five feet tall, had large dark-red eyes and three-foot-wide wings

"I'm new in town. How was I to know she isn't a bona fide masseuse?"

that were bunched up at its shoulders. Its gray face was "gorillalike." Its sharp, thick beak was at least six inches long. The head was completely bald. And it made a loud, shrill *eeeee* sound.

After a few moments, the creature disappeared. It had been standing near a pit that borders an irrigation canal and then—apparently by running or flying low through the pit—suddenly reappeared on the northeast corner of the property, its head poking above a small clump of trees. That was all Tracey and Jackie cared to see. They went inside the house and stayed there.

When their parents awoke, the children told them what they had seen; the adults did not take the story seriously. The next day, however, Jackie's stepfather, Tom Waldon, went out to look for tracks—still skeptical of the tale but concerned at his stepson's insistence that it was true.

The tracks were there. The first three prints were close to a fence behind the house; the fourth was 20 yards away in the plowed field and the fifth was 20 yards beyond that. The tracks were three-toed, eight inches across at their widest point and were pressed an inch and a half into the hard ground.

Waldon called Mrs. Lawson, who phoned the Cameron County sheriff's office and then her husband; Stan Lawson raced home immediately, only to find an officer already there. Together, they investigated the creature's tracks.

The 170-pound Lawson pressed his own foot down alongside the bird print and found that he hardly dented the ground. Lawson also noticed that his dog was acting strangely: All day it cowered inside the doghouse, leaving the shelter only when Lawson went to feed it; then, the dog bolted into the main house and had to be dragged back outside. And that night, around ten, Lawson heard something like large wings scraping across his bedroom window screen; looking outside, he saw nothing.

Among those who questioned the Lawsons, after the incident had been

UNIDENTIFIED FLAPPING OBJECTS *"You could see this was no jive," the reporter told me later. "This guy did see something. He's the most convincing Big Bird witness I've met so far."*

publicized on the local television station, was Sergeant Sam Esparza of the San Benito police force. Esparza, who lives in the same general area as the Lawsons, told them—and confirmed to me later—that on the night of January first, he returned to his home at 11 and was startled to see blood on some clothing that was hanging in the back yard. Two of the four stained items also were spattered with large dark particles, rather, he thought, like liver that had been chewed on and disgorged.

Esparza also related that the night before—December 31, 1975—something had whammed into the side of his mobile home. And while this had happened during a windstorm, Esparza was unable to find any large debris lying about the next morning.

A week later, on January seventh, at 8:30 P.M., Alvérico Guajardo of Brownsville heard something hit his trailer. Unlike Esparza, Guajardo dashed outside immediately to investigate the sound, which he described as being "a little like somebody was shoving a sack of cement against the trailer." Guajardo got into his station wagon, drove it slowly around the side of the trailer, where his headlights revealed "something from another planet." As the lights hit it, the thing rose up from the spot where it had been lying on the ground and stared at Guajardo with blazing red eyes the size of silver dollars. For the next two to three minutes, it stood gazing at the man, who sat immobilized with fear.

The creature was four feet tall, Guajardo estimated, with black feathers and a beak that looked to be somewhere between two and four feet long. A "horrible-sounding noise" came from its pulsating throat; its long, batlike wings were folded around its shoulders. As Guajardo watched, the thing backed carefully toward a dirt road three feet away and vanished into the darkness.

The next morning, reporter George Cox of the *Brownsville Herald* interviewed Guajardo, who was still clearly terrified. "You could see this was no jive," Cox told me later. "This guy did see something. He's the most convincing Big Bird witness I've met so far."

The Cameron County sheriff's office, headquartered in Brownsville, has reached no official conclusions about the incident; the unofficial view, however, is that, while Guajardo's sincerity is not questioned, he must have had a "psychotic episode." "That has to be it," one officer explained to me, "since Big Bird doesn't exist."

By this time, Big Bird had become a Valley sensation, but in the media it was being played strictly for laughs and for ratings. Harlingen's KGBT-TV, which had been first on the scene when the Lawsons reported the bird tracks, led the way with assorted contests to draw the bird and to explain the reports. Privately, though, news director Ray Norton discounted the entire story. "People have been seeing something, no doubt about it," he said. "They may be seeing a common bird and imagining the rest of it."

Jack Grimm, an Abilene geologist who put up a $5000 reward for the bird's capture, narrowed down the possibilities to three uncommon—but very real—birds. The first was the Abyssinian ground hornbill, which stands four feet high and sports a four-foot wingspread; Grimm did not explain how this species could have made its way from sub-Saharan Africa, its usual abode, to Texas. The jabiru stork was another possibility, Grimm suggested, although the jabiru's dark eyes, red-and-black neck, white wings and long black legs do not match any witnesses' descriptions. The marabou stork, Grimm's final candidate, seemed the most likely, if only because of its four-and-a-half foot height and ten-foot wingspan. However, the marabou is indigenous to central India and Borneo.

As to the theory that the bird was actually a California or Andean condor—a belief held, for example, by the Lawson parents, who had not seen the thing themselves—it is discounted as "extremely improbable" by, among others, David Thompson and Don Farst, resident zoologists at the Gladys Porter Zoo in Brownsville. Neither condor is native to south Texas, Thompson and Farst note, nor does either one match observers' descriptions of Big Bird.

That left the explainers with two alternatives: a pelican and a great blue heron.

The pelican was almost certainly the cause of some reports—such as that of the large mysterious bird found dead on a Harlingen farm—while the great blue heron generated a report that led one newspaper to bury the mystery a bit prematurely, under the headline: "LEGEND OF BIRD IS DEAD."

In reality, what had happened in the heron incident was that a group of farmworkers had panicked at the sight of a large bird roosting in a fruit orchard south of Alamo. They quickly spread the word, and within the hour, a crowd of 50 had gathered, including a television reporter who shot footage of the fowl as it stood, looking slightly bored, in the orchard's plowed turf. When the film was broadcast, bird watchers and zoologists had no trouble identifying the subject as a great blue heron.

The great blue heron, an endangered species protected by Federal law, is native to south Texas but is still an uncommon sight. The excitement that its appearance at Alamo caused says more about the hysteria that the Big Bird scare had generated than it does about Big Bird itself—since the creature of the reports looked nothing like the heron, which is a silvery-blue and white bird with a long winding neck.

•

There is no doubt that many people were seeing big birds—pelicans or herons—and not *the* Big Bird. The ill-tempered beast that an Eagle Pass man reported seeing early January 21st was neither big nor Big.

At 12:45 A.M. that day—so the story goes—the man arrived home and stepped into his back yard. There he spotted a large something stooped over near a clothesline post. Before he knew what was happening, the thing made a hissing sound and jumped him; it ripped into his shoulders and then hopped off. The man initially described the creature—according to the police report—as having "a brown or almost black body, bright red eyes and the wings of a bat . . . short, stubby legs and two arms, each about two and a half feet long. It had pointed ears, the face of a pig—but didn't have a snout." Investigators found feathers and hair at the scene, which could not, at first, be identified.

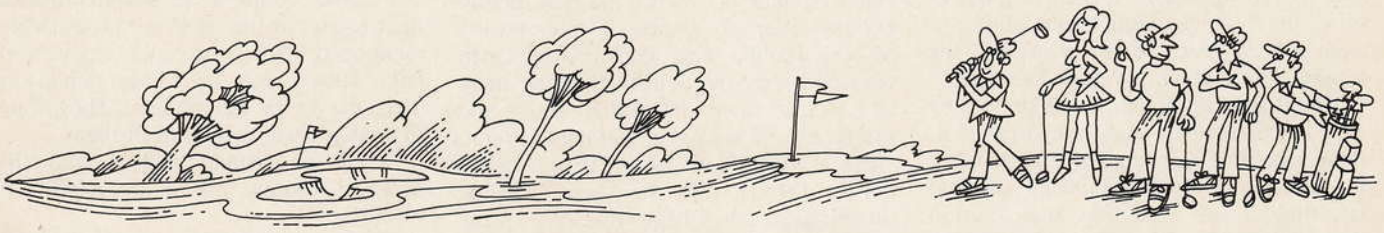
Originally, investigators took the story seriously; a U.P.I. account noted, for example, that this was "the first such attack being given credence by officials." This was especially the case after an Eagle Pass physician testified that the man's wounds—clawlike marks, three and a half inches long and half an inch deep—had almost certainly been caused by a large animal. The witness, furthermore, agreed to take a lie-detector test.

Unfortunately for those who were trying to find some firm evidence for Big Bird's existence, the Eagle Pass story proceeded to collapse in the days that followed. An Eagle Pass police officer who participated in the investigation and who has asked not to be identified, cited the following to me as reasons for the collapse: Local officers interviewed the man four times and there were significant conflicts between each version of the episode; the doctor whose testimony had seemed to substantiate the man's report was discovered to be a close personal friend of the alleged victim and no other physician would say that a bird or animal had caused the wounds; and the man repeatedly begged off taking the lie test.

The report made on February 24th by

FIRST ANNUAL

CAPITOL MAGNETICS/PLAYBOY GOLF INVITATIONAL



WHAT: The Capitol Magnetics/Playboy First Annual Invitational Golf Tournament.

WHEN: Monday, October 18, 1976.

WHERE: MountainGate Country Club, 2205 N. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90049.

WHO: You and 143 other guests and 36 celebrities...some of the biggest stars in motion pictures, television, recording and the sports world. Plus 36 beautiful Playboy Girls.

HOW: 18 holes of individual medal play plus team best ball. 36 fivesomes (pairings made by blind draw) each with a celebrity and a Playboy Girl Scorekeeper. Winter rules. 10:00 AM shotgun start.

AND THEN: Monday evening at the Los Angeles Playboy Club, cocktails and a private awards dinner for all participants. Plus some very special entertainment.

PRIZES: A personal Capitol Magnetics/Playboy tee gift package for each participant. Plus trophies and merchandise awards for—low gross, low net, low callaway (in both guest and celebrity flights), team best ball, long drive and closest to the pin.

HOW MUCH: $150.00 entry fee. Fee entitles you to: 18 holes of golf with cart, pairing with a celebrity, an outstanding tee gift package, competition for trophies and merchandise awards, cocktails and awards dinner at the L.A. Playboy Club.

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UNIDENTIFIED FLAPPING OBJECTS *The three rummaged through a set of encyclopedias until they found what they had seen: a pteranodon, a kind of flying dinosaur that has long been extinct.*

three San Antonio elementary school teachers could not be so easily dismissed. The three—Patricia Bryant, Marsha Dahlberg and David Rendon—were driving to work on an isolated road southwest of the city, when they were startled to see something with a wingspan of "15 or 20 feet, if not more." The enormous bird swooped low over the car, casting a shadow that covered the entire road.

"I could see the skeleton of this bird through its skin and feathers," Bryant said. "It stood out black against the background of the gray feathers."

Rendon added: "It just glided, no higher than the telephone line. It had a huge breast and huge wings; the wings were very peculiar—they had a bony structure, like a bat."

At the same time that the teachers were watching the mysterious bird, they saw another unusually large flying object off in the distance, circling like a buzzard over a herd of cattle. It resembled, the teachers thought, an "oversized sea gull."

The first bird, though, was like nothing they had ever seen—until they arrived at their school. There, the three rummaged through a set of encyclopedias until at last they found what they had seen: a pteranodon. The only trouble was that the pteranodon—a kind of flying dinosaur—has been extinct for some 150,000,000 years.

Yet, as veteran U.P.I. reporter K. Mack Sisk observed after interviewing the three, "It's intriguing when you get three schoolteachers seeing the same thing." By the time I located the witnesses, they were reluctant to talk—the superintendent had warned them that they were giving the school the wrong kind of publicity—but they did confirm the accuracy of the published accounts.

The San Antonio incident was the last Big Bird sighting to make the papers. In fact, it occurred more than a month after skeptics—whose numbers included virtually everybody but the witnesses themselves—had declared the bird a dead issue and media attention had drifted back toward more conventional pursuits. So, when I arrived on the scene, the scare had pretty well run its course and almost everyone I met was either perplexed, amused, or annoyed when I told them that I was gathering material for yet another story on Big Bird.

As I probed into the incidents, however, it became clear to me that something—or some things—which had come to be called Big Bird did exist; that it was not a conventional bird; and that the reported sightings were much more than delusions born out of the folk imagination. Nearly every nonwitness I talked with subscribed to some version of the folk-tale theory, and local newspapers gave prominent play to old Mexican myths about flying monsters—strongly implying a connection to Big Bird lore, while failing to note that some of the witnesses were northern-born Anglos.

Furthermore, the armchair theorists did not bother to ascertain whether or not there is a *contemporary* folklore involving giant supernatural birds, or whether those who claimed to have seen Big Bird related the creature to these tales. I sought to do both, and eventually ended up in San Benito, Texas, listening to stories about the mysterious bird that has haunted the city's La Palma section for at least 30 years.

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I came upon the story purely by accident. I had driven to the San Benito police station in hopes of interviewing officers Padilla and Galvan—the men who had seen the pelican that the press had transformed into Big Bird—and found myself trying desperately to convince a hostile desk officer that I should not be thrown into the street. Finally, discouraged, I had begun packing up my notebook and tape recorder when Lieutenant Ernest Flores, who had been listening, beckoned me into his office.

"You might be interested in this," he said, reaching into a file cabinet. He retrieved several jars of some kind of fecal material and handed them to me. "We've been getting this from a young guy who lives around here. He thinks it's from Big Bird." The droppings were dried, whitish lumps approximately one inch thick and two to three inches long.

"The guy who brought it to us is honest and intelligent and we know him well," Flores continued. "He's telling the truth about it. We've studied this material informally and we've found things like grass, grain, hair and a whole cockroach; in one dropping, there's even an inch-long bone—something from a skull, it looks like. Whatever sort of thing this comes from, it appears to have a very primitive digestive system."

Flores' source was a 19-year-old *chicano* named Guadalupe Cantu III. I subsequently found Cantu to be a thoughtful, intense young man who had lived in San Benito all his life; he was a high school graduate, currently unemployed, who planned to enter vocational school in the near future. In the meantime, Cantu told me, he was obsessed with the droppings and with what had caused them.

His father had found the feces on the roof of the family's home in May 1975. "That was before the sightings of Big Bird," Cantu noted, "so there was no fuss about it." Nor was there much fuss in the Cantu family, as it was not their first encounter with mysterious birds.

"I first heard it—the bird—about eleven years ago, when I was eight years old," Cantu told me. "I was inside the house—the same one I live in now—and suddenly I heard a cat sound coming from the roof. It went on for more than an hour, and then I heard it fly away.

"Everybody in my family has heard it at some time—my grandparents, uncles, aunts. It makes the meow sound and two other sounds: a very rough sound like an eagle or a horse would make and a sound like clacking teeth. We've also heard the wings flapping. You can tell it must be pretty big, but I've never seen it."

I asked Cantu if he would introduce me to some of the other witnesses he had mentioned. "Oh," he said, "they won't talk. They're too shy. They don't want their names in the papers. They know that people will make fun of them."

"I can understand that," I said. "But how do I know you're not making all of this up?"

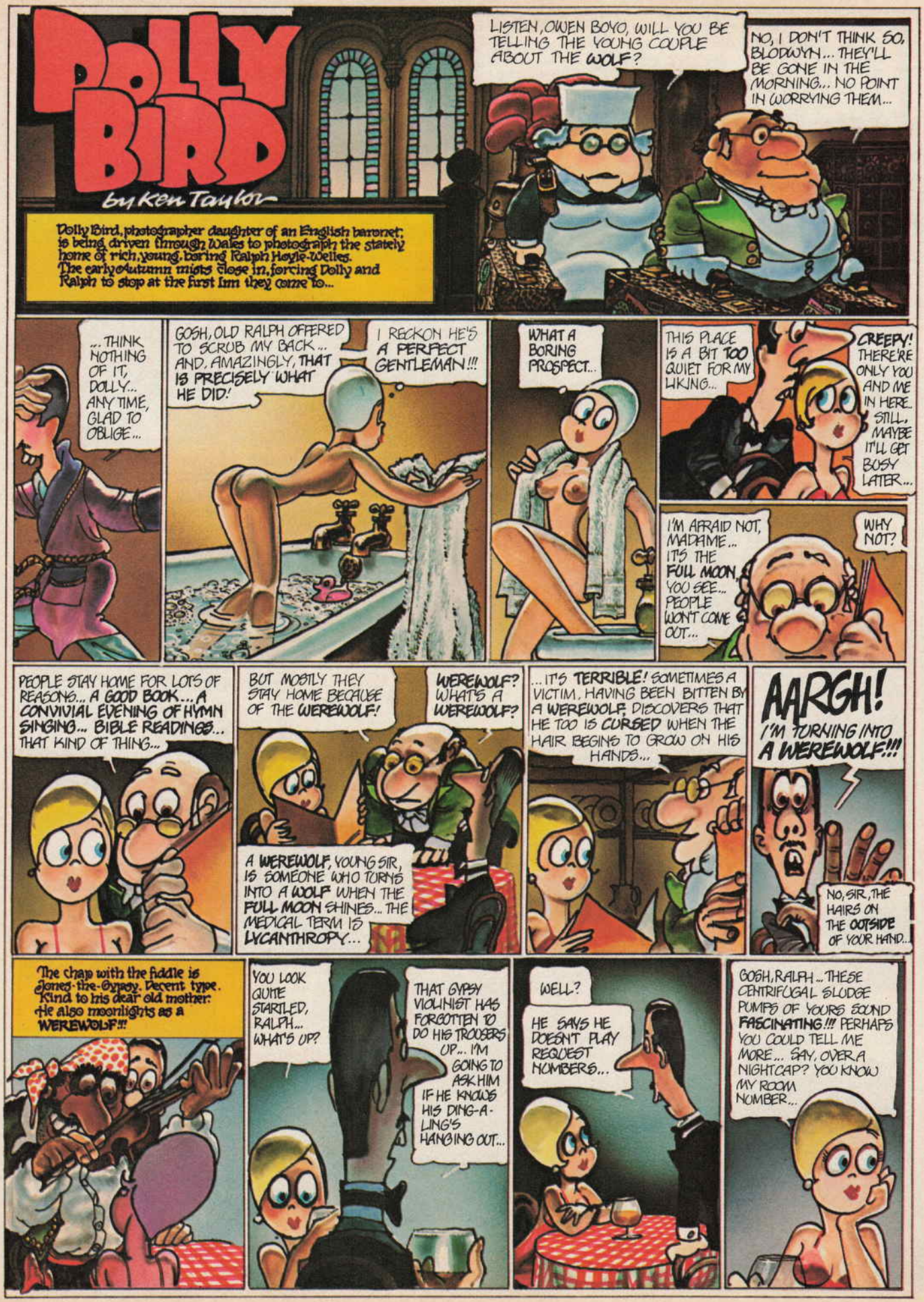
Cantu was silent for a while, then said he would see if he could persuade some of the people to talk with me. When we met the next day in front of the San Benito police station, he had with him a man who asked to be identified only by his first name, Chris.

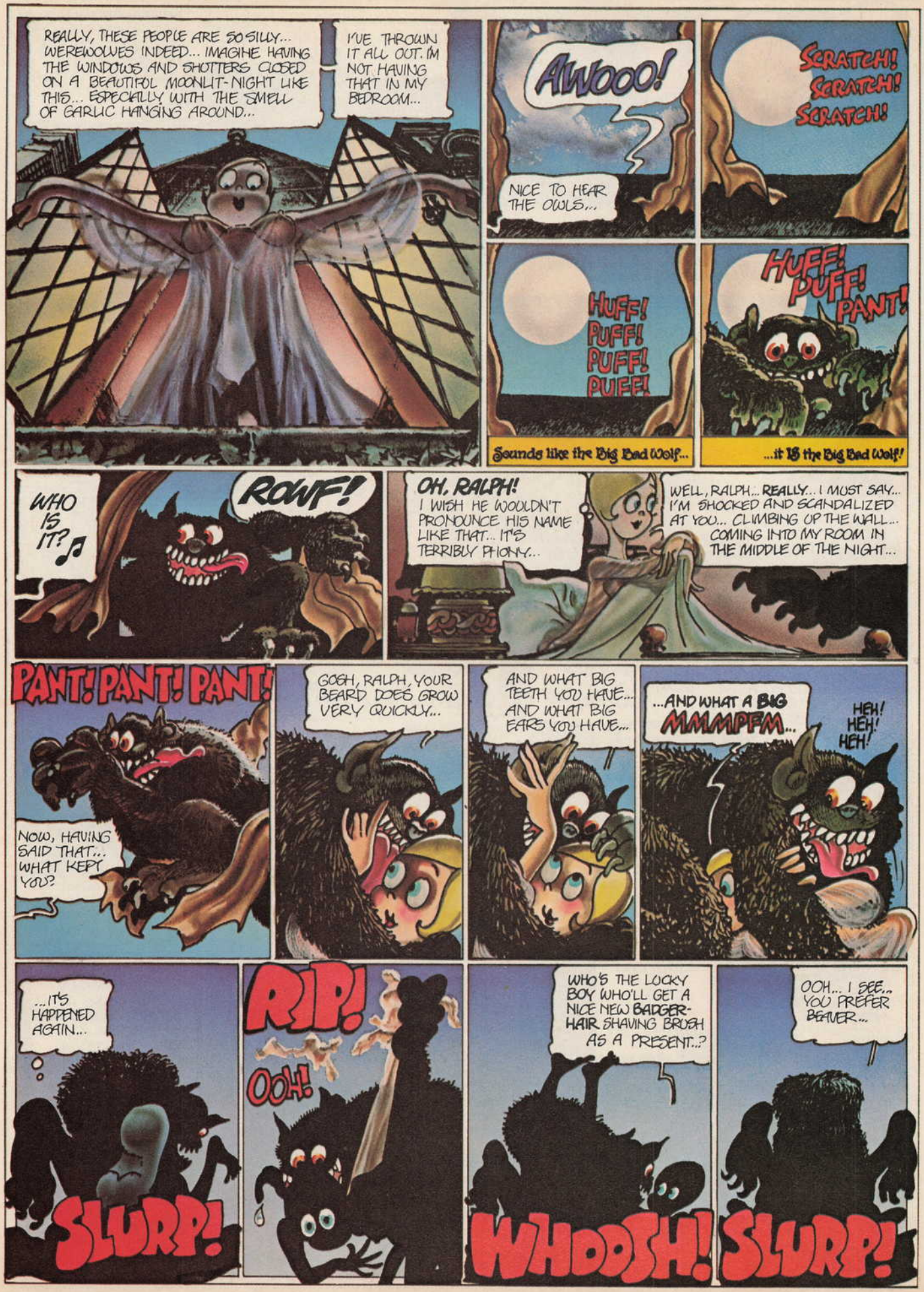
Chris was 26, a bus driver and part-time carpenter and a lifelong resident of San Benito. Shyly, occasionally laughing in embarrassment, he told me, "Yes, I've heard the bird; I've even been close to it, but I've never seen it.

"When I was thirteen or fourteen—about the time I dropped out of school—I used to go out and come back home about one or two in the morning. That's when I would hear it. It would make a tch-tch-tch sound and whistle—both very loudly. I told my mother about it. She'd heard those sounds before and she warned me not to be outside when it's around, because it's a bad bird. She said a lady around here was beaten by the bird. Another lady—she's dead now—saw it through her window several times. Another woman said it has a cat face a foot in diameter, no beak, and a thick, footlong neck.

"I've been living with this for a long time," Chris concluded.

First in the company of Cantu and Chris and later alone, I drove down the streets of the La Palma colony, the *chicano* neighborhood on San Benito's northwest *(Continued on page 105)*


DOLLY BIRD
by Ken Taylor
Dolly Bird, photographer daughter of an English baronet; is being driven through Wales to photograph the stately home of rich, young, boring Ralph Hoyle-Wellies. The early autumn mists close in, forcing Dolly and Ralph to stop at the first Inn they come to...
LISTEN, OWEN BOYO, WILL YOU BE TELLING THE YOUNG COUPLE ABOUT THE WOLF?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO, BLODWYN... THEY'LL BE GONE IN THE MORNING... NO POINT IN WORRYING THEM...
...THINK NOTHING OF IT, DOLLY... ANY TIME, GLAD TO OBLIGE...
GOSH, OLD RALPH OFFERED TO SCRUB MY BACK... AND, AMAZINGLY, THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT HE DID!
I RECKON HE'S A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!!!
WHAT A BORING PROSPECT...
THIS PLACE IS A BIT TOO QUIET FOR MY LIKING...
CREEPY! THERE'RE ONLY YOU AND ME IN HERE. STILL, MAYBE IT'LL GET BUSY LATER...
I'M AFRAID NOT, MADAME... IT'S THE FULL MOON, YOU SEE... PEOPLE WON'T COME OUT...
WHY NOT?
PEOPLE STAY HOME FOR LOTS OF REASONS... A GOOD BOOK... A CONVIVIAL EVENING OF HYMN SINGING... BIBLE READINGS... THAT KIND OF THING...
BUT MOSTLY THEY STAY HOME BECAUSE OF THE WEREWOLF!
WEREWOLF? WHAT'S A WEREWOLF?
A WEREWOLF, YOUNG SIR, IS SOMEONE WHO TURNS INTO A WOLF WHEN THE FULL MOON SHINES... THE MEDICAL TERM IS LYCANTHROPY...
...IT'S TERRIBLE! SOMETIMES A VICTIM, HAVING BEEN BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF, DISCOVERS THAT HE TOO IS CURSED WHEN THE HAIR BEGINS TO GROW ON HIS HANDS...
AARGH! I'M TURNING INTO A WEREWOLF!!!
NO, SIR, THE HAIRS ON THE OUTSIDE OF YOUR HAND...
The chap with the fiddle is Jones-the-Gypsy. Decent type. Kind to his dear old mother. He also moonlights as a WEREWOLF!!!
YOU LOOK QUITE STARTLED, RALPH... WHAT'S UP?
THAT GYPSY VIOLINIST HAS FORGOTTEN TO DO HIS TROUSERS UP... I'M GOING TO ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS HIS DING-A-LING'S HANGING OUT...
WELL?
HE SAYS HE DOESN'T PLAY REQUEST NUMBERS...
GOSH, RALPH... THESE CENTRIFUGAL SLUDGE PUMPS OF YOURS SOUND FASCINATING!!! PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL ME MORE... SAY, OVER A NIGHTCAP? YOU KNOW MY ROOM NUMBER...


REALLY, THESE PEOPLE ARE SO SILLY... WEREWOLVES INDEED... IMAGINE HAVING THE WINDOWS AND SHUTTERS CLOSED ON A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT-NIGHT LIKE THIS... ESPECIALLY WITH THE SMELL OF GARLIC HANGING AROUND...
I'VE THROWN IT ALL OUT. I'M NOT HAVING THAT IN MY BEDROOM...
AWOOO!
NICE TO HEAR THE OWLS...
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
HUFF! PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
Sounds like the Big Bad Wolf...
HUFF! PUFF! PANT!
...it IS the Big Bad Wolf!
WHO IS IT?
ROWF!
OH, RALPH! I WISH HE WOULDN'T PRONOUNCE HIS NAME LIKE THAT... IT'S TERRIBLY PHONY...
WELL, RALPH... REALLY... I MUST SAY... I'M SHOCKED AND SCANDALIZED AT YOU... CLIMBING UP THE WALL... COMING INTO MY ROOM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
PANT! PANT! PANT!
NOW, HAVING SAID THAT... WHAT KEPT YOU?
GOSH, RALPH, YOUR BEARD DOES GROW VERY QUICKLY...
AND WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE... AND WHAT BIG EARS YOU HAVE...
...AND WHAT A BIG MMMPFM...
HEH! HEH! HEH!
...IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN...
SLURP!
RIP!
OOH!
WHO'S THE LUCKY BOY WHO'LL GET A NICE NEW BADGER-HAIR SHAVING BRUSH AS A PRESENT...?
WHOOSH!
OOH... I SEE... YOU PREFER BEAVER...
SLURP!

THIS IS QUITE A TRIP WE'RE ON... WE'VE BEEN ALL ROUND THE ROOM!
...ON THE THE BED...
...ON THE CARPET...
...UNDER THE CARPET...
...UNDER THE BED...
...ON THE WARDROBE...
...IN THE WARDROBE...
BEHIND THE CURTAINS...
THROUGH THE CURTAINS...
HUMPITY HUMPITY HUMP!

...ON THE WASHSTAND...
DOING A HANDSTAND...
OOH!
MPFF!
...ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE...
...ON THE WRECKAGE OF THE BEDSIDE TABLE...
...UP AGAINST THE WALL...
...HERE
...THERE...
OOH!
SLURP!
...EVERYWHERE...
BUMPITY-THUMPITY-CRUMP!

The last piece of furniture and the dawn break almost simultaneously...
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO...
LISTEN, RALPHIE... AN INVITATION IF I EVER HEARD ONE...
SMART-ASS POULTRY... I NEED A REST... THIS GIRL IS TOO MUCH... I'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT...
GOLLY GOSH, LOOK WHAT I'VE BEEN SITTING ON... MUST'VE FALLEN OUT OF MY BAG... A SOUVENIR FROM MY TRANSYLVANIAN TRIP...

The cold light of dawn falls on the stainless-steel, making it shine like silver. A silver bullet is the only thing fatal to Werewolves.
YIKE! A SILVER BULLET!!! THAT THING COULD DESTROY ME...
DON'T TELL ME I'VE BEEN TANGLING WITH THE LONE RANGER
I'M OFF!!!
NYAAGH!
HARK! THAT'S THE JUBILANT CRY OF A MATURE MAN, SATED WITH LOVE...
Wrong. That is the cry of a Wolfman who has leaped naked into a rose-bush.

BREAKFAST, MADAME...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
GOODNESS, IS IT THAT TIME ALREADY?
INDEED TO GOODNESS, BLODWYN, THERE'S A SHAMBLES, LOOK-YOU!! I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE TO TAKE MORE CARE WITH THE DUSTING...
I HESITATE TO ASK, MADAME, BUT, DID YOU DO THIS ALL BY YOURSELF, OR DID YOU HAVE HELP?
I MOST CONFESS... I WAS NOT ALONE LAST NIGHT... I HAD A FRIEND WITH ME...
I SEE... BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ROOM...?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE A SNEEZING FIT?
BUT PLEASE DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DAMAGE... RALPH IS FILTHY RICH... HE'LL PAY UP...
MISTER RALPH WAS WITH YOU? IMPOSSIBLE! I LOCK ALL THE DOORS IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT AT MIDNIGHT...
HE CAME IN THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW...
YOU LOCK ALL THE DOORS?
ALL THE DOORS...
...THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE HAMMERING FROM INSIDE THE CUCKOO-CLOCK EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR...
BELIEVE IT...
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN IT WAS MISTER RALPH?
OF COURSE I'M CERTAIN, I THINK...
MARK YOU, HE DID SEEM TO BE A BIT DIFFERENT... MUCH MORE ANIMATED AND PASSIONATE THAN USUAL...
AND HE WAS WEARING A NEW AFTER-SHAVE...
WHICH IS ODD, CONSIDERING HE HADN'T SHAVED...
IT COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN YOUR MISTER RALPH... HE WAS SUFFERING LAST NIGHT FROM WHAT WE OF THE VALLEYS CALL 'THE WELSH WALTZ' OR 'EISTEDDFOD POISONING'...
LOOK AT THE WINDOW-SILL, MADAME... IT'S COVERED WITH DEEP SCRATCHES... SEE ALSO THE TRACKS IN THE EARTH BENEATH THE WINDOW... DOESN'T THAT SUGGEST SOMETHING TO YOU..?
YOU WANT ME TO ASK RALPH TO CUT HIS NAILS?
I AM CONVINCED, MADAME, THAT LAST NIGHT... YOU ENTERTAINED... THE WOLFMAN!!!
REALLY?
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT WAS MUTUAL!

(Continued from page 100) side where sightings allegedly occurred. The first person we talked with was Chris's mother, Leonor, a small, wrinkled 62-year-old woman who does not speak English. As my two companions did the talking and translating, I watched her as she vividly re-enacted the bird's cries and motions.

She said (according to the translation) that she had first heard the bird when Chris was about 12; one day, when she was out feeding the rabbits, she heard the bird in a tree—which she pointed to—making a whistling, clicking sound. Last year, as she was coming from church one evening, she saw a big white bird fly across the street.

Sometime in the early Sixties a lady named Ignacia—Leonor did not know the last name of the woman, since deceased—was walking to her outhouse when a bird attacked her from behind. The woman had heard it flying, Leonor recounted, and was just turning around when it ripped into her with long, long claws and tore off some of her clothing. It had an ugly, catlike face, enormous wings, black feathers and no bill.

Later, I randomly stopped a young woman on the street and asked if she knew anything about reports of a strange bird terrorizing the neighborhood. Frowning, clearly reluctant to speak, she finally said, "Yes, it is true. We've heard it. It makes a lot of noise and sometimes we can hear it walking on top of the shack behind our house."

Another La Palma resident—Tony, aged 27—told me that he and his wife-to-be had seen something very strange in August 1966. "It was about one A.M," he recalled. "Maria and I were sitting in the car over by my mother's house and we saw this thing standing on a telephone pole. It was dark, so we couldn't see very well—but I could see enough to know that I'd never seen anything like it. It was a weird big bird, bigger than a man; it was black, a yard wide and had its wings folded around itself. We could see it staring at us."

There seems little real question that something very weird indeed has been taking place in San Benito for at least the past 30 years, something other than pure folklore, and it is irrelevant to point to old superstitions as the stimuli for the alleged sightings. The hoary legends that the newspapers revived did not seem to be part of the living folklore of the La Palma colony. The people I talked with, even the old ones, had either never heard the old stories about *lechuza* (a girl who, having been rejected by her suitor, turned into a bird and attacked evildoers) or else did not connect them with what they had seen. The La Palma bird was not viewed as a supernatural omen. It was bad and evil for a simple reason: It attacked people.

Meanwhile, the incidents in San Benito continue. On April seventh, Cantu, whose honesty and common sense I—like the San Benito police—had come to respect, wrote to me: "My aunt heard it walk on the roof twice since the day you were gone. She said it sounded loud. I got on top of the roof and walked on it. I asked my aunt if she heard me. She said no. This kind of gives you the idea of how heavy or strong that bird really is." And on April 20th: "Since the last time I wrote to you, Big Bird stopped on a tree at my aunt's home. The bird stopped at five A.M."

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While Texas' Big Bird got all the publicity, it was not the only unidentified flapping object being sighted in the United States in early 1976. On the night of January first, for example, Dr. Berthold Eric Schwarz, a Montclair, New Jersey, psychiatrist and author, was driving past a quarry near Great Notch, when he spotted an enormous long-necked bird gliding close to the ground. "I wouldn't have thought anything of it," Dr. Schwarz later told me, "except that it was so huge and its wings didn't seem to be flapping much at all. But what disturbed me the most was that it looked so white, even in the dark. How could it have been so white? Unless—I know this sounds ridiculous—it was luminous."

Oddly enough, back in 1948 three St. Louis citizens—Charles and Mary Dunn and Clifford Warden—also claimed to have seen a giant luminous bird. The incident reportedly occurred around ten P.M. "It was flapping its wings and moving quite fast at about 3000 feet altitude and appeared to be illuminated by a dull glow," Dunn said. "It looked to be about the size of a Piper Cub plane."

This was but one of several sightings of a big bird reported in southwestern Illinois and eastern Missouri during April 1948. Witnesses included truck drivers, traveling salesmen, farmers, soldiers, policemen and a chiropractor. The creature was usually described as being grayish-black, as large as a small airplane and having a long neck and enormous wings.

Another strange phenomenon is described by Earl Morrison, a marine, who in the summer of 1969 was stationed in Da Nang, Vietnam. He and two other men were on guard duty one night when, he claims, "We all three looked out in the sky and saw this figure coming toward us. It had a kind of glow and we couldn't make out what it was at first. All of a sudden we saw what looked like bat's wings, only they were gigantic compared to those of a normal bat. When it got close enough so that we could see what it was, it looked like a woman. A naked woman. Her skin was black, her body was black, the wings were black—everything was black. But it glowed. It glowed in the night—kind of a greenish cast to it. . . . We couldn't do anything. We didn't know what to do. We just froze. . . . As we watched her—she got about ten feet or so away from us—we started hearing her wings flap and she started flying off. We watched her for quite a while."

Whatever one makes of these tales, there certainly is no shortage of them. Dozens of similar incidents are reported every year by persons whose word would be accepted without question if they were not speaking of things deemed impossible.

Of all the reported sightings, however, the Texas' Big Bird's nearest relation is a beast that has been given the name of Mothman, after a character in the once-popular *Batman* television series. Mothman first appeared in the Ohio River Valley one night in 1961, when a Point Pleasant, West Virginia, woman and her elderly father were driving on state Route 2 along the Ohio River, and they noticed a manlike figure on the road in front of them. "I slowed down," the woman told writer John Keel several years later, "and as we got closer, I could see that it was much larger than a man. A big gray figure. It stood in the middle of the road. Then a pair of wings unfolded from its back and they practically filled the whole road. It almost looked like a small airplane. Then it took off straight up . . . disappearing out of sight in seconds. We were both terrified. I stepped on the gas and raced out of there.

"We talked it over and decided not to tell anybody about it. Who would believe us anyway?"

So, it was not until the fall of 1966 that the other residents of the Ohio River Valley realized that they had an unusual visitor—one that on this occasion stayed for 14 months and introduced itself to more than 100 persons. There were so many Mothman sightings at this time, in fact, that Keel wrote a book on the subject titled *The Mothman Prophecies.*

The majority of the witnesses described Mothman thus: five to seven feet

tall, gray in color and virtually headless, with large glowing red eyes set into its body near the top of its shoulders. Its wings, which had a spread of ten feet or so, did not flap in flight. Unfortunately, though, Mothman was as different from Big Bird as it was similar. Since it has no discernible head, for instance, Mothman has never been reported to have cat- or monkeylike features. Also, its wings reportedly fold against its back, not around the shoulders, and it makes a sound that one witness compared to that of a squeaky fan belt.

Then there is the thunderbird of American Indian lore—a creature that exists not only in ancient legends but in modern reports as well. Recently, for example, James Red Sky, an Ojibway Indian from the Thunder Bay, Ontario, region, told folklorist Wendy MacDougall: "We saw a thunderbird a few summers ago. A huge bird it was; a lot bigger than planes you see go by today. It didn't flap its wings. Not even once. It was white on the underside, black on top." MacDougall says she has heard many similar reports from Ojibway informants.

Pennsylvania's Black Forest boasts a long tradition of thunderbird legends, which modern reports of mysterious birds have kept alive. In one incident, said to have occurred in 1969, three men working on a road in Clinton County saw a "thunderbird" come soaring over Bush Lake, swoop down and snatch a fawn. Near Robbins Run, a couple traveling in a car saw a similar bird fly toward their vehicle, grab a dead woodchuck with one claw and zoom out of sight; the woman told a reporter that the bird's claw was four times the size of her hand.

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So what does it all add up to? In part, as we have seen, to hoaxes and errors—and perhaps, in one or two very rare cases, to hallucinations. Hallucination, however, is a word used all too frequently and carelessly as a blanket explanation for reports of strange phenomena made by apparently sincere, sane people. Hallucinations, at least as they are commonly known, do not customarily happen to normal people; on those infrequent occasions when they do occur, it is at a time when these normal people are in an abnormal state: stoned out of their minds, in the grip of delirium tremens, or adrift in a trance.

There is, though, one label that we can safely give to those things that we cannot otherwise explain, and that label is "Fortean phenomena." The appellation comes from the last name of Charles Fort (1874–1932), an American eccentric who amassed an astonishing number of reports of strange occurrences (such as UFOs, objects falling from the sky and mysterious animals), which he culled from newspapers and scientific journals.

What interested Fort even more than the occurrences themselves was the mad compulsion of authority figures to explain them in some safe, establishmentarian fashion, even though the explanations were often hilariously improbable. Since these phenomena are inconvenient and do not fit in with modern society's vision of a rational, orderly universe, according to the establishment's hypothesis, why then, they simply *cannot be*. So they are damned. Fittingly the first of Fort's four books is titled *The Book of the Damned*, and it opened with these words: "A procession of the damned. By the damned, I mean the excluded. We shall have a procession of data that science has excluded."

If these damned phenomena exist and occur, we are faced with the dismaying prospect that reality and illusion are not at all the separate qualities we think they are—that, in fact, there is a domain of nature whose existence we have only vaguely begun to suspect and where just about anything is possible. And the intrusion of this "night side of nature" into our daylight realm of reason, logic and technology, shoots to hell our complacent concept of a mechanistic universe.

The night side of nature is like a dreamland, except that its inhabitants—whether they manifest themselves as Big Birds, Bigfeet, lake monsters, extraterrestrial humanoids, men in black, or any of the other paranormal things reportedly seen thousands of times a year all over the world—have a certain physical dimension. They can make tracks in the ground and can be seen by more than one person at a time. They can leave behind ambiguous "physical evidence" and they can even hurt you. But still, they do not exist the way you and I exist.

Consider, for example, the descriptions of Big Bird. They don't match; or, at best, they match in only a very general way. We are told by apparently truthful people that Big Bird has a beak and that it doesn't have a beak; that it has feathers and that it doesn't have feathers; that it makes a bewildering variety of sounds. We are also asked to believe that this large, purportedly dangerous animal has remained uncaptured after years of cavorting in the densely populated Rio Grande Valley.

A similar controversy has raged in England over the past 15 years regarding the "Surrey puma," a large catlike animal that first appeared in the county of Surrey in the early Sixties and that subsequently has been sighted all over England. *Felis concolor*, the scientific name for the puma (usually known in the U. S. as a mountain lion), supposedly has been extinct in Britain for many centuries. Yet the reports persist, attested to by hundreds of witnesses. The thing has even slaughtered livestock and left mysterious footprints all over the countryside. But when a bright young British Fortean named R. J. M. Rickard conducted an exhaustive study of the phenomenon, he was amazed to discover that there was literally no such thing as the Surrey puma—only a large number of reports that had been lumped under that label, but that actually described many different kinds of beasts with little but a general feline resemblance.

Big Bird, like the Surrey puma, is apparently not a physical animal, only something that appears to be. Unlike a physical animal, it remains curiously elusive, untrackable, untraceable, even while taking up residence in San Benito's populous La Palma colony. What are we to conclude from all this? That we are dealing with something that both exists and does not exist?

On the night side of nature, hallucinations can tear the shirt off your back, and inhabitants can change shape and identity, like images in dreams. They are real, but only for a while; even when they are leaving claw marks in plowed fields, they are still illusions.

Suppose that in some very strange fashion the human mind is playing tricks on us, providing us with shadowy, unearthly phenomena that, at least on some unconscious level, we have a *need* to believe in. Is there a natural psychic "safety valve" that frees the imagination from the constraints placed on it by the modern world's insistence on rigid technological order? Does this process put into the real world a numbing assortment of fantastic creatures whose true home is in dream and nightmare?

All of this is highly speculative, of course, and I present it only because of the utter failure of less-fantastic explanations to account for all the facts. At the conclusion of my inquiry, which I had begun in a skeptical frame of mind, I had learned, first, that Big Bird couldn't possibly exist and, second, that it did; it both was and wasn't.

Like all those other strange and frightening creatures that walk, swim and fly in the procession of the damned, Big Bird calls upon us to accept the possibility of the impossible and forces us to view the universe in a whole new way. ▣

WILLIE SUTTON *No matter what lawyers may say, they'll work harder if they think you're innocent. So I told them I was guilty as hell on everything else, but on the charge in question, I was being framed.*

(Continued from page 72) criminal calls money loot; the criminal lawyer calls it his fee. That's why it's better to go to college. There are an awful lot of unscrupulous lawyers around. Once a lawyer took $1000 from my wife—he actually took the money out of her hand inside the bank—telling her that I had employed him as my counsel. I had told my wife I didn't want the guy under any circumstances. She went to the American Bar Association, and they demanded that he give the money back within 24 hours or he'd be disbarred. When she went to his office, he cried. He said he was a gambler and deeply in debt, and swore that if she would give him a little more time, he would pay the money back. He never did. A short time later he went out of business.

OUI: Did you ever lie to your lawyer about your guilt?

SUTTON: Sure. I didn't confess to the police; why should I confess to a lawyer? All I asked of my lawyers was that they get me every break I was entitled to under law or that they had the gall or imagination to dream up. You know, that line about how lawyers are working in a client's interest, and that they can't do their job unless the client tells them the truth, was made up by the lawyers to make their job easier. I wasn't out, though, to see how easy I could make it for *them*; I was out to get them to help me beat the rap. No matter what lawyers may say, they'll work harder if they think you're innocent. So I told them I was guilty as hell on everything else I'd ever been charged with, but on the particular charge in question, I was being framed.

OUI: You said before that today's thieves take unnecessary risks. How else do they differ from the criminals of your generation?

SUTTON: They want not only to take their victim's money but to hurt him. I have a hostility toward people like that. I simply cannot understand why a person will deliberately hurt another person if his object is simply to get the guy's money and the money has been handed over. Then, too, the younger guys have no patience. In prison, I'd tell them that to do a job right, they have to case a bank for a couple of weeks and then, once inside, stay there for a few hours; but they didn't want any part of that. And there was no way I could make them understand that I was safer inside a bank for two hours than they were shoving a gun into the face of the owner of a corner grocery store. The grocer has to work hard for his money—probably 12 or 14 hours a day—and he may very well put up a fight. Bank employees aren't likely to: They're generally of above-average intelligence; the money isn't theirs; and they know it's insured.

OUI: It's been said that you were always afraid that some fellow con was going to try to make a name for himself by killing you.

SUTTON: There are a lot of crazy people in prison—people who are likely to walk up on you and knock your head off. They'll stand behind a post with a pipe in their hands, waiting for you; they've got this delusion that you're talking about them—and you don't even know them! That's the kind of people you get in prison—psychotics. American prisons are used as dumping grounds. You hear a pious-mouthed judge say, "In prison, you're going to get psychiatric treatment." Now, he knows that a man isn't going to get psychiatric treatment, for the simple reason that no self-respecting psychiatrist is going to work full time in a penal institution for what the Government is willing to pay. So they get one who works on a per-diem basis, who comes in maybe one afternoon a week. There might be hundreds of cases; what the hell is a psychiatrist going to be able to do in a few hours?

OUI: Do the psychiatrists have confidence in their work?

SUTTON: I know a lot of psychiatrists who have their doubts. Take that special clinic the New York state legislature voted to set up at Sing Sing for sex offenders. Every sex offender in the state prison and reformatory system was going to be sent there and treated by six full-time

WILLIE SUTTON *Hotpants really shocked me, though I had read about them. A greater shock, though, was prices. The first time I went into a supermarket, I thought: And they called me a robber!*

psychiatrists. To give those doctors as much flexibility as possible, they made the sentence for all sex offenses the same—from one day to life. That whole thing collapsed, because the state was unable to get the psychiatrists; and the prison system has been fouled up with those indeterminate sentences ever since.

OUI: At one time, didn't you claim that you were beyond rehabilitation?

SUTTON: What I said was that, once I had escaped from prison and become a fugitive, there was no more chance that I could have gone straight. When I was convicted for the second time, the Baumes Law had just been passed. At that time, there was a mandatory sentence of 30 years for second offenders, and there was no more one third off for good behavior. So there I was, only 29 years old with a 30-year sentence ahead of me, and no way to cut it short but to escape.

OUI: So the law forced you to think of escape, not of rehabilitation?

SUTTON: Those kinds of laws aren't rehabilitative, because everyone goes to prison and no one gets out. As a result, the prisons are overcrowded, and the government has to resort to some remedial legislation to reduce the sentences. You hear the public cry for long sentences, but when it comes to putting up the money to build and support penal institutions, they renege. Prison is a very expensive place.

OUI: Isn't the public willing to pay through the nose for maximum security?

SUTTON: Honest citizens believe that almost everybody who goes to prison wants to escape. But I tell you this: You wouldn't believe what a small minority is looking to escape. There're guys with 40 years, guys with life, who will never try it. If you knocked a wall down, they wouldn't run out; in fact, they'd probably run the other way, to get the bricks and mortar to rebuild it. So why should the 95 percent who have no intention of escaping be confined in those monstrous places that are breaking the taxpayer? Of the five percent who would like to escape, four percent would go along only if somebody else did the planning; so it's just *one* percent they have to worry about escaping. It cost $20,000,000 to build that goddamn fortress at Attica, and the public thinks it's being protected from 2300 men. Not so. Actually the number is closer to 20!

OUI: Wouldn't it cost considerably more to house those men somewhere else? Is there a reasonable alternative?

SUTTON: Sure: rehabilitation. But that costs money, too. I believe that, in order to rehabilitate people, you have to go all out, and that means you can't build token schools. There are kids who would be amenable to learning the skills necessary to earn a living on the outside, but most of them are uneducated and quite a large number of them are illiterate. And then, too, many inmates, though, just do not want to be rehabilitated. When a person remains in prison for a long time, his wants become very simple: a warm meal, the next ball game, a comfortable place to sleep. You have to give that person an incentive to improve himself. It's like the stick and the carrot: If he's willing to learn to read, he should get a certain amount of time off his sentence; if he's decided to go for a high school diploma, he should get more time off.

OUI: What do you say to the argument that society should not reward people who have done rotten things?

SUTTON: But I'm not talking about the benefits to *convicts*; I'm talking about the benefits to society. You can't just sweep people under the rug; they're going to come back. The question is, are they going to come back worse than before—or better? I think society must come to a decision about what it wants of its prisons. Why do you send a man to prison? The prime purpose, they keep telling you, is to remove him from society. I believe in that; that's basic. But why, if that *is* the purpose, should his whole life be changed once he is behind prison walls? Why does he have to lose all of his rights—his family rights, his rights as a workingman, his rights as a citizen? One of the worst things in prison is idleness. That's my whole thing: that a prisoner should be given an opportunity to work for a wage, whereby he could support himself and his family, and the burden wouldn't be on the taxpayer. As things stand, a prison shop—like, say, a shirt shop—isn't allowed to compete with outside manufacturers, because the unions oppose convict labor. The only way you can get around that is to have prisoners join a union and be paid union wages.

OUI: Are you proposing a prisoner's union?

SUTTON: I don't believe in a prison union by any means. But inmates should be permitted to join, say, the garment-workers' union so they'd be on equal footing with the people who have to earn a living outside. Deducted from the inmate's earnings would be the cost of his room, his meals, his laundry service and whatever other services he might require. You see, the way it is now, when a man is in prison for five or ten years, he becomes hopelessly dependent. Everything is given to him. His mind deteriorates. When he gets out, he can't just throw that off and say, "I am free," because he's still chained by years of having things handed to him without any effort on his part. I believe, too, that the state should make a bigger effort to keep a family together. Take Attica and Dannemora in Upstate New York: They're in godforsaken places that are hard to get to—because people don't want prisons in their immediate vicinity—and most of the wives of the inmates live in New York City, which is at least 300 miles away. They're working people mostly, or on welfare, so naturally the only time they can visit is on weekends, and because of the distance and cost involved, visits are very rare for a lot of people. So naturally the families grow apart.

OUI: Didn't you say that one of the things you missed most in prison was the laughter of kids?

SUTTON: That's one thing you never see: kids. Think of being in prison for 17 years and never seeing a kid. When I was in Sing Sing, Warden Lawes would let his little daughter roam around the prison grounds. Boy, that was a well-loved little girl. If anybody had laid a hand on her, he'd have been torn apart.

OUI: There must be tremendous surprises when you come out after 17 years. What changes did you notice most?

SUTTON: The increase in population—the cars, the traffic. Hotpants really shocked me, even though I had read about them. Of course, reading is one thing; actually being confronted is altogether different. A greater shock, though, was prices. The first time I went into a supermarket, I thought to myself: And they called me a robber! Thirty-seven cents for a loaf of bread! I still can't get over it. In fact, even now I wonder whether I won't have to come out of retirement in order to eat.

OUI: Are rules for parole still the same—that you can't vote, can't drive, can't associate with prostitutes?

SUTTON: Oh, yeah, but they don't enforce them as strictly as they used to. Like, if you need a driver's license for a job, you can get permission from the parole officers. But it's all according to who the individual is.

OUI: Is there any legitimate kind of business that would satisfy you at this stage of the game?

SUTTON: For a living? There're a lot of things. Writing, for instance. I enjoy that; it's great mental discipline.

OUI: Some people are offended by the idea that a man who spent his life robbing banks now has a chance to make a bundle by writing about it. To them, it's a sign of the immorality of our times.

SUTTON: They're wrong about that. I've discovered that crime doesn't pay, but writing about it does. What could be more moral than that? ▣

WHO

Eric Meola

Anita Russell knows all sides of the camera

Anita Russell is *the* model of now. Her agency is Zoli, which is one of New York's hottest agencies, and she's been in *Time*, *Cosmo*, *Esquire* and *Playboy*. She's a campy, vampy, Atlanta-born blonde, and now that she's conquered magazines, she's ready, she says, to take on the movies. "Modeling is just like acting, anyway," she told us. "You've got to *do* something." And one of her photographers says, "She is one of the most energetic and hard-working models I've ever shot. On one quick 36-exposure roll, she gives you 36 different poses. Incredible." And now this privileged information available only to OUI—her favorite foods: pasta, pumpkin pie and salads. Her tank top, by the way, is from Pho-Togs.

Elizabeth Ashley at mid-career: the actress as outlaw

Elizabeth Ashley has a lot of balls. She became a star at an age when most beauties start to think about retiring to a California ranch, but she thinks and looks like a member of the rock-'n'-roll generation. She's not worried about declining sex appeal either—hers isn't declining—and once in a while she slips; for example, *Women's Wear Daily* quoted her as saying she is the world's greatest lay. Ashley denies *stating* that she is the world's greatest lay; she doesn't, however, deny that she *is* the world's greatest lay—but if you are, why talk about it? Several years ago, she made the big mistake of appearing in *Ship of Fools*—a dog—after which, she says, she didn't get parts. Then she did brilliantly in a revival of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and, as a result, she has been seen onscreen a lot lately. She seems to fit right into Tom McGuane's outlaw mold, so she was asked to make *Rancho Deluxe* and *92 in the Shade*, though she didn't do McGuane's *The Missouri Breaks* with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson. Recently she was cast as an outlaw lady in *Legend*, a Broadway show that flopped. But Ashley's too tough to let that stop her and hopes to be able to take an outlaw-lady revue to Broadway—maybe, she says, with some "showbiz floozies."

Kramer-Abeles Studio

Kiss gets a face job

If you belong to a top rock-'n'-roll group, you're recognized everywhere. Take Kiss, for example. Kiss has been on top for a year or so and its members are recognized everywhere—but only when they're in their famous kabuki make-up. Wash Paul Stanley's face and he's anonymous. And to stay on top, Kiss has to perform constantly. So what's a rock star to do? To keep their pores open, Kiss members regularly check in at Georgette Klinger's Skin Care Salon where the Beautiful People have their faces put on. With constant heat treatments and facials, Kiss may save enough face to retire in a few years.

Waring Abbott

Dr. Feelgood doesn't make house calls

They look just like 1966 except a little smarter. They sound just like 1966 except a little tighter. And since the Seventies haven't given us anything new but *disco*, why not go back to 1966 for the right idea? It's easy for Dr. Feelgood to emulate the British invasion because the group was there. Ten years ago, when the Beatles, the Stones and the Who invaded the U. S., these boys, known then as The Heap, stayed at home to entertain the pub crowds. But now they're ready for a little invading of their own, performing the same kind of hard-driving British blues that swept America ten years ago. Wilko Johnson, the dark, handsome one (left), is a crazy guitarist sometimes mistaken for Dr. Feelgood himself. So is tall and dangerous-looking blues shouter Lee Brilleaux (second from right). Dr. Feelgood is no one man, however, but four late-blooming Britons with an ambition to put America back on the map of Britain.

Martha Velez discovers *reggae* and vice versa

Reggae may be sweeping America, but Jamaicans are still not exactly impressed with rock 'n' roll. Bob Marley hadn't even heard of Eric Clapton until the British blues millionaire recorded the Jamaican's defiant song *I Shot the Sheriff* and hit number one. But Marley and his

Mean Morgan Fairchild

If you happen to be home sick some afternoon watching the soaps, you might notice a stunning but bitchy little blonde on *Search for Tomorrow*; you will see her work out her frustrations by breaking up marriages. Or you may remember the woman in these pictures from Gillette's famous dry-look commercial. In real life, she is actress Morgan Fairchild, who finds peace with herself by practicing the inner disciplines of kung fu. She does it for exercise, too. "I'm really a jock at heart," she says. "After a workout, I love the way my ass feels when I walk upstairs." Should *you* try to find out how it feels, Morgan is capable of ripping *your* ass off. Morgan is single now, after a longish marriage. She hasn't known this before, but she also has an open invitation to visit OUI's photo studios.

Klaus Lucka

David Wallechinsky is his real name

Sons of famous fathers have special problems of identity and career. But consider how 28-year-old David Wallechinsky, son of author Irving Wallace, solved his. He returned to his ancestral name after his

grandfather told him how immigration officials had Americanized it; then he produced a bigger book than any of his father's—the 1481-page *The People's Almanac*, of which almost 650,000 copies are in print. Forthcoming from D. W.: *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?*

Lynn Goldsmith

Rastafarians were impressed when a singer named Martha Velez showed up one day, determined to stick around until she could *reggae* with the best of them. A veteran of the English rock scene, Martha was well known for her high-powered voice but never found the hit groove until she discovered *reggae*. Marley was impressed and decided to produce her next album. It came out dreadful, and in Jamaica, that's great. The results are on *Escape from Babylon* (Sire).

Bob Dylan comes out of the closet

A *Hard Rain's A'gonna Fall*, and it did at Colorado State University's football stadium—with 25,000 fans cheering madly for a sample of Bob Dylan's old and recent wares. On September 14th, shortly after this magazine has appeared on newsstands, NBC television will broadcast portions of that concert as Dylan's first TV special. Unlike the polished live performances we have seen in the past, this one will have quasi-documentary appeal, as it was done with hand-held cameras panning rapidly to catch tight Dylan close-ups. Watch for the head scarf that Dylan now wears at all performances—and that seems to be his current signature. It is speculated that Columbia Records will release an album of the sound track.

Camera V

Catharine Allport

Andy De Groat is a top

Most modern dancers combine classical training with improvisation to come up with something that looks easy but is in fact extremely difficult. Andy De Groat's spinning dance is simple but looks impossible. His biggest influence: the 1000-year-old whirling-dervish tradition. And he says he never gets dizzy.

Bill Eggleston crosses the color line

While most young photographers are happy to donate a print to a museum just to get exhibited, Bill Eggleston held out for something better: a major show. This summer the Museum of Modern Art in New York gave him one—in color—and that was a coup for a first-time exhibitor. The 37-year-old Memphis-based photographer shoots seemingly mundane snapshots in a style he calls personal documentary. The style is not new but bringing it off in color is. Eggleston has broken a taboo.

Geoffrey Biddle

Charles Fahlen makes cement sculpture

While renovating his town house in old Philadelphia, sculptor Charles Fahlen became intrigued by the creative possibilities in such humble do-it-yourself materials as fiberglass, roofing cement and plywood, and he incorporated them into his studio work. His minimalist sculpture redefines these homey materials and makes them approachable and even charming—as witness his whimsically titled *Eversmart*, sold for $1600, which is notso-dumb either. That's why Fahlen and his sculpture will be around for a while.

Jack Mitchell

SHORT TAKES

LIMP LIB

A feminist reporter stands up for the soft-on

All I've ever wanted is a cock I can count on. So I'm crass, insensitive and out of synch with avant-garde sexual rhetoric. I resign myself to being an old-fashioned girl in a new cultural climate where a man's admission that he has trouble getting it up is sometimes a sign of sexual sophistication and sometimes a seduction technique. Yet I have also discovered that an impotent man can be an aggressive lover when he employs what could be called the limp-lib line.

I was initially attracted to my date and I had no idea he was impotent until he began discussing his "problem" over dinner at his place. "A stiff cock isn't necessary for either a woman or a man to achieve sexual satisfaction," he said. "That's a myth perpetuated by our cock-worshiping society. You, as a feminist, should recognize this fact."

He suggested that the need for a stiff dick bordered on the fascistic; then, shifting from hard rhetoric to soft, he went on with a smile: "My impotence has had positive effects. It's made me discover all sorts of new erogenous zones. Feet, for example: Feet are fun."

"Foot fucking? Now I've heard everything," I thought.

After dinner, when my date started nudging me, my senses went into a state of armed revolution. Touchie-feelie may have been a turn-on for him, but for me, it was a prelude to nothingness. "If you require a stiff cock," he snapped, "I'm not the man for you."

The evening ended with me freaking out. "It's my stomach," I mumbled. "I'm going to be sick, very sick."

My date drove me home. Five minutes after he was gone, the nausea subsided. What had sickened and enraged me was not so much his impotence but his effort to make me feel guilty.

It seems that some women do not require a stiff cock. Sam Julty, who had been openly discussing and writing about his impotence long before the publication of his book *Male Sexual Performance* (Grosset & Dunlap), says that he has had only two negative sexual experiences in recent years and that women's reactions to his problem range from healthy questions to who gives a shit.

Julty is limp lib's guru and chief theoretician, but he finds the term limp lib insulting. But then a lot of words are insulting to Julty, an otherwise jolly, energetic man. Speaking in a booming bass voice, he declares he wants to ban the word impotence as it is applied to male sexuality. "Impotence implies lack of power. But impotent men have the power to work and they also have the power to give and receive pleasure."

Julty also wants to do away with the word foreplay. Everything sexual, he says, should be play. He talks about a pleasure pie. Fucking, he says, "is only one piece of the pie, a big piece to be sure, but there are other pieces. Like kissing, stroking the side of the neck or nibbling it, having your breasts sucked. I've discovered that I like having my kneecap licked. That's very nice." Julty also dislikes the word penetration, which he wants replaced with intromission. To him, penetration suggests both violence toward a woman and male domination.

Julty is 47, twice divorced, the father of one and the grandfather of two. He is impotent only sporadically. "Sometimes I can be hard as a rock after three sleepless nights and, at other times, when I'm rested and I've had my vitamin B, I'm soft."

Julty thinks that one major cause of his impotence was his former feeling that he didn't deserve pleasure. But now he is into pleasure. Julty's eyes gleam when he speaks of the joys of "palms being gently stroked or toes sucked."

In his book, in men's-consciousness-raising sessions and elsewhere, Julty urges impotent men to become more tactile; to explore erogenous zones that they have never considered before.

Julty's liberating message to the impotent is: Stop defining manhood in terms of an erect cock. Yes, impotence is a problem—"an awful problem," he acknowledges—but it's *only* a problem. Get into the rest of your body, and the problem may disappear. Meanwhile, Julty continues, impotent men must recognize that "it's OK to be sucked and not come, and it's OK to come without getting a hard-on."

At this point, I acknowledge my own ignorance of male sexuality. I didn't know impotent men could come. "Sure they can," Julty says. "A woman can do all sorts of things to get a man off, like gently moving a vibrator around his groin area. And there are all sorts of things impotent men can do to pleasure women."

It all sounded positive and I was pleased when Julty scoffed at the notion that liberated women, who allegedly demand performance from men, are to blame for the so-called "impotence boom."

Even so, I have a gut feeling that I don't want to have a sexual experience with an impotent man—despite my reeducation. Maybe I've been brainwashed. Maybe I've been programed to associate a hard-on with male competence on all levels. All I know is that I like the feeling of being filled and an erect cock comforts me and makes me feel secure for reasons I can't quite explain.

Meanwhile, I'm in favor of impotent men learning to give and receive pleasure and redefining their manhood. And I also believe that sexually normal men could take a cue from Julty and get more into their bodies and become more erotic. If limp lib has the effect of improving the techniques of the wham-bam boys, the *macho* males who fuck like drilling machines—using a woman to jerk off—then I'll be a sympathizer and will applaud from the side lines.

—MARY REINHOLZ

Illustration by Brian Miller

KENNETH ANGER RISING *He had always had a gut dislike for Christianity. When his parents tried to force him to attend Presbyterian Sunday school, he simply willed the church to burn down.*

(Continued from page 60) moonbeams blazed down."

Enamored of Hollywood's "*Arabian Nights* splendor," Anger soon became a fanatic collector of movie stills. Some of them appear in *Hollywood Babylon*, including a nude shot of a 17-year-old Jean Harlow, which he had obtained—"I think I gave him three Johnny Weissmullers for it"—from a kid whose father worked at Metro. Of the stars of his boyhood, Anger would later write: "Never have so few provided masturbation fodder for so many. No other religion can make that claim!"

Anger knew who-of he spoke. As a preteen from an upper-middle-class home, for example, he was sent to an exclusive cotillion club, where his fox-trot partner was Shirley Temple. Curly Shirley, then 10 or 11, was already over the hill and, for Anger's money, as scintillating as a hard-boiled egg: "She was not" he said, "my most unforgettable experience."

He had always had a gut dislike for Christianity. When his parents tried to force him to attend Presbyterian Sunday school, he simply *willed* the church to burn down. And, he said, "My parents never harassed me again." One cannot help wondering, though: His films seem so fraught with a distinctly Catholic sense of extreme cosmology—fallen angels and glittering demons and the sainthood of James Dean. "No, Catholicism had no influence on me whatsoever"—Anger said, smiling—"though I did see the film *The Song of Bernadette* from the window of my chemistry class at Beverly High, if you want to count that."

In 1947, while still a high school student, Anger filmed his first movie in his family's living room, while his parents were away for the weekend. The film was titled *Fireworks*, and it prompted Jean Cocteau to hail Anger as a fellow poet and the new *enfant terrible*; in New York, however, many underground filmgoers were horrified by what this 17-year-old kid from Hollywood had done.

Fireworks stars Anger as a youth who picks up sailors and is then gang-banged and beaten by them. ("The white figures of the sailors," wrote Parker Tyler, "are like ritual masters initiating a postulant into the severities of military-barracks sex. Stylistically it is not a perfect film; it remains a very authentic one.") After the attack, a sailor cradles the broken Anger in his arms, *Pietà* style, and, in a close-up, a stream of what is either semen or maternal milk gushes into the youth's mouth. *Fireworks* ends with a shot of a sailor's crotch: The fly unzips and out shoots a sparkling Roman candle.

Tennessee Williams called *Fireworks* "The most exciting use of cinema that I have ever seen!" Others agree, and their praise and patronage have made the film into a cult masterpiece.

In his 20s, Anger moved to Paris, where Cocteau took him under his wing. But the young film maker—who would later inherit "enough money to keep me working"—needed money to survive and so went to see a French publisher who had recently brought out a deluxe edition of the works of the Marquis de Sade; Anger figured the man was ready for a similarly eccentric, panting account of movieland's worst follies. He was. And so was Paris. *Hollywood Babylon* became an instant *succès de scandale* when it hit the stands in 1959—boxed in celluloid, bound in pink-and-gold brocade, with a nipple-flash photo of Jayne Mansfield on the cover. The book soon appeared in America in a pirated paperback edition; "I had translated two thirds of it as a presentation for an American publisher, who wrote in the rest and put my name on the cover," Anger said.

Consequently, Anger never got a penny for the over 2,000,000 paperbacks sold in the U. S. In 1971, the same publisher released a second-rate sex flick based on the book, again using Anger's name in the ads, and Anger put a curse on him: "And now that man has been condemned to eight years in prison, his wife had a hysterectomy and his son has incurable diabetes."

"Why should the wife and child bear the father's punishment?" I asked.

"Well," he pooh-poohed, "anyone with that guy for a father. . . ."

Anger had just given himself away. How much of *Hollywood Babylon*, I have long wondered, is merely inspired wishful thinking, too?

"None of it," the author insisted. "The book was painstakingly researched."

But how had he gotten the drop on those incredible scandals, scenes so excessive that even OUI blushes to publish the names of the surviving participants and intends to scurry behind the device of first initials only. How, for instance, did he learn that Ramon Novarro kept a dildo for a bedside shrine?

"Growing up in Hollywood, I always kept my ears open," Anger replied. "I used to listen at the top of the stairs at my parents' parties. But my stories are more than gossip; most are substantiated by court records. I mean, you can't call a murder that made world-wide headlines, like Novarro's, gossip! He was found with that blood-spattered dildo thrust down his throat. It was a black art-deco shlong made of lead and signed in silver by Valentino. Rudy had given it to him as a campy paperweight, and as far as the D.A. could tell, it was the instrument the two hustlers used to bludgeon the old man to death."

Granted, there is solid evidence for Anger's assertions that Charlie Chaplin's first two brides were pregnant 16-year-olds, and that when glamor-star Frances Farmer was booked on drunk charges, she signed "Cocksucker" as her occupation. But how could he back up some strictly *privileged* info? The book *names*, for instance, the still-kicking D, the Trouser Lady, and C, the Cutie-Pie who taught the King how to hitchhike, as lesbians.

"Not lesbians!" Anger interrupted. "*Bisexuals*. Joyous bisexuals."

Didn't he fear reprisal?

"Well, they can slap my face if they want to—I'll never wash it again. But no, I don't fear reprisals or lawsuits. In fact, I fought with the lawyers at Straight Arrow books to let me include a compromising snapshot of a certain very important actor. It's a close-up of him giving head, and his approach to the dick is very cute, like he's really looking forward to it, a sort of ooh-yummy expression. But the lawyers insisted that it was an invasion of privacy, and so the photo was suppressed. It's not that I want to hurt him; I just think it's time he came out of the closet."

Anger explained that the point of *Hollywood Babylon* was to strip away illusion, to show that there had to be a great discrepancy between an actor and his movie image, "because, quite simply, human beings are more complex than archetypes. And a perfect illustration of this is the he-man actor who has his chauffeur arrange liaisons for him with stevedores!"

But for all Anger's bravado, the fact is that the new edition pales beside the juicier, unauthorized edition. It might be tighter and just as bitchy-bitter, but it omits many of the former's mind blowers—such as, for instance, Tyrone Power's enthusiasm for filth.

"The shit passions of Tyrone Power and movie mogul Sam Spiegel are all there in the new edition," Anger insisted, "but spaded underground like fertilizer. In other words, the real dirt is in code!"

Sock-o! What could be more Kenneth Anger than making Liz-and-Dick-type nonsense worthy of a Rosetta stone! But he was willing to reveal only that the code has to do with capital letters, cuneiform writing and reading vertically.

The idea, Anger said, came from two

Egyptologists he met through Cocteau who told him of how certain hieroglyphics have a double meaning. "On the surface," Anger said, "the script might be chronicling a Pharaoh's victory, but once you knew the key, it was describing a medicine that cured epilepsy." Certainly such an elaborate system would account for *Babylon*'s layout, its seemingly random capitalization, its alliteration and its peculiar word spacing. Anger promised $1000 to the first person who cracked the code and advised taking "a handful of Judy Garland specials" (speed) to help with the task.

Anger has already gotten mail about one choice item in the book: that the Sharon Tate massacre resembled "a jetplane crash: the Bad Ship Lollipop piloted by Uncle Sugar." He explained that, to those familiar with Army Intelligence slang, this meant that the free-spending Government ("Uncle Sugar") had programed Manson "with mind-warping drugs" to commit senseless crimes in order to discredit the youth movement (an alleged CIA operation called Project Bad Ship Lollipop).

Anger has no remorse about burying his most sensational data in ciphers: "I wrote *Hollywood Babylon* for one reader in a thousand. The code is a challenge to his ingenuity and diligence." But it had another function for Anger: "It's my way, as a magician, of acting on people's minds, either subliminally, when they skim along the top layer of print, or actually, when they dig down to solve the puzzle. For hidden inside this very profane history of Hollywood—with all its junkies and sickies—is an esoteric history of a magical brother- and sisterhood. The 33 chapters represent the 33 degrees of Masonic initiation. See, to me, all these showbiz characters are initiates of Aleister Crowley's Order of the Silver Star, the Argenteum Astrum."

Anger didn't expand on this provocative theory, but later I did some detective work with Crowley's diary. Here's what I pieced together: The Argenteum Astrum is the inner sanctum of secret societies; one might be a member of it unwittingly—indeed, without even knowing such an order exists!—just by virtue of an extreme self-absorption, the sort of egomania often exhibited by film stars. "All the Hollywood Babylonians," Anger said in the book, "gave themselves to the dark forces, the angels of fire, with no holding back. Clara Bow, for instance, used to gang-bang with an entire football team!" In return for this dedication to self, there was fame, fortune and "an inner wisdom."

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Anger's fascination with the occult became more pronounced after his stint in Paris in the Fifties. It was in that period that he discovered Aleister Crowley, who, as the rhyme goes, practiced "magick unholy" until his death in 1947. Crowley, like Anger, had divined at an early age that his sympathies lay with the foes of heaven—all those fabuli who wreak havoc in the last, prophetic chapter of the Bible. Eventually Crowley came to believe that he was The Beast of the Apocalypse, the ultimate anti-Christ, and that evil was a positive principle.

Such a sacrilegious notion titillated Anger, who began to study all of Crowley's books and went to Sicily to soak up the vibes at Crowley's infamous abbey, the site of his supposed human sacrifices.

"Oh, Crowley may have crucified some alley cats," said Anger, "but the human-sacrifice rumor is absurd! What happened was that one of his guests drank contaminated water and died of typhoid fever. The world press sensationalized it as some sort of blood orgy, and Crowley had to flee Sicily by order of Mussolini's police. . . . "

Anger spent a whole summer at the abbey, restoring Crowley's pornographic frescoes, which the police had whitewashed. The salvage job was slow, in places impossible, but the revelations were often staggering. "There were bawdy frescoes everywhere, floor to ceiling: ladies mounted by goats, all sorts of fantastic couplings," Anger said.

Upon returning to America in the early Sixties, Anger decided that it was "in the teenage cults that magic emerges into the contemporary world." In *Scorpio Rising*, the leather boys exude the aura of high school hoods who, being social outsiders, have identified with the most super*macho* of bad guys, Nazi storm troopers. The film's sound track of 100-decibel punky Top-40 hits predated the rock innovations of *Easy Rider* and *American Graffiti* and has never been surpassed for audacity; at one point, Christ rides a donkey as the Crystals blast "He's a rebel, and he'll never be any good!" But the outrages paid off, for the Ford Foundation gave Anger $10,000 to make his next movie, about the customized-car cult.

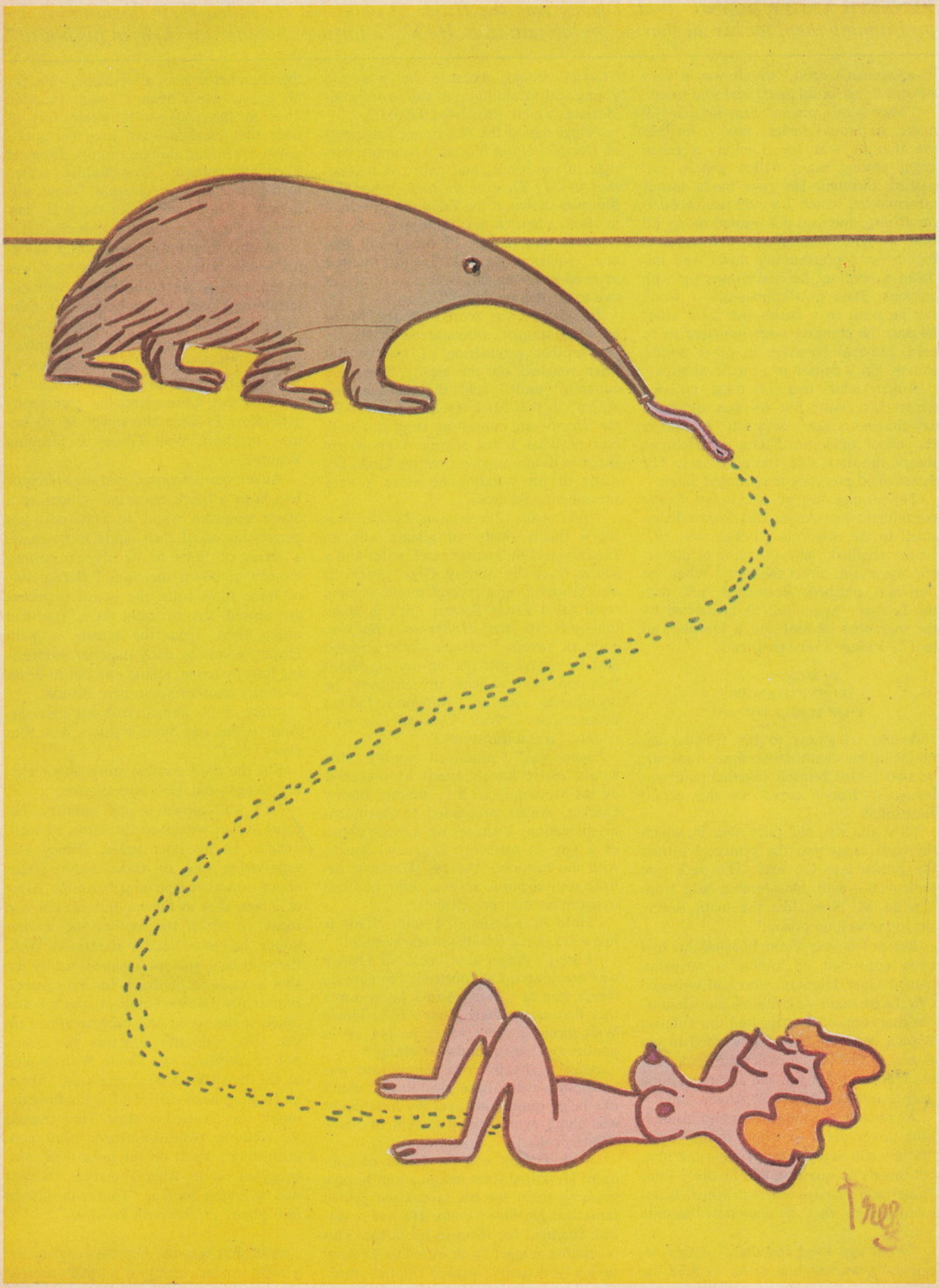
"The kids who make their own cars really live in a dream world," Anger said at the time. "They aren't allowed to drive those cars on the highway, you see, so they just *work* on them. They are in love with the inhuman, and, set loose in a technological world, they could really become dangerous."

Although the hot-rod film had to be scrapped as a major project when the lead died in a smashup, a fragment of the footage was later released as *Kustom Kar Kommandos*. ("The Ks are the authentic teenage spelling," Anger explained, "their way of excluding adults.") The film shows a pink convertible being polished by a huge white powder puff, which seems to glide across the screen by itself; gradually, however, we see that the puff is being propelled by a duck-tailed youth dressed in an aqua T-shirt and faded jeans. The blue of the kid's clothes and the pink of the car—the yang and yin of babyland—cause an erotic tension to emerge through the soft focus. In the background, syrupy voices sing *Dream Lover*. Sex as obsession; suicide as joy; all secrets are fetishes—the messages of *KKK* recur throughout Anger's work.

"If I tend toward violent themes," Anger said, "it's because I'm Scorpio ascendant. In *Scorpio Rising*, I made a careful visual delineation of that sign in terms of what it rules: sex, death and machinery. So, you see, I'm just playing out my nature. But I believe in the sacredness of life. I don't even approve of hurting animals. It's just coincidence that my three heaviest involvements have been with psychopaths."

Anger feels that the men who come to him are "elementals." "Oh, they were human once," he elaborated, "but at some stage, a demonic force moves in and sits there." He has tried to film them, "but they come and go too quickly." In fact, *Lucifer Rising*—an Anger project that has been in the works for the past ten years—was suggested by an elemental who had Anger sign a contract with Lucifer in blood.

Anger said, "I was in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco at dawn, reciting an invocation to a spirit—the Bornless One—who is associated with a vivid indigo blue, a color that is also sacred to Lucifer. Well, I looked up from my book and saw this sudden blue flash on the other side of the lake. I went toward it and saw this wild-looking young man sneaking up on a duck, which he meant to eat on the spot, because he was on the run from an insane asylum in Oregon and hadn't eaten for days. I soon realized that the flash had been caused by the sun bouncing off his locket, which was enameled with the iridescent indigo of a butterfly's wing. His name was Joe and on the back of his jacket he had drawn a demon: a torso with a male and a female head. I asked him what the drawing meant, and he said, 'Well, I'm a man



in a woman's orbit,' which was a very strange thing for an unlettered stud to say.

"Whenever I pressed him for his full name, he would hedge; finally, he told me that he was Joe Lucifer, a fallen angel among many fallen angels, just passing through. He gave me a lot of information, which I would use in *Lucifer Rising*, and said if I wanted more, I'd have to sign a commitment to Lucifer in blood. So I pricked my finger and initialed a contract he had drawn up with crayons. Then he disappeared—I won't say he went in a flash—but soon after, he and the contract were nowhere to be seen. He had behaved, in other words, exactly like a demon in a medieval book."

Anger later had LUCIFER tattooed across his chest; but he was quick to say that he is not a satanist. "Lucifer is the angel of light; Satan, in Hebrew, means the dark side, the adversary. The Jews called everyone they fought Satan."

The strange history of *Lucifer Rising* continued when Anger cast Bobby Beausoleil in the title role. "Bobby was 19," Anger recalled, "always trying to power-trip me and to direct the film." When the film was finished, Beausoleil split with the footage. Anger felt so brutalized by the theft that he took out a full-page ad in *The Village Voice* that read:

IN MEMORIAM
KENNETH ANGER
FILM MAKER 1947–1967

and sent telegrams to his friends, announcing his death. In no time, however, he had pulled himself together and was laying a heavy curse on the errant Beausoleil.

"It's like the old fairy tale in which the toad turns into the prince; I turned the prince into the toad. His dark side took over—with considerable help from Charlie M. Now, like the toad, Bobby sits in the well, in prison."

Beausoleil was there because he had been convicted of knifing a musician named Gary Hinman, who had wronged Charlie Manson—a helter-skelterish murder that supposedly triggered the Tate-La Bianca debacle. "Manson wanted to get Bobby out of jail by making it look as if the Hinman killer was still at large, killing people indiscriminately," Anger said.

At present, the film maker and his one-time lover have patched things up—"Bobby still says he didn't steal the film, but there's no question that he did"—and Anger gets 20-page letters in which Beausoleil claims that he has now become Lucifer.

"When we lived together," Anger recalled, "I warned him never to read the Crowley books, because he was too young and would jump to the wrong conclusions, which, I'm afraid, he did."

Anger edited the remaining fragments of *Lucifer Rising* into an 11-minute barrage of jump cuts and called it *Invocation of My Demon Brother*. When the film was shown at the Edinburgh Festival in 1969, a church next door spontaneously burst into flames. "I didn't will that one," Anger contended. "It's just that the invocation in the film was a very potent call to the demon world."

Invocation was scored on the Moog by Mick Jagger, who agreed to star in yet another production of *Lucifer* but later welshed on the deal. "The only concrete result," said the disenchanted Anger, "is that Mick wrote *Sympathy for the Devil*—an interesting song but only half of what I was saying. I know my theories didn't make a dent on Mick, because at his wedding he wore a very prominent gold cross."

Now, in its 12th version, *Lucifer Rising* is finally ready for release with an English steel-mill worker as Lucifer and a sound track by Jimmy Page. Anger is also finishing up a second movie-scandal book titled *Trade Secrets*. "It's in code, too—sort of the *Hollywood Babylon* code in reverse." Anger again insisted that he wasn't just pulling my leg about that code and, to whet my curiosity, he deciphered one of *Babylon*'s hidden defamations: "Walt Disney," he said calmly, "was a transvestite."

"Jeeee-sus," I mumbled numbly. That would really knock every Mouseketeer on his Mouseke-ear. But, jumpin' Jiminy Cricket, Anger proceeded to document his allegation: I was shown a fuzzy photo of a guy in matronly Dustbowl weeds, with the caption: "At 14, [Disney's] artistic soul began to show a little; he liked to act in his mother's clothes."

"Hold it, Kenneth," I said. "This is just a *kid*, not a full-blown transvestite!"

"Listen," Anger shot back, "if Disney was dragging up at fourteen, I'm sure he didn't stop at fifteen! And I know for a fact that every New Year's Eve, Uncle Walt threw a party where he got up in panties and garters and *every*thing!"

Anger's already rosy complexion was becoming even more florid. He didn't like being questioned, and my little doubt was about to unleash a torrent of Snow White slush.

"Walt Disney was the Hitler of children! He killed their imagination by programing them for his saccharine prefab fantasies. He *hated* them. He had a torture chamber for them in his house. This is another nugget from *Babylon*. I'm not saying he actually tortured children, now; the chamber was an after-dinner joke for his guests. He'd open a small, rounded door in the wall—a fairy-tale sort of door that creaked—and take his guests down a winding staircase into a dungeon filled with racks and Iron Maidens scaled to the size of a five-year-old! 'Now, this is how I really feel about the little bastards,' he'd say, and puff on his cigar.

"And Disneyland in Anaheim, California"—the bile was flowing; Anger was in top form—"has nothing to do with entertaining kids! It was constructed for the sole purpose of preserving Disney's body forever! He's frozen in a cryogenized nitrogen-filled capsule in the tower of Sleeping Beauty's Castle, and in case of a power cut, Disneyland has emergency generators to keep the tower at 40 below! In short, Walt Disney *is* Sleeping Beauty!"

Anger was convinced that the animator had been a black magician—"because a black magician wants to hold onto his personality at all costs, and Disney made a series of films to be shown posthumously at board meetings." Before one of these films rolls, the board members are seated left to right in a specified order; then, from the screen, a giant Disney points to each member, addressing him by name, telling one not to drink so much, another not to play around.

"Sort of an annual bad-will message. And to this day there's still a new film every year!"

But the most terrible story about Disney, Anger said, isn't even a secret:

"It's well-known in the industry, because it was witnessed by scores of technicians. In his later years, Disney was supervising one of those nature films about a mother bear and her cubs. Most of it was shot in the mountains, but one scene, in which the mother suckles her young, had to be done in the studio. Well, the wild bear was too freaked out by the shut-in stage to lie down for the camera. Eventually Disney came on the set and asked if the scene had been wrapped up yet. 'No,' said the director, 'the bear's not cooperating.' So Uncle Walt looked at the bewildered bear and said, 'Shoot its fucking head off!' And that's how the movie was finished on time. They framed the scene to avoid the blasted head, concentrating instead on the poor little cubs snuggled up to what audiences thought was a loving mother. That's an insight into all of *Hollywood Babylon*."

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And that was the interview—given by a regal Anger, sitting in a chair covered

with a bright-orange sheet. ("It has no magical significance; I just like the color.") Beneath the stare of the poster James Dean, the room was full of things Anger liked: marbles in a jar; peacock feathers in a vase; flying-saucer newsletters ("Some people think Saint John was describing saucer raids in the *Apocalypse*"); and a stack of Thirties' *Pour Vous*, the French *Photoplay* ("Handle them as delicately as you would the Dead Sea Scrolls," Anger admonished).

Now 46, Anger remains the changeling prince still, the child who never quite got over the magical idea that pictures could move. The orange sheet really caught his essence; it was the color of fire, the motif of *Fireworks* and of his admitted identification with Lucifer. For, in Anger's romance of darkness, fire provides the perverse note, the flickering contradiction that only intensifies the surrounding gloom.

Such a gut perversity characterized his letter announcing my curse. A month earlier, I had given him an Anger-inspired article in which I had nominated Jayne Mansfield for sainthood as the patron saint of gossip columnists. To clinch my (mock) divinity case, I repeated a tale gleaned from three Jayne bios, to the effect that the reason that the star died in a gruesome car crash was that she had refused to worship the Devil and was thus cursed by a prominent West Coast satanist (whom I named).

Do I have to tell you that Anger was best friends with the guy and rushed to San Francisco to shove the piece under his satanic nose? "Never have I seen him roused to such a towering fury!" Anger wrote in a school marmish tone. Apparently Jayne and the towering inferno used to ride around all night, having loads of laughs, and this satanist would never *ever* inscribe her name in his Book of Curse. So he inscribed mine there instead. "This will be a lesson to you," fussed Anger, "never to print an unsupported rumor." Which is rather the pot calling the kettle.

But perhaps it is simply a lack of perspective that makes Anger condemn in others what he himself celebrates. This same absurd double standard snakes through *Hollywood Babylon*. On the one hand, he derides Louella Parsons as a salivating sensation-monger catering to "the great gee-whiz public," and, on the other, he snickers over ex-star Marie Prevost's being found, long after her suicide, half-eaten by her starving dachshund. He includes a photo of the ravaged lady (legs gnawed, arm missing) and, with typical finesse, captions it "Doggie's Dinner."

Now Mr. Self-Righteous was telling me, "Thousands of satanists across the country will damn your name every Saturday night!" I saw the curse as a psychological attack, so I retaliated in kind: I burned Anger's letter in the toilet bowl. I figured that, if they had black magic, I had my baroque tradition of Catholic white magic: Out came the rosary beads (I was lucky I could still find them) and a scapular (a cloth icon worn around the neck), and I waved this regalia over the flaming letter, chanting something pious like "Die, you bastard" as it curled up into ash. For good measure, I went about the house, intoning at the furniture, "Be gone, Satan, for I am a child of Mary"—a formula that the brothers taught us in high school to ward off self-abuse. Well, the formula hadn't worked then; I had little hope it would now.

And then, a week or so later, I came down with hepatitis. At least, that's what it looked like. In any case, whatever it was that turned my urine brown and made me sleep whole days away was out of my blood by week's end!

Now, I like Anger too much to think he'll beset me with more hobgoblins. But if he does sic the cloven-hoofers on me, I figure "the mark of death" is on my head already, thanks to him. Might as well go fast and furious, like a Hollywood Babylonian.

Actually, despite Anger's talk of The Beast and The Whore, he seemed intent on conventional goodness, like his Lucifer trying to climb back up the celestial ladder. For, as much as the aesthetic of darkness may be sultry and velvet, the reality is cold and belittling. I still enjoy Anger's work, but I think often now of what Simone Weil said: "Imaginary evil is romantic and varied; real evil is gloomy, monotonous, barren, boring. Imaginary good is boring; real good is always new, marvelous, intoxicating."

Sure, Anger's dishy hallucinations of a world over the edge are forever fun, but it's only the greatest artists who can convince us of happy endings. ■

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Burton is unable to speak to anyone at this particular time!"

THIS LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY SHOE

BUT IT ISN'T.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF ELEVATORS *Because they are such melting pots, elevators play an important role in office politics.*

(Continued from page 58) There is a man behind me, but I can't see his face. As the elevator starts down, I lurch back and feel his hand on my behind. More people crowd on and I'm flat against him. I can feel him pushing aside the flap of my wrap-around. I'm not wearing any underwear. I start moving my hips against him. He seems to be built. Then the elevator jerks to a stop. I lean forward. He pulls me back. I can feel him enter me. I look at people around us. Each time the elevator stops and starts, his penetration goes deeper. I bury my head into the shoulder of the man in front of me. He's wearing a tennis outfit. He reaches behind him and grabs me in a sensitive area. Only two floors to go. I wish it were 200. The breathing behind me is heavy in my ear. As we arrive at the ground floor, we both climax. The door opens into the lobby. The guy in front drops his hand and my skirt falls into place. The one behind leans back and pulls out of me. I can hear his zipper being pulled up. I smile to myself as we leave the elevator. I've never seen either of their faces."

A former State Department employee has a fantasy about the Passport Office building where he worked as a messenger—constantly on the elevator and always frustrated by one secretary in particular. "One day," he fantasized, "on a particularly crowded ride up, we're pushed so closely together that I can feel her curves pressed invitingly against my chest. I look down to see huge globes bursting out of a low-cut white sweater. The bump in my pants begins to grow, and it is obvious that I appreciate the view. Looking straight into my eyes, she licks her lips with a long, deliberate stroke of the tongue. Then she smiles while unzipping my fly and sliding her superbly manicured hand into my pants. She begins to massage me slowly. Neither of us can move. The bodies on all sides of us are so close that they are anonymous. No one is looking at another person, only at the numbers flashing overhead. I observe with delight that we're stopping at every floor. Sliding my hands down, I raise this woman's short skirt. She's wearing bikini underwear. It only takes a little finger fumbling to push them aside. She shudders slightly and presses herself closer, then raises herself up and slides slowly onto me. Moaning softly and moving like a ballet dancer in slow motion, she brings herself to a glorious but quiet climax just seconds before I explode. The press of bodies around us keeps me from sinking to the floor, and as I slide my fading glory back into my pants, she whispers, 'This is the floor I always get off on.' Then she turns and says, 'Maybe you'll catch me going down sometime.' "

It is doubtful that Elisha Graves Otis anticipated such possibilities while developing the safety elevator in the early 1850s. Most likely the Yonkers engineer was just thinking about getting us from one floor to another. But Otis' invention—the first to be able to make a falling elevator cab stop—has meant more to our society than mere transportation.

Its most unanticipated, far-reaching effect has been social. Like a magnet drawing iron filings, the elevator bank is a gathering point for urban bodies. "Meet you at the elevator" is a commonplace of city conversation. Inside, we are in a melting pot: forced together without regard to sex, creed or even the floor we're getting off at. The executive must place his briefcase hard up against the maid's mop. Inside elevators, in fact, we enjoy our most democratic moments since high school Phys. Ed.

Because they are such melting pots, elevators play an important role in office politics. Who gets on first and who's first off are basic indicators of bureaucratic status. One office underling tells of unnerving higher-ups by refusing their invitations to get on the elevator first. "After you," he says with elaborate sweeps of his hand.

But elevator status games are not always so lighthearted. In *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It*, Michael Korda says it's a sure sign you're about to be fired when no one will join you on the elevator.

Studies have found a recurrent pattern of position-taking inside elevators. The first passenger normally stations himself by the buttons, say, right front. The second passenger takes up a position at the left rear corner, the third in the right rear corner, the fourth in front right and the fifth person is forced to the center. After this, packing becomes indiscriminate.

In the back of most minds is a fear of getting stuck with such a mob. Partly this fear is claustrophobic; partly it's concern about what one would use for a toilet. But the real horror is of being confined for a long time in a community of strangers. Suppose we don't like one another? And what if everyone doesn't use Dial?

As early as 1884, William Dean Howells wrote a play, titled *The Elevator*, about a group so stuck, and any number of movies and television programs have focused on the situation since. In Ingmar Bergman's *Waiting Women*, a husband and wife are forced to examine their relationship when they spend the night in

an elevator, and in *Report to the Commissioner*, a cop and a criminal get to know each other during several elevated hours together in Saks.

In the course of this survey, several people were asked about their actual experiences of being stranded in elevators. A college student trapped with classmates recalled that he spent the hour telling jokes and feeling popular. (He also felt lucky because, although the car was crowded, he was in back and could lean against the wall.) An older man noticed that in a packed stadium elevator stuck after a football game, two or three taller men—who could best survey the situation from their vantage points—began singling out jittery fellow passengers for soothing words and extra space.

A woman who was stuck for a time with no one but an elevator operator at Bonwit Teller remembers the kindness of an old Irish maintenance man; he called her husband of a week to reassure him that although his wife was stuck, the operator was a woman.

Such reassurance is sensitive, because not all in-elevator sex is limited to fantasy, fellatio and foreplay. For those growing up in big cities, the elevator was one of the few places where it was possible to get a little privacy.* "The elevator was like your own office," explains Stanley Dickerson, 31, who grew up in a New York project. "The elevator was where it all happened. If you didn't have a car, where else could you get next to your woman?"

The strategy was this: First you'd take your girl home after a date in order to reassure her parents. Then she would tell them she was going to see you down in the elevator. Between floors, by pulling the doors apart slightly, you could make the car stop, and by sticking something between the doors, you could keep it stopped. Business proceeded from there.

There was, however, the standing-up-straight problem—project elevators are not normally carpeted. "It'd get you weak in the knees when you were really in the groove," Dickerson says, "when you were ready to explode! But if it's your woman, you can do it anywhere."

For most of elevator history, such activity was inhibited by the chaperoning presence of an operator. So long as a voice kept calling out, "Going down!" no one would think of actually trying.

New possibilities began to suggest themselves only when we were given

*An unfortunate consequence of elevator privacy is increasing elevator crime. Closed-circuit television monitors are more and more common as a result, and so are convex mirrors.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF ELEVATORS *At the same time that alarms have become more common, building heights have increased and so has the length of uninterrupted express rides.*

control over our own buttons. Jack, a Government employee in his early 40s, recalls the time he impulsively pulled out the STOP button while alone with a woman in a courthouse elevator. Though friendly, the two hadn't been intimate. Now seemed the time. Jack turned out the light and reached for her. They kissed. And groped. She stiffened. He lost his nerve. Pushing the STOP button back in, he sheepishly resumed the ride.

Later Jack couldn't figure out what had gotten into him. Why in an elevator? Then he remembered. One of his earliest sexual experiences, at the age of 14, took place between the third and fourth floors of a Congregational Church elevator in Southern California. He and some friends spent a Saturday afternoon goofing off there and trying the custodian's patience. Then Jack and a 14-year-old blonde decided to visit the bell tower. Already excited by feeling so illicit in church, they were stimulated even more by being pressed together in the small church elevator. Before reaching the bell tower, Jack pulled out the emergency-stop button. Then he turned off the lights. The two 14-year-olds embraced. And groped.

He shakes his head and smiles. "Such a neat memory. So romantic. I'd give a bunch for another memory like that."

The simple convenience of the elevator has much to do with its erotic possibilities. Elevators are warmer than rooftops and more private than cars. Once you are inside and stopped between floors, there is no danger of a cop's flashlight suddenly lighting up your behind.

But, in recent years, elevator makers have begun connecting alarm bells to the emergency-stop button. This not only discourages hotel maids from reserving an elevator car while working a floor but inhibits sexual activity within. As one industry source explains, "It's tough to keep a hard-on with a bell ringing in your ears." Also, many people are reluctant even to touch the STOP button if they think they might set off an alarm.

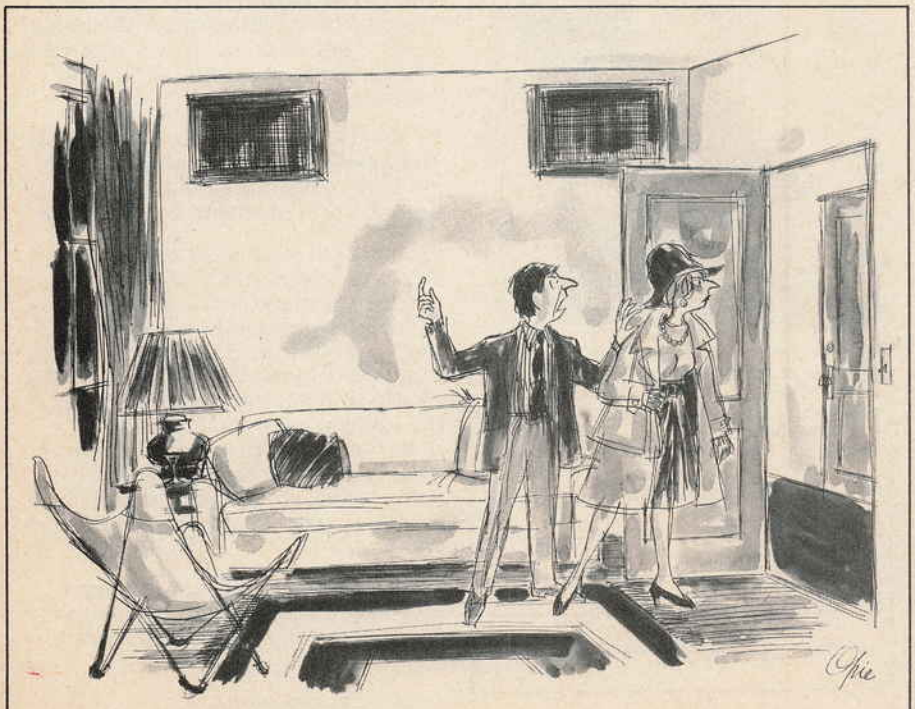
Of course, at the same time that alarms have become more common, building heights have increased and so has the length of uninterrupted express rides. Therefore, while the prospects for sex in a stopped car have declined, those for in-transit intercourse have been enhanced.

In preparing this report, independent time tests were conducted (from time of elevator-door closing to time of elevator-door opening) on extended express rides in several cities. The results:

Boston—to reach the top of the Prudential Building, 52 floors: 35 seconds.

Chicago—to the top of Sears Tower, 103 floors: 57 seconds.

New York—to go 50 floors in the Pan Am Building: 30 seconds; to go 78 floors in the World Trade Center: 48 seconds. (Both elevators are ultrahigh speed and have a shimmy, which might be considered a bonus.)



"There are no frigid men, Miss Barclay, only clumsy women!"

In the Empire State Building, an older elevator takes one minute and 15 seconds to rise 67 floors, and that's the best elevator of all.

Interior appointments are also an important consideration. The office building at 747 Third Avenue in New York, for example, has plump padding on the elevator walls, as does the elevator leading to a sex-education office in Akron. Two in Chicago's Conrad Hilton provide a long padded bench. Ritz Hotel elevators throughout the world are perfumed with a special-formula scent.

Of course, even in the best of elevators, there is always the prospect that doors will whoosh open in mid-act and transform a private function into a public one. But this prospect needn't be inhibiting. To some, it's a positive attraction.

One psychologist interviewed for this study adds that it is not just the risk that doors will open that arouses exhibitionistic impulses, but the very thought of being only inches away from hundreds of bodies outside the closed elevator doors. While denying that he is an elevator fornicator himself, this psychologist says he has enjoyed the exhibitionistic thrill of being fondled on several occasions by female companions within elevators—including one made of glass. And in the glass elevator, he found the added exposure very stimulating. "In a glass elevator," the psychologist explained, "the entire city is capable of watching."

Among the best of the country's approximately 80 glass elevators is that of the Hyatt Regency in San Francisco. Here one starts inside the building, shoots to the open air, then re-enters the building before the doors open onto a sea of mirrors. One woman described to me a fantasy in which she had begun coupling with a young Greek in this elevator, before realizing that they were not in just any elevator but in a *transparent* one. "The glass feels cold against my back," she imagined, "as he murmurs Greek love words into my ear, then bites my lips and nipples. Pushing my leg aside, he penetrates. I scream in ecstasy. Everyone looks up and applauds."

It is perhaps appropriate that Elisha Otis first demonstrated his safety elevator at New York's Crystal Palace Exposition in 1854. This gathering was called to explore the new possibilities of plate-glass technology. There, night after night, Otis was hoisted in his invention and had the cable cut. After the elevator screeched to a halt and the crowd roared, the smartly dressed engineer bowed with a flourish of his silk hat. "All safe, gentlemen," he said, "all safe." All safe—and so much more. ▣

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR *So there I was on the third day of my new job, jerking away ferociously, hoping that I'd be able to block out the noises and get a hard-on.*

(Continued from page 50) gotten a job in a dump of an office with 15 other "executives," plus a slew of secretaries, a mail-room staff that played soul music to drown out the noise of the Addressograph, the Xerox machine and the envelope stuffers, plus a screaming office manager with a thick Brooklyn accent and a mimeograph machine right outside the men's-room door.

So there I was on the third day of my new job, jerking away ferociously, hoping that I'd be able to block out the noises and get a hard-on. Back and forth my hand went, first slowly, then rapidly. I tried it with my finger tips. I tried standing up. Sitting down. Don't you people realize that I can't fantasize with all that racket? A knock on the door.

"Jonas. You in there?"

No answer.

More knocking. "Jonas? The door's locked. Are you *in* there?"

No answer. Maybe she'll go away.

"Listen, there's an important call. From the coast. Can you get it? Are you coming out?"

"One minute," I gasped.

"What are you doing in there? Jerking off?"

"*Yes, goddamn it.* I'll be out in two minutes."

I know Lorraine heard me. How could she help it? The walls around the men's room only go up ten feet—nowhere near the ceiling. On a quiet day, you can hear guys shit—right over the walls.

But I got lucky. I got a hard-on and shot a load in two minutes flat. The following day, I bought a stroke book and stashed it in a desk drawer for emergencies.

The logistics of coordinating my donation schedule with the regular office routine, so that my employer would not notice my 26-minute absences each week, required precise planning. My boss accepted without question my written request to leave the office for brief periods for medical reasons (never specified), but it was the outside business appointments that played havoc with my inseminating. You can't leave an important meeting with a client with the excuse that you have a doctor's appointment. Face it, Broadway producers don't give a damn about their agents' health.

For a while I worked out a deal with the office's messenger service to deliver my bottles, which was an ideal setup. Sadly, the relationship ended when the messenger boy's bicycle was hit by a truck, an accident that crushed the plastic bottle and left the boy with a rather damp envelope.

Maggie, the doctor's ingenious secretary, told me she was able to do the job with semen she salvaged from the bottom of the manila envelope and the cracked bottle; however, she warned that in the future, it would be best for me to deliver the bottle personally.

Matters went from bad to worse when one day I was awakened at dawn by a call from my boss. He asked me to take the star of one of the company's productions to Kennedy Airport that morning. When my head cleared, I realized that I had another appointment: an 11 A.M. donation, 45 minutes after the star's scheduled departure. With luck, I could do both.

My only instructions were never to let the temperamental performer out of my sight—he was not to be trusted alone. He had a drinking problem.

I plotted the how, where, and when of my airport masturbation and figured that once I saw my charge to the hand-luggage-inspection area, I could go to the United Airlines toilet, jerk off, proceed to the waiting limousine and drive in comfort to the doctor's office with a fresh sample.

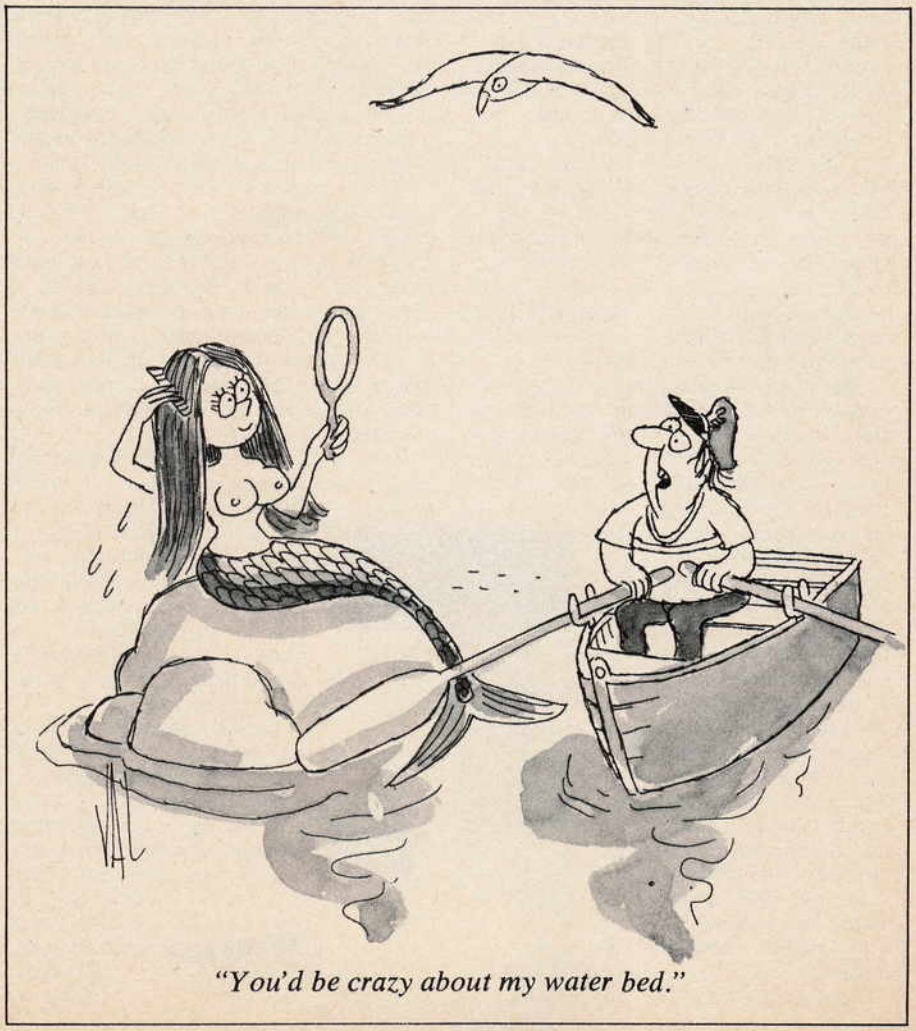
What I hadn't counted on was a delay in the plane's departure. My "time" came and went and I was still saddled with the performer, who, by this time, was falling apart from lack of alcohol. I stroked his back, looked at my watch and estimated that if I beat off quickly, I could still be on time. Fifteen minutes passed and they still hadn't announced boarding time.

My star was going cold turkey, and I was beginning to sweat, too. He offered to buy me a drink. I told him I don't drink. He didn't believe me. I didn't believe me.

We talked about the pros and cons of liquor, and I kept looking at my watch. I was getting a hard-on for no reason except that my prick must have realized that it was performance time and the curtain hadn't gone up. Finally, it was announced that all passengers were to proceed to the plane. I shook the star's trembling, clammy hand and headed for the phones.

"Maggie. It's Jonas."

"Don't tell me you can't be here. You



"You'd be crazy about my water bed."

SO YOU WANT TO BECOME AN ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR?
It's harder than giving blood

If you're not a medical student or a doctor who has already fathered one child, you don't have much of a chance. If you *are* a medical student or a doctor who has already fathered one child, you still don't have much of a chance, because nine out of ten potential donors are rejected for low sperm count.

If you think that beating off into a bottle is a way out of the unemployment line, think again. The fact that you can come a dozen times in one day doesn't matter at all, because sperm donors must abstain from having sex for two to three days before each bout with the bottle. The average pay is $25 an ejaculate, so the most money that a donor could possibly make is about $75 a week. The hours aren't bad, it's true, and the working conditions can't be beat. Just remember, though, if you're set for a nine A.M. Wednesday appointment with the doctor and on Tuesday night Raquel Welch throws herself at your feet, you'll have to pass her up.

There are two major ways to go about becoming an artificial inseminator. A large hospital in a major city is the most likely place to find a fertility clinic. You could simply call one up and ask to become a donor, but be prepared for a turndown in most cases, because hospital clinics usually have a supply of students, interns and residents whose medical histories can easily be researched.

It has been suggested that the almost exclusive use of medical students as sperm donors is the first step in a conspiracy by the American Medical Association to remake the country in its own image, but the truth is that fertility specialists use medical students simply because they're readily available and are presumed to have some degree of intelligence.

Sperm banks are slightly more accessible to would-be donors. These banks store frozen semen for later use by fertility specialists. Most doctors prefer fresh sperm to frozen, as the accompanying article suggests. And for good reason. In a recent study, University of Texas specialist Dr. Emil Steinberger reported that 73 percent of the women who were artificially inseminated with fresh sperm conceived, as opposed to 61 percent of the women who received frozen sperm that had been thawed. However, the use of frozen semen from sperm banks permits a doctor to make a much closer match between the husband's physical characteristics and those of the donor than might be possible by using only medical personnel as donors.

Because there are no national or state laws governing the operation of sperm banks, policies are not necessarily the same in every city or even within the same city. Idant, located in New York City, is perhaps the country's largest sperm bank; it has over 5000 specimens on ice or, to be more correct, in liquid nitrogen. Most of Idant's donors are students from Columbia University. Advertisements are posted on the walls of the medical school, although other people may also become donors if they pass a V.D. check, have no genetic deficiencies and are able to produce a volume of quickly moving sperm. An applicant is not paid for his first ejaculate, but if it tests out OK, he will receive $20 for each subsequent acceptable specimen, even if it is not used immediately. Once accepted, a donor may masturbate for profit up to ten times a month at three-day intervals. The average donor submits specimens only two or three times a month, however.

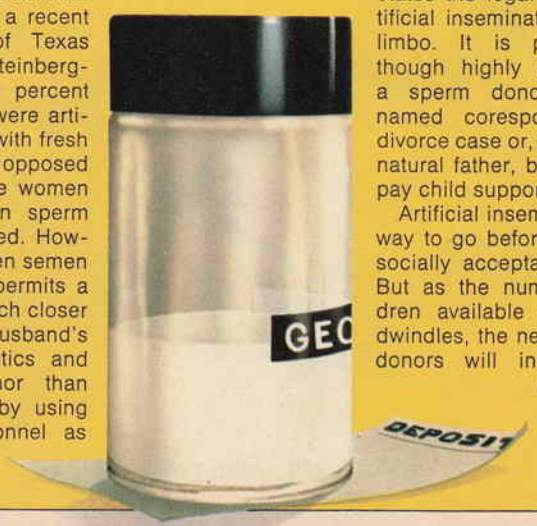
Cryo-Lab Facility in Chicago accepts only donors of proven fertility—they must have already fathered one child. For each approved specimen, a donor receives $25, payable when the specimen is thawed and used by a doctor. Cryo-Lab advertises for donors in local campus newspapers. According to owner Al Morris, the *Chicago Sun-Times* will not accept his ads. Morris also says that Chinese and black donors are always in demand. Once it took him three months to locate a willing and acceptable Jamaican donor.

Genetics Laboratories in St. Paul, Minnesota, also reports a shortage of black donors. The company advertises for donors in the University of Minnesota student paper and in the St. Paul daily papers. A donor is paid $25 at the time the specimen is bought by a doctor. Anyone may apply to be a donor, but as at all the other sperm banks and fertility clinics, only about one out of ten men passes all of the tests.

There is one other problem that sperm donors should keep in mind. In most states the legal status of artificial insemination is still in limbo. It is possible, although highly unlikely, that a sperm donor could be named corespondent in a divorce case or, as the child's natural father, be required to pay child support.

Artificial insemination has a way to go before it will be a socially acceptable practice. But as the number of children available for adoption dwindles, the need for sperm donors will increase. Just don't go into it with your eyes closed.

—SHARON O'HARA



ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR *Her remarks came back to me.*

have an appointment in less than fifteen minutes."

"I'm at Kennedy. Can you keep the woman ready? I'll be there in half an hour."

"Hurry."

I dashed to the waiting limousine and headed for Manhattan. Not even caring if the chauffeur saw me in the rearview mirror, I covered my lap with my sports jacket, pulled out my cock and gave myself an impromptu jerk-off on the plush seat.

Luckily, such emergencies are the exception rather than the rule. In most cases, I'll admit, scheduling the appointments hasn't been too much of a hassle. I make donations in sets of three: say, a Monday, Wednesday and Friday to coincide with the woman's time of ovulation. The reason is that doctors figure that one of the three has got to take if AID is going to be successful at all. If the lady in question doesn't get pregnant, we give it another go the following month.

What set me off about weekend donations was not so much that it fucked up my weekends, but that on Saturday and Sunday I had to leave my bottle in a cubbyhole in the doctor's hospital office instead of handing it to Maggie. I'd put my bottle on the shelf with the others. Clear-plastic bottles. See-through bottles, and I could literally see how I stacked up with the competition. Observing the other bottles, I wondered, Christ, what's the matter with me? I was barely filling the bottom of my carafe, and one other guy's cup nearly runneth over. I mean, that guy must have come a pint.

You've heard of penis envy. I had come envy.

For the life of me, and for reasons I can't explain, I always took it for granted that all the women who received my sperm would give birth to boys. Beyond being my sons, they'd all look like me. Of this I was certain. After all, *I* look like *my* father. Proof of that came about 15 years ago when a perfect stranger accosted me on the streets of Boston.

"You *must* be Stephen Davidson's son. I knew it in a minute," she said. "I went to elementary school with your dad more years back than I care to remember, and it's one face." She pinched my cheek, and from that moment on, I was certain that I wasn't adopted.

Now her remarks came back to me. I pictured strange women coming up to my sons saying, "You're Jonas Davidson's son, aren't you?" Those poor little buggers wouldn't know me from a hole in the ground as strange women pinched their cheeks.

One day, maybe six or seven months

ago, I had a startling realization. For the first time in three years of donating, it dawned on me that some of my offspring would be female. Daughters? What if one of my sons wants to marry one of my daughters? Wouldn't that be incest? What if the child were deformed? Would the doctor be responsible? Would I? There must be records to check.

Timidly I asked Maggie how the doctor records the donors.

"On the woman's chart, we list the donor by his initials," she said. Can I tell Maggie that I don't think the good doctor is going to know who J. D. is 25 years from now?

"Don't worry about it, Jonas," Maggie added. "There's a billion in one chance that a male and a female with the same biological father [via AID] will marry. And just because they have the same father doesn't necessarily mean that their offspring will be deformed. Honestly, the things you worry about."

After three years of steady artificial-insemination donations, I began a belated research effort to get the facts on AID. For starters, I wanted to know how much the women paid for the treatment. Since I got $25, the doctor must be raking in a fortune. Strangely, even with the recent rash of articles on "Artificial Insemination: A Viable Alternative," none of the doctors interviewed quoted a price.

I went into the history of artificial insemination and learned that the first recorded case of successful artificial insemination dates back to 1893. At Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, the wife of a local merchant was being operated on, and for reasons never explained, the doctors ventured to conduct an experiment on her. Semen was inserted into her, and nine months later, the first recorded artificial-insemination baby was born. They told the merchant, but never told his wife.

More digging in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* under Ova—Transplantation produced this tidbit: Today there are about 500,000 AID children in the United States.

What happened during the intervening 83 years? Actually, not much. It's only in the past five years that AID has received its long-overdue acceptance. Today the widespread use of the pill and other contraceptive devices and the availability of abortions mean that there are fewer babies available for adoption by couples who are unable to have their own biological children.

I learned that there are about 4,000,000 infertile couples in the United States; in about half of those cases, male infertility and impotence are responsible for the failure to procreate. Sometimes the doctor can inseminate a woman with her husband's sperm, but this works only if the couple's problem involves either spermatozoa with a short life span or the man's inability to deliver (another medical term and a euphemism, if there ever was one) the sperm. When the husband's sperm won't do, they turn to me and others like me.

I'll probably retire soon and return to the simple pleasures of an old-fashioned hand job for gratification alone. Most of all, I want to come sloppily—all over the place—because I'm getting tired of aiming my cock into the waiting mouth of a cold bottle.

The question I'm asked most frequently is do I want to meet my offspring? Yes and no. My fantasy is having all my children surrounding me ring-around-a-rosy fashion, all 300 or so of them. I wonder if I ever *will* meet any of my children. Will I recognize them? Will something in their chemistry cry out to me "Daddy! Daddy!"

Will I ever screw my daughter?

Will my son kill me?

Perhaps when artificial-insemination donation comes out of its closet, I'll be voted Father of the Year. Or maybe I'll find my place in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

In the meantime, think of me next Father's Day, and if you remember, send a card. ▣

Most young men are surprised when they have this sexual experience...

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City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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(Continued from page 92) was turned into an armed camp and vice versa. The Red Army drilled by day and played by night, singing revolutionary songs in the big rooms, holding self-criticism seminars in the lounges and gambling with money confiscated from casino customers. Chairman Nik-sun declared, "One day in the near future, our children, when they hear of Las Vegas, will think not of money and of loose women but of education centers for senior comrades. You may play with the money we have liberated here because soldiers of the Red Army must learn how the games of imperialism are played in order to recognize and eliminate them. The Central Committee will honor house odds except in blackjack, and all monies collected from the slot machines will go toward repair of damage to the people's property incurred during the liberation."

The Eastern papers didn't report how much Nik-sun got in Vegas. They wouldn't even venture an educated guess. What they did know was that communications were cut off with the West Coast, which was by now, according to reports filtering back from refugees, a Communist state in the throes of a Mardi Gras–like celebration; and that Nik-sun's 750,000 to 1,000,000 followers were spreading eastward across the *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. It was also known in the East that a number of actual military personnel had defected to the Red Army. In fact, many of the more bohemian military bases in the West had fallen without a shot; and even where there had been struggle, rowdy, pot-smoking enlisted men had seized power within a few hours. *The New York Times* reported that Nik-sun himself spent an hour a day pinning little red stars onto American uniforms. The *Times* also reported that with the Red Army only a third of the way across the continent, Nik-sun was the third largest nuclear power in the world.

The Christian Science Monitor reported that Nik-sun, pinning a red star on the breast of one muscular young soldier, affectionately punched him on the arm and said, "If we had had more like you in the last one, we might have pulled it out."

Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming—the big, empty states—fell under the juggernaut like so many bushes in a hurricane. There was no resistance anywhere, just partying, spending and revived interest in production. Nik-sun's promise of debt absolution and nationalization of apartment buildings, utilities, banks, breweries, etc., dispelled whatever doubts lingered in the minds of the people.

Oregon fell from the inside like a rotten apple. Soon afterward, flannel-shirted guerrillas used the Beaver State as a base for forays into Washington, which was not long in falling, as slumlords, industrialists and union leaders headed for the Canadian border like lemmings. But to no avail, as once across the border, they were gunned down by Canadian Reds under the command of Margaret Trudeau's Norman Bethune Battalion.

As the big Red machine moved inexorably east, the liberals and conservatives, as well as loan sharks and politicians, jammed their wives, children, pets and choicest possessions into station wagons and raced in a frenzied and disorderly fashion toward the Atlantic. Still, the dominoes fell.

The interstate highway system was littered with the burned-out hulks of vehicles abandoned by fleeing cowards, and most gas-station owners on major highways boarded up their establishments rather than face the dangerous fugitives who would kill for a clean windshield, much less some gas and oil.

And wild rumors were flying, especially after Nik-sun personally executed Senator Barry Goldwater in the basement of the latter's Arizona department store, where he had come to plead for the country with the chairman. Goldwater had begged for his life, while Nik-sun used an automatic pistol to make him dance. When the former President finally filled the Senator with lead, he shouted, "That's for helping me out when I didn't need it, Shylock!"

•

At the marathon emergency meeting called by the President in the War Room, the CIA presented a plan worked out in conjunction with the KGB for a joint nuclear strike: Russia on China, America on the West Coast. Someone claiming to be Howard Hughes called in on the unlisted hotline and suggested offering Nik-sun amnesty plus Las Vegas, Costa Rica, Miami, the Bahamas and Turkey. Another hotline caller who remained anonymous, but who referred to himself as Lone Star, offered the services of those members of the N.F.L. still loyal to Pete Rozelle.

Suggestions poured in from everyone capable of ringing the bunker, and the discussions dragged on until Nik-sun was well into the Mississippi watershed, beyond which point, Kissinger admitted, "Zere is no cutting ze losses."

Suddenly the President came alive and took charge. "The nuke is nixed," he said, silencing the jabbering joint chiefs with a withering look. "Doesn't the CIA have something? Those guys always have some plan in the movies. Can't we try Sound or Heat?"

"The people are defecting! There's nothing we can do except kill ourselves," screamed the Secretary of the Interior, who was dragged outside a few minutes later. "Already many cities on the East Coast have fallen and the Red Army is still almost 2000 miles away!"

Kissinger leaned over and said in the President's ear: "You know—we blow the bomb now, what do we lose? We haf maybe fifteen, thirteen states left. Thirteen! How we started out, no? Ironic, *ja*, but maybe our destiny. Not so crowded. We could start over; zen, when ze West is safe for settlers in a generation or two—Kurt, vat are zose half-lifes?—zen, in a generation or two, we haf ze new gold rush. Und zis time we know where ze gold is!"

•

The fall of Washington was much like the fall of Saigon. The President and virtually all of those people who were scheduled to be evacuated from Washington in the eventuality of a nuclear attack were evacuated by marines in less than two hours. The evacuation points were, of course, besieged by those wishing to escape, those wishing to harass those escaping, the curious, the military and the press.

Rumor had it that the President would set up a Government-in-exile on Bermuda and, from there, plan the retaking of the mainland.

As the capital fell, Garfinckel's, Woodward & Lothrop, the Washington Hilton and other strategic sites were seized by black militants. The Capitol building was seized by activist women, gay liberationists and librarians from the Library of Congress. The situation was completely anarchic, and the Red Army had not yet crossed the Potomac.

Nik-sun entered the capital city wisely, in a motorcade of red Cadillacs in which sat the heroes of the long march, and such popular public figures as Ray Charles, Redd Foxx, Joe Frazier, James Brown, Ahmad Rashad, Too Tall Jones, Joe Greene, Hank Aaron, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Aretha Franklin, Kool & the Gang and Sonny Jurgenson. The city was Nik-sun's, although, in fact, the partying parties paid him little mind.

There was no resistance at the White House. Nik-sun parked his car at the

front door and walked right in carrying a Vuitton two-suiter. A week later, however, the chairman was the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt by terrorists of the Jaycee Underground.

Republicans and other fringe groups attacked other targets, as well. Nik-sun's two daughters, Julie and Tricia, were killed when the house trailer carrying them to a re-education center in Atlantic City was overturned by a group of middle-aged terrorists reportedly linked to the American Communist Party—Gus Hall and Angela Davis were taken into custody for questioning by Francis Ford Coppola, but both were released the next day after investigators gave up tracing links to Moscow. Eventually Nik-sun pardoned his family's assassins, saying, "I am living proof that amnesty works."

Nik-sun was by then publicly dating Mrs. Chou. When the subject of the discrepancy in their ages came up, Nik-sun joked, "She's as well preserved as a woman of forty. It's all the monosodium glutamate the Chinese put in their food. It gives me terrible headaches, but they seem to like it fine."

•

There were many executions, but such things happen in any revolution. Political power comes from the barrel of a gun. Nik-sun personally executed many people in addition to Jimmy Carter, but none more notorious than Charles Manson, who was executed in front of a marines-on-Methadone firing squad, after losing a trial-by-ordeal arm-wrestling match with the now vigorous Nik-sun.

Television, of course, was drastically altered. Competitive game shows, which formerly had dominated daytime viewing, were banned and replaced by new cooperative games such as *Beat the Quota*, the tricky *What's Our Line?* and the audience-participation show *The Rice Is Right*. Soap operas were retained, but their writers were replaced by a team of former *Village Voice* personal journalists. Soap-opera execs quit their jobs to pick lettuce with *chicanos*. On *Search for Correct Thinking*, gay sons turned straight and divorced women were reconciled with their husbands in family reunification centers. On *Smash Feudalism and Its Running Dogs*, small-town youths drilled with small arms, studied science and formed cleanup and recycling teams.

Most talk-show hosts, including Pat Collins and Barbara Walters, were sent to re-education centers in Malibu. Johnny Carson, however, took over the evening-news slot, after doing a 90-minute prime-time self-criticism special that scored 39.2 on the Niel-suns.

Eventually a new division of labor was established, with a large proportion of the work force assigned to hard physical

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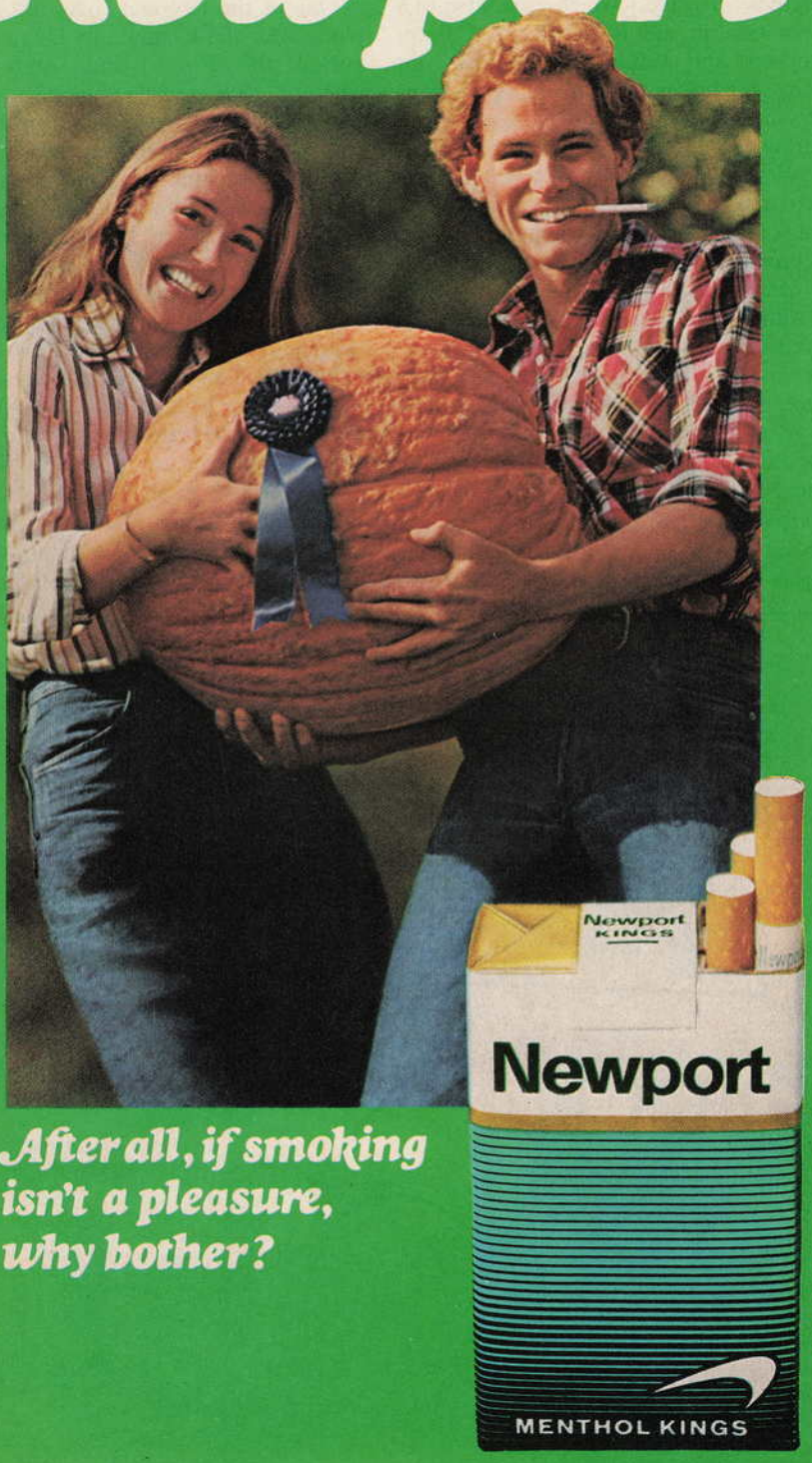

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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AMERICA UNDER COMMUNISM *It was decided to break up the camps and to grant the homosexuals equal rights. However, when the Government attempted this, the move was met by stiff resistance.*

labor on a rotating basis, after the Cuban and Chinese examples. At harvest time, large segments of the urban work force, including administrators and intellectuals, were transported to agricultural areas for several weeks of labor and agricultural training. The first action of this sort was carried out by the Beverly Hills Venceremos Brigade, which mounted an expedition in aid of the United Farm Workers and Cesar Chavez and sent many celebrities and media executives into the fields alongside the regular farm workers. The John Garfield Brigade, as it was nicknamed, spent several back-breaking months in the Napa Valley, and a record zinfandel-grape harvest was recorded in the farm districts supervised by Cadre Coordinator Peter Ustinov.

Although Congress was disbanded, it was soon replaced by the People's Congress. Few members of the capitalist legislature became members of the new body, although one of them, Representative Bella Abzug, hosted its first TV season. Not an immediate success, *People's Congress* caught on only after it was moved to a new time slot and the masses began to take a serious interest in the workings of the Government. Then BallotHome was introduced, so that national issues could be debated in the Congress and decided upon by the people in their homes. Only once did the Chairman veto an act of home voter/viewers, when he quashed the repeal of the tax on psychedelic drugs.

One of the few real cover-ups to take place after the Communist liberation involved the Fire Island Archipelago, where deviates resisting sexual re-education were sent to live out their lives in comfortable isolation from society. Supposedly roundups of homosexuals had taken place. Entire beauty salons were said to have been padlocked without notice. The disappearance of key members of the people's apparel industry aroused considerable suspicion, and an investigation by *Feminist Wear Daily* revealed that apartment vacancies in New York's West Village were up 900 percent. The next week that paper's offices were taken over by *Socialist Bowling Review*.

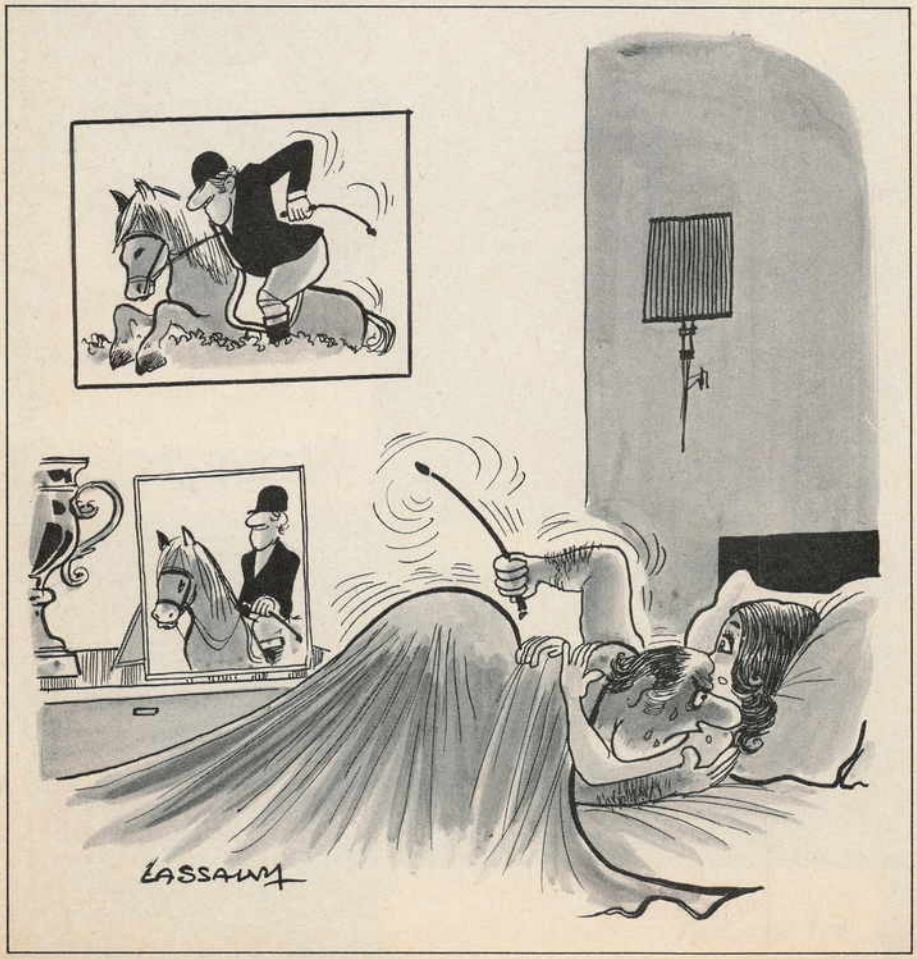
The incarceration of homosexuals was at first denied by the Department of Culture, but finally reporters and camera crews were allowed to visit a camp at Babylon, Long Island. What they saw shocked them. Long open ditches were filled with the naked bodies of men, many of whom were writhing in apparent agony. Others lay as still as if they were dead. Despite the fact that this was obviously an open grave, officials insisted that it was a recreation area. In other parts of the camp, reporters saw men bound, beaten with chains and tortured horribly in every sort of medieval manner. Again, officials claimed that it was a part of the prisoners' own recreation program.

After several months, the deviate camps showed so much progress that they developed into centers of cottage industry and began to play an important role in the economic life of the nation. It was decided to break up the camps and to grant homosexuals equal rights. However, when the Government attempted to disperse the homosexuals, the move was met by stiff resistance from the paramilitary SpartaNarcissists. Smartly drilled, highly organized, the group invaded New York and other cities wearing fatigues and CHE WAS GAY buttons.

The garment industry did an extraordinary job implementing its Seven-Month Plan for the nonsexist redesign of apparel. Following the Chinese example, both male and female workers wore blue uniforms, similar to the leisure suit that was popular in the early Seventies, although the name leisure suit was forbidden for obvious reasons. The most bitter controversy was sparked by bathing suits. The males of the People's Congress argued that bikini tops were sexist, while the females argued that tops should be worn by men. Finally beachwear was deregulated, after the Russian example, and that was seen as the beginning of cultural revisionism in some quarters, while in other quarters, it was seen as the start of "socialism with a human tush."

With America gone Communist, the rest of the world was unable to hold out much longer, and the dream of the withering away of nation states for the first time seemed a real possibility. In fact, almost every nation in the world capitulated without a fight.

Still, all of England was shocked when Prince Charles placed his mother, the Queen, under house arrest and, with Vanessa Redgrave and Norodom Sihanouk, flew to Scotland, where refugees were landing in fishing boats from Belfast, now called Parnell City. "A Communist king?" he was quoted in the *Times*. "Hey, why not?" ▣



BOURGEOIS IS BEAUTIFUL *We watched idols corrupted, co-opted, bought and compromised. Why should our standards be any stiffer?*

(Continued from page 44) the heaviest thing we'll produce in life is shit (about seven tons); and that rules may limit our choices and range of behavior, but they also restrain the hostiles, ease the labor of interaction and lower the odds on fuck-ups.

And never underestimate the power of the physical aging process. A generation that bristled with commitment and hardons, inflicted with gravity and lassitude, has gone from tank tops and Meth to C cups and lecithin to hold down—or up—the fort. It's so long, dilated pupils; hello, beer belly, as we shift from stimulants and mind-zingers back to booze, in a world where grime, smell and din make sharpened perceptions undesirable.

•

The Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall. On You.

We haven't been so much co-opted as just worn out after ten years of trying somehow to defy the flow of history, to swim upstream in a river of goods and services. Unfortunately, much of the Sixties' glorious experiment involved getting our balls danced on by the forces of authority. Rejection, hostility, harassment, arrest, induction, discrimination and ostracism—all the armament of a society scorned came down, and a lot of people buckled under it, as euphoria was blitzed by disillusion and "Drop out" became "Drop dead." After an insane spree of self-determination, the adrenaline ran dry at last and thousands of former lightheads now relax like a fleet of Karen Quinlans in the life-support system of material goods.

The bourgeois lifestyle isn't so much beautiful as it is effortless, unchallenging, convenient and safe. Compared with a decade of the street and the slam, life insurance looks like secure reassurance to a lot of us, and it sells quite well. The trajectory is sharply back from spirituality to technology, not because that's where the answers or the power are, but because at least there are low-level *certainties* there. Nothing gives you a sense of self-doubt like seven years of booming denunciation.

•

Imagine John Lennon with No Possessions

A proper end to the Sixties: Tim Leary a prisoner of Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria, Bob Dylan clipping coupons in Greenwich Village, both Kennedys murdered by mutants, Owsley folding napkins on Terminal Island, and finally Cassius/Ali belted incredibly off his pedestal by a human hamburger.

—HUNTER THOMPSON

Don't follow leaders.

—BOB DYLAN

A movement is only as credible as its cheerleaders. And what happened to ours? Better sit down. Jerry Rubin is on the talk-show circuit flogging his book. Tom Hayden ran for the Senate; Bobby Seale for mayor of Oakland. Eldridge Cleaver has found Jesus in the joint, according to Paul Krassner, who now lives north of Big Sur with an ocean view. Mario Savio lives in Southern California, is out of work and shops Safeway. Rennie Davis is shilling for Maharaj Ji and Abbie Hoffman is teaching social studies in Mississippi.

Dylan now makes Peckinpah movies and has been reduced in the eyes of many from drug-maddened genius to boring old Jew. The Doors, Hendrix, the Spoonful, Cream and Traffic are all faded into memory. Who's still big? Neil Sedaka. Paul Anka. In 1967, Ken Kesey was the hallucinatory Merry Prankster of the cosmic bus on the lam in Mexico from a drug pop; in 1976, he runs an Oregon dairy and sues the Hollywood *bund* over a ton of Oscar profits. The *Berkeley Barb* is now a corporate wedge of the est empire and *Rolling Stone* now fixates on the heroin of literature: journalism. And Sonny Barger has just finished reading *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* in San Quentin. Far-out. Happy trails.

A lot of the post-revolutionary maturity boils down simply to sour grapes. What is left of the "better generation" to shame us? The wasted cirrhotic rock stars? The roach-clip moguls, stained-glass kings, leather magnates and waterbed czars? The hip entrepreneurs who Om over tax statements and dismiss the help for insufficient karma? The lofty financiers of concerts, rock musicals and nostalgia flicks? The aging groupies, propertied dropouts, drifting zonked heirs, food-stamp purists? The burned-out, junked-out and washed-out?

We watched idols corrupted, co-opted, bought and compromised, guesting *Midnight Special*, writing memoirs, diving for the bank. So why should our standards be any stiffer than McCartney's, or Peter Max's, or Attila's?

The Who caught the mood: *We Won't Be Fooled Again.* Screw being hoodwinked by our peers; we'll go back to being hoodwinked by the system, where we *expect* it. This isn't apathy but weary insight.

Mind expanders have been succeeded by velocity controllers—Meth, coke, reds and ludes—and the ruling themes today are pace, not perception, and gearshifts,

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BOURGEOIS IS BEAUTIFUL *The shotgun wedding of Woodstock and Woolworth's has borne a mutant with a scary amount of vigor, a compromise between toeing the line and thumbing your nose.*

not lenses. The lesson of Jimi, Janis, Brian Jones, Jonathan Jackson, et al., is clear; as is that of Bill Graham, Hayden, Sonny and Cher: Resistance and escape are death; hustle and self-promotion are life.

•

The Buck Stops Before It Ever Gets Here

> Shortly after Patty Hearst was arrested, she received an invitation to apply for an American Express card [plus] a form letter that read: "With this card, you can buy gifts, send flowers, cable money, host a dinner, even if you can't be there."
>
> —*Moneysworth*

> A man becomes a conservative the moment he realizes he has something to conserve.
>
> —ERIC JULBER, *Esquire*, 1969

Money is never so powerful as when there's a shortage of it. It was a snap to be anti-capitalist when we could barely help tripping over the stuff. But much of our ripping off the system consisted of food stamps and welfare, the largess of a liberal chain-letter economy. How can one be frivolous in an era when money will scarcely buy horseshit? Dirt, busts and social pressure could be borne with a flower in one's hair, but who could sustain the Aquarian Age when Texaco went to 55 cents a gallon? Simple austerity did what all the cops, troops, narcs and hassles couldn't.

We are anarchists, socialists or utopians second; we are survivors first, and our biggest political crime now is lying on our income tax returns. When the crunch came down, we decided it was better to be spoiled by success than fresh with failure. "Today is the first day of the rest of your life" was just another way of saying "Every morning you have to start all over." Much of the main lesson was that tedium is probably universal and unavoidable, and you might as well be paid for it. Freedom's just another word for no job left to lose.

Better destitution of spirit than destitution in fact, we figured, so mysticism, yoga and the *I Ching* went the way of all nonflesh. "If you've got money, money's got you," we were warned.

"Bravo," we said.

"What profiteth it a man if he lose his immortal soul and gain a Trashmasher?" we were asked.

"Salvation lies in the eye of the saved," we sniffed.

"The best things in life are free," they said.

"The best things in life are taken," we laughed.

Columnist Art Hoppe did a nice bit about the biggest nationwide protest since the war, a vast March for Money with chants like "One, two, three, four, we want more 'n' more!" members of Another Mother for Greed and MAKE MONEY NOT LOVE buttons. *Rilly!* Austerity, responsibility and debt bred normalcy; gradually "Do it!" became "Buy it!" or at least "Pay somebody else to deal with it!"

Why seek to divine the truth, when you can get it at your local Scientologist's? What's more logical than that the union of capital and cosmic should bring forth drive-through karma banks and Ho Jos of character renovation? While *New Times* struggles to survive, *Money* thrives; as *Ramparts* goes under, *New York* fattens up on ways to find an apartment where the rats don't change the TV channel. I. F. Stone and the Pentagon papers are fly swatters, compared with the problem of where to find good affordable lox.

And couples living together without benefit of wedlock are given not moral advice but the financial variety. Nobody's as worried about living in sin as they are about living in hock. Thus marriage may debase love, but it can't be beat for lower taxes, better insurance rates, loans, credit ratings, fringe benefits and discounts. If it feels good, deduct it.

•

What Makes Hippie Run?

Change isn't a one-way street. We've paid the dues extorted by our conscience, and now we want the fruits. But even as we've made peace with economic inevitability and resigned ourselves to comfort, we've redrawn the good life in our own image in order to avoid the more glaring hypocrisies inherent in doing the things you used to despise: buying sound systems, not living-room ensembles; Peruvian Flake, not Tupperware; indoor plants, not lawn furniture; vans painted to look like Mount Shasta, not campers.

Business has gladly shifted from its Ivy League/Muzak/plastic trough into a new longhair/wood/hard-rock channel without batting a dividend. What's a Chevette but a McGovern Impala? Just tell America what you want, kid, and America will sell it to you.

Industries we've created: rock 'n' roll, poster art, underground comics, men's hairstyling, bell-bottom clothing, Levis totality, natural/organic everything, recycling, batik, Earth Shoes, small cars—whew. We put the hoodoo on war toys and created the car-stereo business. Paraphernalia is a $200,000,000 a year game. The wholesale-plant biz went from $26,000,000 in 1968 to $66,000,000 in 1973. The backpacking biggies have created so much crap to help us get away from it all that we now take it all with us—from freeze-dried veal Marsala to collapsible propane microwave ovens. Having renounced the celibacy of ethics for the perversity of ownership, we're at least going to design our own toys.

It's all compromise—the social-contract negotiations between each emerging power generation and its host culture: "You fucks end the draft and defuse the sex laws, then we'll cop to credit cards and home loans; give us decriminalization and we'll start buying cars again." Arlo Guthrie's *Good Morning, America* is the TV commercial theme for Ma Bell; Abbie Hoffman was the "Playboy Interview" for June; Ron Nessen guest-hosted NBC's *Saturday Night*. But who's converting here: Guthrie, Hoffman and the *Saturday Night* gang, or AT&T, Superbunny and Ford?

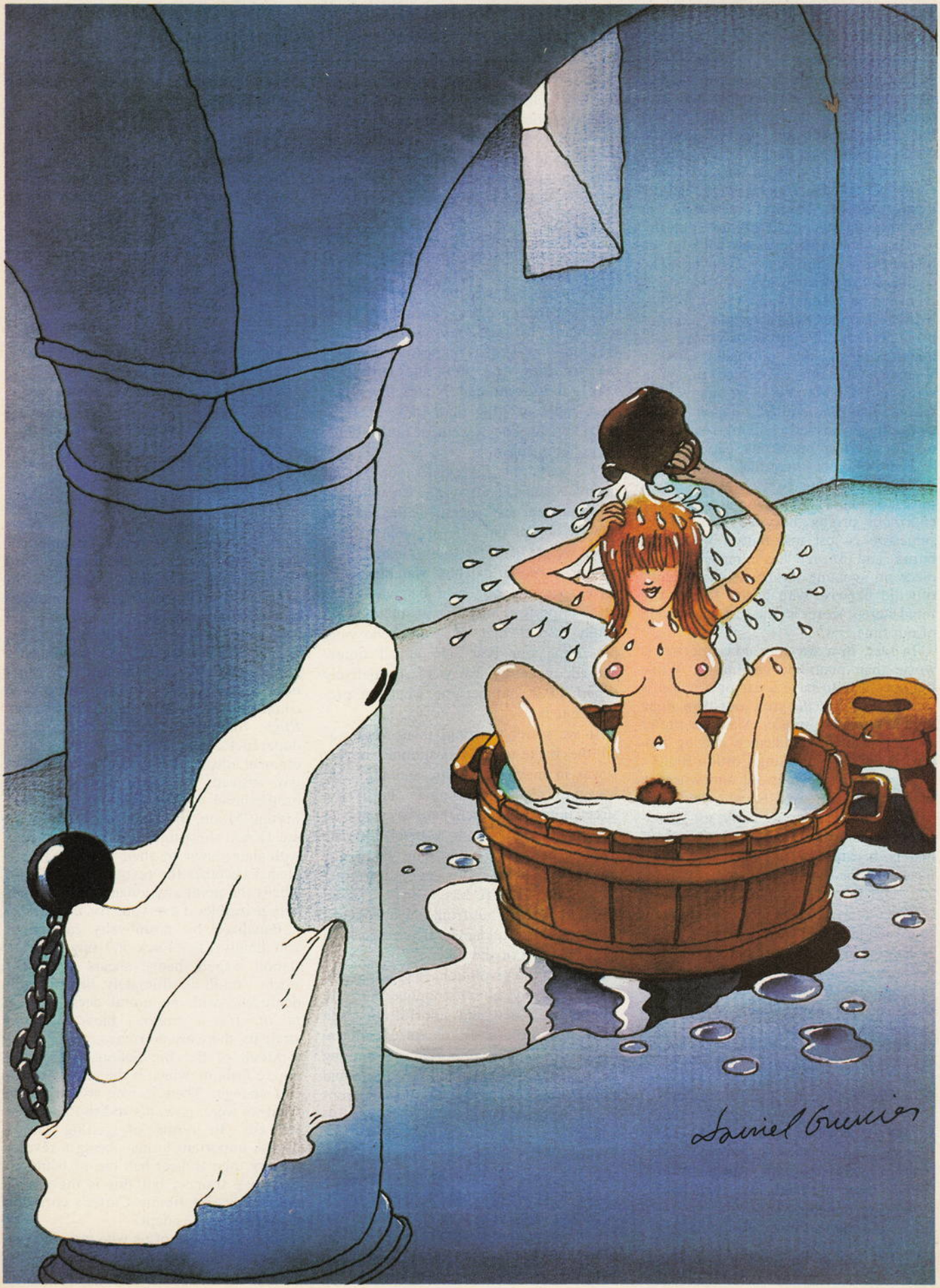
This ambidexterity of morality has produced the greatest binge of moderated stands and forgiven outrages since the Civil War. The shotgun wedding of Woodstock and Woolworth's has borne a mutant child with a scary amount of hybrid vigor, a compromise between toeing the line and thumbing your nose that is perfectly captured by the phrase *leisure suit*. Such Zen technology as the biorhythm calculator and such fringe babble as yoga, meditation, ESP and astrology, have respectably entered the commercial melting pot. You think it's an accident that one TM promise is a more profitable business career?

Business as Unusual

> We're rich; we're really rich. That's what it's all about, man; you go for the big money and then you're free.
>
> —DENNIS HOPPER as Billy, *Easy Rider*, 1969

> I read in a newspaper that 200,000 hippies were expected . . . and I thought, "Oh, boy! If I can get just *one dollar* from each of 'em. . . ."
>
> —early Haight-Ashbury sandal maker, recalling 1967

The crucial question is not, "Did we sell out?" but "Did we get a good price?" Woodstock, the Fillmore and everything from hash pipes to Hare Krishna to Brautigan's poetry were successful commercial ventures. Even LSD was just new-market creativity, after which drugs were introduced as fast as they could be


Daniel Guerrier

BOURGEOIS IS BEAUTIFUL *Peace/love/brotherhood is the sales pitch of Sun Myung Moon, the Nazi Jesus, and there are D.A.s, shortstops and brain surgeons with hair down to their asses.*

concocted and with zip concern for possible negative effects—exactly the attitude we despise in big business. It was the street version of planned obsolescence, another part of the hot Hip Industry, and most Hobbit façades concealed Godzilla motives. Dealers were literally giving Green Stamps; clearlight at $4000/gram made gold look like phlegm.

Being good Americans, we sold out the first time we ran into a buyer. The counterculture was always available strictly over the counter, and the difference between hip and hype was mostly one of pronunciation. We produced more millionaires than the railroads—Owsley, Wenner, Graham, a busload of musicians and God knows how many drug barons. *The Whole Earth Catalog* outsold *Jaws*. Jagger hustled his punk-rock product the way Dial hustled its soap.

There's no consumer like a junkie, and if there's anything striking about drugs, music, artisanry and organic food, it's the enormous profits they can make. Consumerism is just materialism with sideburns, and *Money* has already done a piece on avoiding the house-plant ripoff; OUI did likewise with health foods. The retail-stereo store is the car dealership of our time.

In fact, in a way our consumerism is worse than main-line capitalism: While the only way to have a car or a house is to buy it, we *could* grow our own dope or learn to play music. Alas, we prefer to keep a lot of middlemen driving Jensen-Healeys and drinking Cordon Blut.

Americans receive greed somewhere in their DNA, and we'd bought the more-is-better philosophy as early as Woodstock, which was considered marvelous mainly because of its sheer *size*. We'd never dreamed there were so many of us, and right then we couldn't wait to be in charge, a working majority. Altamont suggested how well we'd do.

That many of our heroes—Dylan, Nicholson, Hayden, Ali and Nader—are rich or powerful persons isn't news; but the idea that maybe that's *why* they're our heroes is something to ponder.

•

Lights! Camera! Manifesto!

There were *all* these . . . crazy . . . people . . . wearing Victorian clothes, cowboy and Indian costumes, slinky antique gowns, paisley prints, space suits, with paint on their faces and feathers in their hair, dancing, dancing.

—CHARLES PERRY, *Rolling Stone*

We were guilty as hell.

—JERRY RUBIN, 1976

A lot of what went on was merely theater. Told that our generation would feed the poor, heal the terminal, clothe the wretched, free the fucked, right all wrongs and make all breakthroughs, we rose up and exclaimed *Why us?* And quickly disguised ourselves as raging irresponsibles.

I didn't fight the cops in the street over such abstractions as freedom of speech or assembly; I fought the cops in the street because it was *fun*. I protested the draft not from a moral position but from a longing for self-preservation. Sexual freedom was 95 percent sexual, five percent freedom. And, all in all, the days of L.B.J. the tyrant and Nixon the crook were more exciting than these of Ford the porridge. The movement ran on boredom, not altruism.

We were the first generation reared on total media, and we had an intuitive, sophisticated awareness of the self as viewed object and role as reality. Even when we ate acid, we found ourselves up in our cerebral balcony watching ourselves, viewing our own behavior! Our grasp of performance was so subtle—who could suspect that we were reflexively presenting our best side at all times? Raised on acting, we were instinctively superb at it and became what we pretended to be.

If we weren't acting, then what was all the make-up and costuming about? I was in maybe 50 riots, and they followed a clocklike routine: Trash the street until 5:15, then haul-ass home to get loaded and catch yourself on the evening news. We could hardly wait for our reviews. Look: Our generation's major character shift has been not from freak to normal, but from player to audience. It's a fundamental change and explains most of the others.

Beneath the revolutionary grease paint, we were always closet straights. We were just taking a new and colorful approach to the same old ends: pleasure, camaraderie, excitement, importance. Running away from home to join a communal family was like leaving Betty for Veronica. Tim Leary was an excuse, not a motivator; our real drug guru was W. C. Fields. We never thought Bucky Fuller was prophetic; we thought he was cute.

We were always middle class at heart. Rebellion was just a new approach to hedonism, and our disaffection was far more role than actual fact. Keeping up with the Joneses is the same whether the Joneses are skiing at Aspen or manning the barricades.

•

Don't Say Crazy, Say Original

The Supreme Court has ruled that police officers can be forced to shed their beards and wear their hair short. "A shocking decision," said New York's number-two officer, shaking his long hair and stroking his beard. The end of an era . . . hair is no longer a symbol of protest—unless you're a cop.

—HERB CAEN

ALICE: "Will you tell me which way I ought to go from here?"
CAT: "That depends on where you want to get to."
ALICE: "I don't much care where——"
CAT: "Then it doesn't matter which way you go."

—*Alice in Wonderland*

The basic religion of America is Novelty; if you can't be better, be different. But just as poster art deteriorated into Seven-Up ads, so freakiness became fashion. When uniqueness grows commonplace, so do the unique.

You try to maintain individuality, but one day you wake up and Republicans are hooting coke and the first lady sanctions abortion, and you just give up. The country is awash with clones out of *Easy Rider*. Simply everybody now: smokes dope, fucks hello, is a pacifist, hates Government, distrusts big business and says gay instead of homo. Peace / love / brotherhood is the sales pitch of Sun Myung Moon, the Nazi Jesus, and there are D.A.s, shortstops and brain surgeons with hair down to their asses. When a Hearst becomes the revolution's M.V.P., what's the point any longer? Why bother with principles if everyone has them?

Banalized by postnovelty saturation, you finally say "Fuck it," buy a tie, a station wagon, hedge shears and IBM stock. You fit in, ultimately, because suddenly and with no moral decision, you *fit in*. It's a ruinous blow. Without straights, there are no freaks.

Much of the Big Sellout was just a cop to fashion, which is the gravity of social change. Then it was stylish to be what we were; now, it's stylish to be what we are. In terms of getting laid—always important terms—being a revolutionary used to beat hell out of being an executive trainee; but this is the era of yokel chic and Jimmy Carter's corn-dog Camelot. So, we adapt.

Oh, sure, those of us who were serious and really *drew the line* have not recrossed it but *(Continued on page 134)*

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SUIT
Further Fashion Information

9:16 A.M. His outfit: Suit ($165) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; May Company, Los Angeles; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field, Chicago. Shirt ($18) at Bloomingdale's, Cromwell, New York; Richards East, Providence; J. Jacobs, Seattle. Tie ($12) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles. Shoes ($72) at Bally of Switzerland, New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills and Houston. Sunglasses ($10) at Lord & Taylor, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Pocket hanky ($8) at Bloomingdale's, New York; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Miami. Her outfit: Thibault Bouet dress ($140) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Shoes ($68) at Charles Jourdan, New York, San Francisco and Beverly Hills. Bracelets ($8, $40) at Sharon Bovaird, New York.

1:07 P.M. His outfit: Vest ($45) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Outfitters, Dallas; Jack Henry, Kansas City. Shirts ($23 each) at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Ascot ($7) at B. Altman, New York; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Gloves ($30) at Bloomingdale's, New York; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago. Hats ($13) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Hughes & Hatcher, Detroit. Boots ($49) at Roots, New York, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles. Riviera sunglasses ($10) at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Her outfit: Finity culottes ($34) at Sharon Bovaird, New York. Thibault Bouet vest ($70) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Crazy Horse shirt ($50) at Sharon Bovaird, New York. Boots ($125) at Charles Jourdan, New York, San Francisco and Beverly Hills. Burlington/Adler socks ($2) (warmers) at Bloomingdale's, New York; May Company, Los Angeles; Wieboldt, Chicago.

10:02 P.M. His outfit: Shirt ($74) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Orpheus, San Francisco; Eclipse, Tucson; Louis Keeler, Detroit. Tie ($15) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; May Company, Los Angeles. Scarf ($24) and hanky ($7) at B. Altman, New York; I Magnin, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Walking stick ($25) at Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, New York. Her outfit: Aris gloves ($37) at Bloomingdale's, New York; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago. Dress ($166) at Sharon Bovaird, New York. Shoes ($72) at Charles Jourdan, New York, San Francisco and Beverly Hills.

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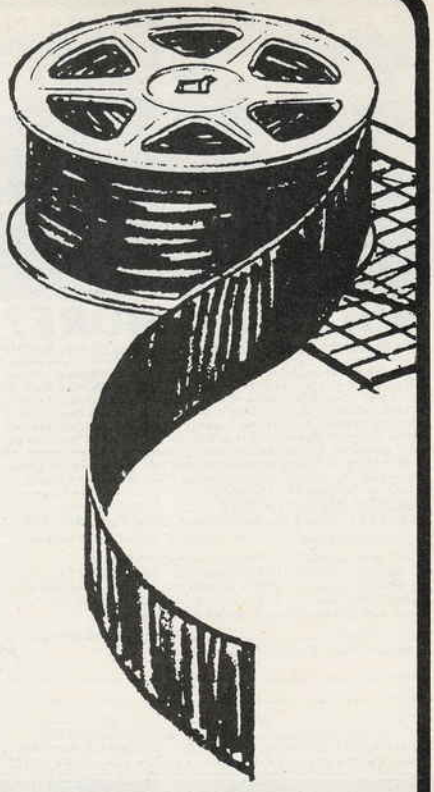

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(Continued from page 28) art, but I know what I like," I remember thinking. Then the bell on the front door tinkled.

I hit the floor behind the bin and Marguerite quickly stood up to greet one of her regular customers. The two of them gabbed away in Schweizerdeutsch, but the friend stayed on the other side of the large, cluttered room and looked through a pile of prints as she talked. Marguerite, meanwhile, stood near where I was crouching and fiddled with some prints while I fiddled with her panty hose. I finally got them off and she leaned over the bin and spread her legs to give me access from behind. I licked at the folds of her pussy and her juices began to flow. Marguerite never stopped talking, although she later admitted that the tension had been almost unbearable.

Finally her friend left and we got down to some serious screwing. No one else came in and we spent the rest of the afternoon rolling around on the floor. I never met a girl with a more voracious sexual appetite.

BARRY M.
Tallahassee, Florida

If any *Sex Tapes* readers want real adventure, they should try to get laid in South Africa. I'm a sailor who travels all over the world, and recently I took a trip to Durban, Union of South Africa. There I learned a few things about racial prejudice. The day I arrived I walked down the street with a young black chick and was soon stopped by a van of Dutch *polizei* who told me to stop walking with her. Lord knows I'm not one to cause myself grief with the South African police, so I walked ten paces behind the young lovely.

I suppose I could have followed a white woman, but the white prostitutes charge ten to 20 times as much as the black ones. That price difference was enough to make me risk the mandatory three-month jail sentence I'd have gotten if I'd been caught having sex with a black woman.

The young lady I was following was agreeable to my proposition; our main problem was finding a place to go, as it's *verboten* for any hotel to have whites and blacks under the same roof. Finally she asked me to follow her to the park and I agreed, thinking that she knew of a nice cozy bush to hide in. I couldn't believe the place she led me to; it was the white women's lavatory. My heart was in my throat as we went in, but the danger of discovery only heightened my lust.

We quickly scampered into one of the stalls and locked the door. I dropped my trousers and sat down on the toilet and my new-found sweetheart whipped off her skirt and sat on top of me, wrapping her legs around my torso. I had just the tip of my cock inside her, and as she squirmed around on my thighs, I had a chance to play with her firm young tits. I sucked at her nipples until they stuck out like brown raisins. I felt her legs tighten around my back.

I didn't have any real leverage in that position, so we lay down on the cold cement deck with the toilet between our legs. It was as uncomfortable as hell; I was banging my ass on the toilet and my head on the stall door, but I was so horny that a band of *polizei* could have burst into the place and I wouldn't have stopped pumping. It didn't take me long to reach a climax. As I strained to prolong the sweet orgasmic rush, my little lovely grabbed my ass with both hands and dug her nails right into my cheeks. I must have come with a dozen convulsions, shoving my prick ever deeper into her moist furnace of a cunt. It was the most exciting fuck of my life. A few minutes later, we had our clothes back on and were outside in the afternoon sun. I don't need to tell you I was much relieved and in more ways than one.

JEFFREY A.
Baltimore, Maryland

In all your strange stories about sex in foreign lands, I didn't see a mention of the weird birth-control methods used by Europeans. I spent last year studying political science in Paris and most of the French girls I talked to told me that their birth-control method was simply having their guys pull out. Not only does this method not work—thousands of French women have abortions every year—it's also a lousy way to make love; it reminds me of cheap porno movies in which the guy has to prove that he can come by squirting all over the girl's belly.

It was in Amsterdam that I discovered a new variation on the pull-out-and-squirt method of birth control. While on a two-week vacation, I met a Dutch actor who spoke three languages and lived in the heart of Amsterdam's red-light district. The whores on his street sat at their windows in negligees and displayed their wares as if they were some sort of department-store merchandise—and every window had a red lamp. I thought it was charming, scary and exciting, and I quickly became infatuated with Pier and his Irma-la-Douce neighborhood.

He showed me the sights for a couple of days and then invited me to watch him act in a local play. It was in Dutch, of course, but I thought he was terrific, even though I couldn't understand a single word.

Afterward I went home with him to his tiny apartment. It was cold and

damp, as are most apartments in Holland. We sat on the edge of his narrow bed for a while, drinking mulled wine and talking. Pier stroked my hair as if he were petting a cat. He kissed me softly, his breath smelling of cinnamon and spirits. My head started spinning from the wine and I nuzzled my face into his rough wool shirt. It was all very cozy and romantic. We undressed quickly and hopped into bed, our bodies pressed tightly together for warmth.

His hands never stopped moving over my flesh; his fingers were very strong and his caress was like a massage. I reached down and felt for his cock. As my hand closed around his shaft, Pier moaned and held me even closer to him. In a moment, he was inside me. The blankets had slipped off, but the heat of our passion had steamed up the tiny room and I no longer felt cold. We began fucking in earnest. I thrust my hips up off the bed and Pier rose up on his knees, grabbed my thighs and spread my legs as wide as they would go. He hammered his cock into me like a man gone insane. I felt my orgasm coming on and my legs waved in the air frantically. I could tell that he was on the edge also, and as I started to let out a scream of joy, Pier pulled out, flipped me over and rammed that rock-hard prick right up my ass. I felt him come immediately in a series of spasmodic jerks. I was so surprised and in such pain that my own orgasm just faded away.

Pier told me later that he had always made love like that. He considered coming in a girl's ass to be a measure of his thoughtfulness. After all, I didn't want to get pregnant, did I? As soon as I got back to the States, I went on the pill.

SYLVIA J.
Van Nuys, California

What I discovered about sex in foreign lands is that the best bet is to seek out other tourists. No matter what their nationality, most European women are loath to fuck in their own countries but are horny as hell once they get away. I went to Iceland once and the native girls were colder than the weather. Later on in Tunisia, I met a girl from Iceland who practically raped me.

I had just spent a hard day at the beach in the resort town of Gabès, and I was lounging around the local *disco* when Mai came up and asked me to dance. I was surprised at that, but I was even more surprised when a slow record came on and she unmistakably ground her pelvis into mine. By the middle of the third dance, we were practically fucking on the dance floor. We moved into a far corner and Mai put her hand down between our bodies. I thought my cock would burst through the zipper as she rubbed her palm against it.

After a few more dances, I couldn't stand it anymore and I suggested we take a walk. I was sharing a hotel room with a Swedish fellow I'd met, so I knew we couldn't go there. Instead, we walked to Mai's rented bungalow, but we could see her mother through the window, so we just stood in the yard and groped at each other while discussing the possibilities. I was about to collapse from a terminal case of blue balls when she said, "Why don't we just do it in the yard?"

She took me around to the back, whipped off her panties, lay down and lifted her wide peasant skirt. In a moment my head was between her legs. She put her hands behind her knees and pulled her legs to her chest. When I wet my thumb in her cunt and slowly pushed it up her ass, she began rocking her body and crying out in Icelandic. The fact that I didn't know what she was saying turned me on more. Without taking my mouth from her twitching pussy, I moved around and dangled my cock over her face. By the time she got my cock in her mouth, she had had a couple of thundering climaxes, and I was so turned on that I shot into her mouth within seconds.

After we had rested a bit, she brought my cock back up with her tongue. Then it was my turn to lie down. She mounted my upstanding prick with her back to me. Next she bent down, grasped my ankles and began a slow pumping motion with her hips. In the dim light, I could see my prick moving in and out. After a few moments, I reached down, spread her ass cheeks and stuck my thumb into her again as far as it would go. Her head dropped between my ankles and she began to writhe from side to side. As I massaged her anus, I felt her sphincter relax, so I pulled my cock out of her sopping wet vagina, pushed her forward on the grass and gently slid my cock up her back passageway. It was incredibly tight. I reached around her with one hand and massaged her bulging clit. I felt her ass relax again and, although she was moaning, I knew that she felt no pain. In a few minutes, she came, but I kept up the ass-fucking until she reached another climax. I fell over and looked at the stars. Then I realized that my eyes were closed. Too bad. I thought I had discovered Northern Lights in Tunisia.

RICK N.
Chillicothe, Missouri

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BOURGEOIS IS BEAUTIFUL *Of course, none of us will be really happy until the streets run red with the blood of the last capitalist torn by dogs. In the meantime, let's be sensible.*

(Continued from page 130) are off in the woods or in the garrets still. But most of us who've dropped back in never really dropped out to start with; we did what was being done.

•

We Are the Parents Our People Warned Us About

> [For] a new generation of teens weaned on Nixon and glitter rock and without any positive, satisfying youth experience to cherish and stamp as their own . . . the Beach Boys' music transports them back to the early Sixties, when people did go to the prom and scamper on the beach. It's manufactured nostalgia, by the audience rather than the Beach Boys.
>
> —NEAL GABLER, *New Times*

In 1966, we were the 18 to 25 age group, which invariably has its finger on the pulse of the coming themes. Now we're the 25 to 35 group—the Rising Power Generation—and like every R.P.G., we adopt as fashion the identity maneuvers of the generation just behind us, the way ours were adopted by the R.P.G. of 1967. Ignore those journalistic historians who look at the transitory and see evolution—the half life on validity these days is about a week. All we're really seeing is the passing of the vogue baton, the same old generational tennis: They did A so we'll do B, even though they'll just steal it.

Time antiques everybody. We burned out trying to create and attend the avidly awaited Maximum Event, whatever it was going to be. Now, we're still willing to go, but it's somebody else's turn to stage the sonofabitch. My God, we have to *run things* today. Big decisions were duck soup when nobody obeyed or even listened to you, and it was easier to plot the destruction of the system than it is to make car payments. When I was a child, I thought as a child, but now I am a man, and would have a Sony Trinitron.

We've given up looking for something to believe in; we'll settle for something to do. This year I will buy loud music, a Super-8 camera, a large oak table, a trip to Mazatlán. Not that I can't live happily without this shit—I did for years—but what else am I gonna do with the fucking money? The Beatles are worth $50,000,000 today only because their fans can now *pay* $50,000,000.

High Times, Rolling Stone, Ms., New Times—even son of sexism here—are testaments to our ascendancy. We are now most of the things that used to scare the shit out of us. What's *The Whole Earth Catalog* but the Sears catalog of ecology? For that matter, what is wood, but nature's plastic? And isn't *Doonesbury* our *Li'l Abner*? Hunter Thompson our rabid-bat Mailer? George Carlin our Bob Hope? Tom Snyder our Joe Pyne? Dylan our Garbo? Jagger our Cole Porter? *Saturday Night* our *Laugh-In*? Is open marriage our shack-up? Is cocaine our white lightning? Are We our They?

Who cares? What is materialism, after all, but escape? And isn't that what drugs and the road were all about? Work and its material rewards equal identity, maybe even more than dope, hair and insolence. We were always hedonists; we've gotten picky. My friend Earl the spaced isn't nearly as intriguing since he became Earl the longshoreman, who drives a 280Z and buys rounds like the shah.

Anyway, it's *fun* to have a fast convertible, 21 inches of Chromacolor, an A's season ticket, enough Wild Turkey to start a plane, Jamaica ganja, $7000 in music, a view of the Bay and a lawyer on retainer. It's more than fun; it's *good*.

•

I Fought the Law and the Law Laughed

> These fucking college kids today think SNCC is a fucking *railroad!*
>
> —Disgruntled ex-college troublemaker

> [Jerry Brown] is one of the first to have figured out that to be successful at politics in the post-Watergate Seventies, he must shun the old trappings of the political game. . . . He may be proving . . . that it is easier for a Zen Buddhist than for a Rotarian to get elected.
>
> —ROBERT SCHEER, *Playboy*

Children of the ruling class are now born with a silver spoon in their nose. Beyond that, what happened to the revolution? McCarthy idealism is now Jerry Brown pragmatism, the ethic of shell-shocked expectations. Why all this "fading back into the culture," as Moynihan put it?

Well, take a look: The war is over, the draft ended, feminism riled, the death penalty limited, Red China admitted, abortion legalized, sex legitimized, gays accepted, voting age lowered, weed decriminalized, consumers aroused, the environment rediscovered, Johnson dumped, Nixon ruined, Huey/Bobby/Angela/etc. freed, Ali re-enthroned, the FBI and CIA catching hell—Jesus, you name it. Given the peristalsis of social change, these are giddy leaps.

The old causes are gone. In 1967, the fear was that we'd be licked into oblivion by the huge nuclear tongue of World War Three; today it is that we'll croak from using aerosol cans: not with a bang but with a pssst. There's the environment, but jeez—that's such a gigantic matter, what can we do about it? Change our ways? Shit, we barely kicked uppers. Anyway, girls play little league, so whaddaya want?

Our eyes are shot from reading pamphlets, our backs are broken by clubs and oil-slick cleanups, our grief that King and the Kennedys are dead is replaced by relief that we aren't. Mad bombers find nothing worthy of their talents; the art of street fighting is an undesirable discipline; even ardent feminists collapse exhausted into the pudding of affection. Why go up against the fascist insect when you can watch the S.L.A. try it on *Eyewitness News*?

Of course, none of us will be *really* happy until the streets run red with the blood of the last capitalist torn by dogs. But, in the meantime, let's be sensible. However vile the system may be, it persists because most people are too unimaginative or gullible to reject it. Change *them*? Hell, no, we won't bother.

•

Still Lazy After All These Years

> If we opt for rapid change in certain sectors of life, we can attempt to build "stability zones" elsewhere . . . relationships carefully maintained despite all kinds of changes."
>
> —ALVIN TOFFLER, *Future Shock*

> We couldn't agree on lunch.
>
> —ABBIE HOFFMAN

The counterculture's fatal flaw was that it didn't exist. Most of the hip weren't radical, few of the radical were hip and 90 percent of us rejected the system very selectively, on such minor points as welfare requirements or pollution fines. Most dopers and draft-dodgers were solid citizens who'd been unrealistically branded as criminals by idiotic, outdated laws. Any system can keep the people off of its back just by staying off of theirs.

Let's face it. Beneath all our audacity and rage, we never did renounce the lifestyle. We just tried to avoid its dues. Many of our stoned daydreams involved what we'd do when we got rich, and the crash pad was no more a flight from the bonds of family than is today's childcare center.

So be at peace. You haven't totaled your karma, you've just redecorated it. There's as much validity in lying on the beach as in laying for the cops. We're not sellouts; we're just victims of that timeless human dichotomy:

Where there's a will, there's a won't. ▣

WE

OUI flirts with communism

Glenn O'Brien, who authored the brilliantly comic *America Under Communism*, starting on page 78, is also, by chance, the former OUI Associate Editor who conceived the weird rock-bands feature, also in this issue, and who himself plays in a weird rock band, Konelrad, pictured at right. (O'Brien is the musician who has managed to jump so high that normal rules of page composition had to be abandoned in order not to lose his head.) Konelrad, O'Brien explains, is in the socialist-realist heavy-metal soul business. The gentlemen on either side of him are his fellow musicians. The ladies at the bottom of the picture are the Red Guard Topless Go-Go Unit. The picture itself is the inspired work of New York artist Jean-Paul Goude and photographer Pierre Houles, who will be back next month as orchestraters of OUI's New York subways fashion extravaganza.

COMING IN NOVEMBER OUI

☐ **FINAL SCORE:** A high-class hit team steals the security plans for a nuclear-power plant in order to plunder plutonium, in a nail-biting excerpt from an upcoming novel by the legendary Digger and author of *Ringolevio*, Emmett Grogan.

☐ **TEEN SEX:** In which we learn that, in between swabbing themselves with Clearasil, our little brothers and sisters are going at it hot and heavy—even if we allow for some youthful exaggeration. Plus a special report from the red-hot center of teenage petting: Sunset Strip in Los Angeles.

☐ **JUSTICE FOR SALE?** A panel of all-star criminal lawyers and legal experts discuss whether or not it is possible to buy an acquittal in any court in the land. Featuring F. Lee Bailey, Vincent Bugliosi, William Kunstler, Allan Dershowitz and more.

☐ **THE GREAT HOWARD HUGHES RUMOR MILL:** Hughes's fingernails were over a foot long. He was injected daily with the blood of male and female virgins in an attempt to baffle the aging process. Before his bones have turned to dust, here, once and for all, is every last piece of unconfirmed gossip.

☐ **THE UFOLOGIST ESTABLISHMENT:** Flying saucers aren't a lot harder to swallow than some of the bizarre groups and people who investigate them. Jesse Kornbluth takes us on a guided tour of the humanoid sleuths. Plus a comprehensive sidebar on the major issues over which UFOlogists shed blood.

☐ **THE TRUST CRISIS:** In 1975, Euell Gibbons died and Ann Landers got a divorce; a year earlier, Gerald Ford had given Richard Nixon the pardon he said America wouldn't stand for. Ralph "*Is There Life After High School?*" Keyes chronicles the shaking of American confidence.

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Fifi laid bare

The starkly naked person, right, who plays the lead role of Fifi in *The Seduction of Fifi*, starting on page 84, in real life bears the name of Sandy Beaches—a little name-joke her parents played on her. Sandy comes up to visit us sometimes. By training, she is an anthropologist, no kidding. She says she would like a university position—and watch for our piece, in a forthcoming issue: *Should Teachers and Their Students Sleep Together?*

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Model 6100/$129.95*

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